MRS. MONTAGU

"QUEEN OF THE BLUES"

Her Letters and Friendships
from 1762 to 1800, edited by
Reginald Blunt

Tout bien ou rien

Written at a time when letter-writing was a fine art, this correspondence brings to life the whole charmed circle of wits and writers, statesmen and "bluestockings" that revolved about the famous salon of Elizabeth Montagu.

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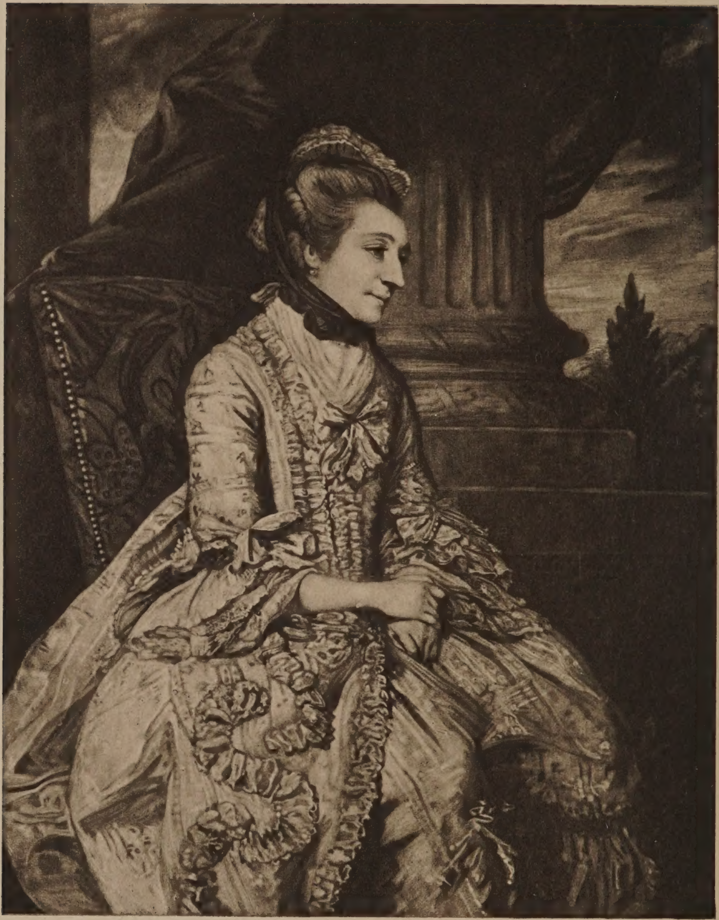
MRS. MONTAGU

"QUEEN OF THE BLUES"



Emery Walker ph. sc.

Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu
Engraved by J. R. Smith
from the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds

MRS. MONTAGU

"QUEEN OF THE BLUES"

HER LETTERS AND FRIENDSHIPS
FROM 1762 TO 1800

EDITED BY
REGINALD BLUNT
FROM MATERIAL LEFT TO HIM BY HER GREAT-GREAT-NIECE
EMILY J. CLIMENSON

VOLUME I
1762–1776

> " Foin d'Amphitryon où l'on ne dîne pas !"
> *Les Deux Sosies*,
> JEAN DE ROTROU, 1636.

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PREFACE

It was with some little surprise and a good deal of hesitation that the present Editor received, on the death of his old friend Mrs. Emily Climenson in 1921, an intimation that she had bequeathed to him, if he chose to undertake it, the completion of the Memoir of her ancestress Elizabeth Montagu, the famous eighteenth century Blue Stocking, of which the first two volumes had been published for her by John Murray in 1906.

Though they had often discussed the subject and examined together some of the mass of material which had been sent her for this work, he had no reason to expect, nor indeed any desire to receive, such an inheritance, for which he was not specially qualified, and which would obviously entail an immense amount of manuscript reading and a good deal of research.

The eighteenth century had never had for him quite the intriguing interest of its Stuart predecessor, and his acquaintance with its people and politics was merely that of an idle apprentice. But his chats with Mrs. Climenson about her blue-stocking ancestress had awakened some curiosities, and he did not feel justified in declining the kindly intentioned bequest of an old friend. In due course, therefore, the material arrived, and he found himself faced with a consignment of some four or five thousand letters, and with numerous bundles of memoranda, note-books, diaries, verses, and other somewhat inchoate material. The great majority of the letters were undated, and though Mrs. Climenson had spent a great deal of time and patient investigation in getting them into chronological sequence from internal evidence, the task was very far from completion, and much indeed still remains to be done.

The letters are all written on the doubled quarto (usually gilt-edged) paper of the day, treble folded, sealed, and addressed on the partially or wholly blank fourth page, and franked, when possible, by the signature of a peer or Member of Parliament. Mrs. Montagu's handwriting is fortunately, as a rule, very legible ; her sister's rather less so ; Dr. Monsey's barbarously cramped and minute, and Mrs. Vesey's " hieroglyphics " sometimes desperately difficult. Her nephew and heir, afterwards the fourth Lord Rokeby, was able to reclaim his aunt's letters from the descendants of most of her principal correspondents, including those to Mrs. Carter, the Duchess of Portland, Mrs. Freind, Lord Bath, Gilbert West, Lord Lyttelton, her sister Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Vesey, and many other friends ; whilst she herself had preserved her husband's and most of those of any importance addressed to her, except Mrs. Carter's, which were returned to her nephew Mr. Pennington, and published by him ; and the collection is thus in some respects unique in its completeness, though of course there are occasional gaps.

Mrs. Montagu died in 1800, in her eightieth year, so that the whole correspondence, beginning with her early girlhood, extends from 1732 to the end of the century. The two volumes published in 1906 embodied a fair, though of course by no means exhaustive, selection of her letters, and of those of several of her correspondents, down to 1761 ; and those which were published by her nephew Matthew in 1810 and 1813 ended at just about the same date.

In 1873 Dr. Doran attempted, in *A Lady of the Last Century*, a biography of Mrs. Montagu, which, though pleasantly written and full of interest, is based, as regards the period from 1761 onward, almost entirely on a bundle of her letters to her sister-in-law Mrs. William Robinson, which Bentley the publisher had bought at a sale of autographs ; and the record is naturally therefore an incomplete and one-sided one, besides being incorrect in some particulars. With the exception of these letters and of a certain number printed in the Memoirs of Mrs. Carter, Mr. Burrows, and one or two others of her friends, the correspondence of Elizabeth Montagu during the last forty years of her life still, therefore, remains unpublished. Utilising the abundant material thus placed at his disposal, the present writer has now endeavoured to carry out Mrs. Climenson's bequest by the completion of her ancestor's story.

When it is remembered that the period of these yet unedited letters covers about three-quarters of the reign of George III. ; that it includes the various wars with Spain, France, Canada, and America, the Chatham, Grenville, North, Rockingham, Shelburne, and Pitt administrations, the Letters of Junius, the Wilkes libels, the Gordon Riots, the Warren Hastings Trial, Irish Rebellion, French Revolution and Reign of Terror ; and that Mrs. Montagu's correspondents and friends included Dr. Johnson, Laurence Sterne and his wife and daughter, the Garricks, Hannah More, Elizabeth Carter, Mrs. Vesey, Mrs. Delany, Mrs. Chapone, Sir Joshua Reynolds and his sister, Gilbert West, James Beattie, Fanny Burney, Edmund Burke, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Hardwicke, Lord Bath, Lord Lyttelton and his son, the Duchess of Portland, the Boscawens, Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, Allan Ramsay, Benjamin Stillingfleet, Mrs. Thrale, William Wilberforce, and a host of other more or less notable folk of her day, it must be obvious that here was a mine worthy of further exploration, and needing time and research for its satisfactory development. It is the aim of the following pages to give a selection of extracts from the correspondence of these forty years, chosen rather as touching a wide variety of personalities, interests, and events than as forming such a continuous personal record as a " Life " should endeavour to present.

It should be said at the outset that it is for the general reader rather than the student that these pages have been compiled, and that it has therefore been thought desirable to introduce by way of commentary just enough of historical and explanatory mortar to set the epistolary bricks into something of a coherent edifice. The problem of footnotes is a difficult one ; but the editor, finding that his personal dislike of them in a book of this sort is widely shared, and feeling that if annotation is necessary it may as well be read, has avoided them as far as possible, placing comment in the text, and relegating to the Index a few personal references which did not seem to call for immediate or general identification.

After Mr. Murray had published Mrs. Climenson's first two volumes, she proceeded steadily with the editing of the later letters as time and opportunity allowed ; and, when her death occurred in 1921, had assembled and annotated the material as far as the year 1784. This manuscript, together with the whole of the correspondence and various other papers, being bequeathed to the present editor for interpolation and completion, at once raised a question of some difficulty.

Two courses were open to him. Mrs. Climenson's manuscript (1762–1784) could have been completed by the addition of the remaining sixteen years on the same lines ; or the whole of the material for the unpublished period (1762–1800) could be re-read, a fresh selection made, and the work recast and edited on slightly different principles. The latter alternative was chosen, though it entailed, of course, an immense amount of additional work ; partly because it ensured uniformity of treatment for the present new volumes ;

partly, too, because the Editor felt that the book would gain by taking a rather more detached view of its subject and her surroundings than was natural to the earlier biographer, who was, as the title-page of the first two volumes set forth, her "great-great-niece," and who laid, perhaps, rather more stress upon the family relationships and associations than seemed called for, at any rate in the later years. Such detachment, in the present editor's view at least, whilst it certainly must not be hostile or unsympathetic, if justice is to be done to its subject, is primarily required to produce, so far as possible, a faithful presentation and a life-like portrait; is bound, to this end, to show the shadows as well as the lights, the defects as well as the qualities; and must be free, on occasion, not only to leave a blemish unsuppressed, but, even if need be, to note a failing or laugh good-humouredly over a foible.

At the same time it should be clearly stated that a considerable proportion of Mrs. Climenson's selections and annotations has been utilised, and that the assistance of her prolonged labours in grouping and dating the correspondence has been invaluable throughout.

While it is the aim of these volumes to let Elizabeth Montagu's life and character express themselves from her own words and doings, by means of a typical selection of extracts from her letters, that they must, as a rule, be extracts only is in some ways a regrettable necessity; for it cannot be questioned that a letter of the eighteenth century type has an entity which excision must always mutilate and sometimes destroy; a quoted passage in its isolation is apt to assume something of the studied character of a dictum, to which, embedded in its original context of easy chat, it laid no kind of claim. The duty and the attitude of an editor of correspondence are problems bristling with difficulties, if the letters used were never either meant or prepared for publication. Mr. Saintsbury, in the introduction to his delightful *Letter Book*, has a few lines of counsel on this hard theme. "Some people," he says, "of course do read over their letters before sending them ; but it must be very rarely and in special, not to say dubious cases that they do this with a view to the thing being seen by any other eyes than those of the intended recipient. It is therefore to the last degree unfair to plump letters on the market unselected and uncastigated. To what length the castigation should proceed is of course matter for individual taste and judgment. Nothing must be put in—that is clear ; but as to what may or should be left out, 'there's the rub.' Perhaps the best criterion, though it may be admitted to be not very easy of application, is 'Would the author, in publishing, have left it out or not ?' Sometimes this will pass very violent expressions of opinion and even sentiments of doubtful morality or wisdom. But that it should invariably exclude mere trivialities, faults of taste, slovenliness of expression, etc., is at least the opinion of the present writer."

To this last sentence only the editor would venture to demur, in so far that, if letters are published as part of a memoir, and to illustrate a personality, the invariable exclusion of faults would go far to spoil the truth and actuality of the presentment. It is much to be desired that some authoritative ruling as to the editing, spelling, and reproduction of old letters should be formulated for general adoption. His own feeling has been that as little alteration and correction should be made as seemed consistent with their sense being easily grasped in the reading. To this end he has added a minimum of necessary stops (Mrs. Montagu is rather breathless, Lord Bath very short-winded, in this respect) ; has expanded some abbreviations ; has omitted many of the capitals ; has inserted words obviously left out by mistake, and corrected some few careless errors of spelling or grammar; but has otherwise left the text as far as possible alone, in the belief that occasional variety of orthography and inaccuracies of phraseology, unless they seriously obscure the meaning, help to preserve personality in the letters, and should not, as a rule, be interfered with.

If we are to adopt Professor Saintsbury's criterion, "Would the author in publishing have left it out or not?" a few of the letters might probably have been excluded; but the present editor would submit (though with the diffidence of a novice) that if the expression of character aimed at is to be lifelike and vivacious, such a test of selection would lead to nugatory results. Since Elizabeth Montagu's character and qualities have been assailed in some quarters, as we shall see, with a good deal of abuse, and in others with scant courtesy and some ridicule,—treatment for which partial justification could no doubt be found,—it should be the aim of these pages to demonstrate that there was more and better stuff in her than any such estimate would admit. If, however, that is to be done, any sort of panegyric must be equally avoided; and the selection, if it is to provide material for a truer portrait, must indicate weaknesses as well as strength. A good likeness will not be achieved by ignoring a wen, or turning wrinkles into dimples. Some attempt at an ultimate characterisation has been made in the concluding chapter of the book.

Dates have been a very great difficulty, Mrs. Montagu hardly ever dating her letters in full, and usually being content with "Tuesday" or "ye 9th." Internal evidence has, of course, been the chief guide, assisted now and then by postmarks, frank endorsements, or notes by the addressees added on receipt. The letters being grouped annually, the year heads every page, and has been omitted from the superscriptions; and all letters are either *to* or *from* Mrs.

Montagu, unless otherwise described ; omissions are marked by dots . . . and editorial additions enclosed in square brackets [ ].

Nor has the basis of selection from so large a mass of material, of which a mere fraction could be utilised, been at all easy to fix or to adhere to. Too much, some may think, has been included ; much, it is highly probable, that would have been more interesting to one or other class of reader has been missed. But as it is hoped that the collection as a whole may eventually find its way to the manuscript rooms of the British Museum, it may there perhaps provide a happy hunting-ground for other explorers, and yield finds which the inexpertness or the occasional languor of the present writer may have passed unnoticed.

So far as it could be ascertained or even guessed at, chronological sequence has been followed, except in the case of the chapters on the Sternes, the Garricks, Dr. Johnson, the Blue Stockings, Fanny Burney, and Mrs. Thrale, where letters relating to these persons have been brought together to form a rather more coherent narrative ; but it must be clearly understood that the great majority of the dates assigned are conjectural only.

Assistance and counsel on various points is gratefully acknowledged from Mr. J. Paul de Castro ; Hon. Mrs. Hugh Wyndham ; Sir Montagu Burrows ; and Mr. John Cook, Curator of the Wedgwood Museum, Etruria.

In the selection of illustrations, preference has been given to the less well-known portraits and subjects ; and thanks are due to Lord Cobham for the Hagley portraits of the first Lord Lyttelton and of Joseph Emin ; to Lady Courtney of Penwith for the loan of some prints from the collection of the late Lord Courtney ; and to the Director of the Carnavalet Museum at Paris for permission to reproduce the fine painting of Chaillot by Raguenet.

CONTENTS

VOLUME I

INTRODUCTORY

PAGE

Mrs. Climenson's volumes. Childhood, girlhood, and marriage of Elizabeth Robinson. Edward Montagu. Earlier married life. Friendships and correspondence. Her personality. Contemporary animus. Criticism of her character and letters, and a reply. The present interest in the correspondence. The Blue Stockings and the Salonists 1

1762

MRS. MONTAGU AND LORD BATH—WAR WITH SPAIN

The Cock Lane Ghost. Sir Joshua, Tristram Shandy, and Lord Bath. The Court. Miss Anne Pitt. The Earl of Pembroke and Miss Hunter. Political changes. War with Spain. William Pulteney, Earl of Bath. The new Ministry. Sir Francis Dashwood. House Party at Hagley. The Garter. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. The Cherokee King. Mr. Hoare's "Pantheon." Longleat. Edward Wortley Montagu. Mrs. Chapone. Dr. Messenger Monsey. Lord Granby. Admiral Smith. Mr. Tom Lyttelton. Mr. William Robinson. Garrick and Love. Lady M. W. Montagu's death. Duc de Nivernois. *Millenium Hall.* Sampson Gideon. Quin 12

1763

THE VISIT TO SPA—THE "NORTH BRITON," NO. 45

Lord Pulteney's death. Letter from Edmund Burke. Mr. Burrell. Mr. Lyttelton's engagement. Lord Sandwich. The Spa visit. Lady M. W. Montagu's letters. Wilkes and General Warrants. Dinner at Bath House. Calais. Mrs. Carter. Spa. Brussels. Society at the Spa. Düsseldorf. Utrecht. Holland. Cologne. Dutch women. Mrs. Sherlock. Lord Bath at Court. Miss Bowes. Lord Bath's character. Lord Hardwicke. The Chevalier D'Eon. John Wilkes. Matthew Robinson. Churchill. Peg Wharton. The Cyder Act. Essay on Woman. The *North Briton,* No. 45. Cephalalgy. Privilege debate. Quadrille. Christmas at Woburn. A Wedding Garment . . . 40

1764

LORD BATH'S DEATH—THE BRUNSWICK WEDDING

PAGE

Lady Hervey. Hereditary Prince of Brunswick. George Selwyn. No. 45. The Royal Wedding. Mr. Finch and Lady Charlotte. Prudery. Queen's Birthday Court. Sir James Macdonald. General Conway. Lord Bath's chair. Lord Lyttelton's verses. Lord Bath at Shrewsbury. His return to London, illness, and death. Condolence. Winchester. Voltaire. Attacks on Lord Bath's character. His will. Duchess of Beaufort. Jemmy Twitcher. General Pulteney. A lecture on heads. Churchill's death. The Primate of Ireland. Tom Lyttelton's engagement . 84

1765

BULSTRODE, BADMINTON, AND SANDLEFORD— THE ROCKINGHAM MINISTRY

Mrs. Montagu's cousin becomes Primate of Ireland. Denton coal. The Czarina and Voltaire. Visit to Bulstrode. A weak Ministry. James Woodhouse. Count Bruhl. A Lyttelton for ever. Lord Shelburne. Country visits. Adam at Sandleford. Death of Duke of Cumberland. Pitt at Burton Pynsent. General Pulteney's Dream. The Duke's papers. The Stamp Act. Mr. Bateman. Mr. Finch. Mrs. Anne Pitt. Mr. Walpole. Mr. Pitt at Bath. Duke of Cumberland's Funeral. Dr. Lowth and Bishop Warburton 122

1766

A TOUR IN SCOTLAND—THE STAMP ACT

The political situation. Repeal of the Stamp Act. Window Tax. Champagne by the hogshead. The trip to Scotland. Alnwick. Edinburgh. Holyrood. Dalkeith. Glasgow. Loch Lomond. Glencoe. Inveraray. Blair Drummond. Rousseau and Hume. Mrs. Carter. The poet Gray. Mary Queen of Scots. Return from Denton 137

1767

INOCULATION—LORD CHATHAM'S ILLNESS

The new dressing-room. The burletta. Henry Home. Inoculation. Lord Chatham's illness. Political congress. Miss Botham's wedding. Sarah Fielding. Death of Charles Townshend. The journey north. Hatfield. Mrs. Carter of Theakstone. Burmeston. Mr. Percy. General Pulteney's death. Duke of York. Lord Chatham re-purchases Hayes. Return to town. December frost and gaiety 153

1768

MOIRA MASQUE AND MONSEY—THE WILKES ELECTION

PAGE

Mr. Lyttelton's election. A gazette to Mrs. Vesey. Wilkes Riots. *History of Hindostan*. Lady Moira's Masque. Alterations at Stowe. Lord Chesterfield's wit. Lord Chatham. Gray. Domeniceti. Courayer. Dr. Monsey and the King of Denmark. Lady Hervey's illness and death. Zinzendorf. Miss Chudleigh. Junius. Death of Duke of Newcastle. Royal christening. Wilkes in prison. Lord Sandwich. A wonderful clock . . 167

THE STERNES AND THEIR "COSIN" MONTAGU

The Cousinship. Mrs. Sterne. Laurence Sterne at Bath. His wife in France. *The Sentimental Journey*. His letters to Mrs. Montagu. His last illness. His death. Young Macdonald. Mrs. Montagu acts for the family. Correspondence with Archbishop of York. Sutton dilapidations. Her character of Tristram and of his wife. Sterne's daughter Lydia. Johnny Botham burns Sterne's papers. Subscription at York. Mrs. Sterne uncompromising. Mrs. Montagu's help. Letters from Lydia. Her character, by herself. Miss Sterne and John Wilkes. Letter from Angoulême. Letters from Albi. Mrs. Sterne nearly murdered. Lydia's engagement. Mrs. Montagu declines her consent. The marriage. Death of Mrs. Sterne and M. de Medalle. Lydia returns to England. Publication of Sterne's Letters and Sermons . . 185

1769

THE SHAKESPEARE ESSAY—THE JUNIUS LETTERS

Miss Chudleigh. The Shakespeare Essay. Bulstrode. The Americans. James Otis. The Duke of Grafton's marriage. Reception of the Essay. The Stratford Jubilee. Voltaire's annoyance. General Paoli. The Yorkshire Petition. The East India Company. Emin's Journal. The Junius Letters. The Lord Mayor's Banquet. Lord Northington . . . 215

1770

A SUMMER WITH MRS. CHAPONE—LORD NORTH'S MINISTRY

Beattie's *Essay on Truth*. Beckford's death. Visit to Hagley with Mrs. Chapone. Letter from young John Pitt. Mr. Jonas Hanway. Second visit to Scotland. Crabs' eyes and millipedes. Mrs. Vesey at Lucan. Letter from Bennet Langton . . 233

1771

THE HAGLEY PARTY—BURKE AND PAOLI

PAGE

Letters from John and Hester Pitt. Richard Berenger. Hayes. David Garrick's verses. Montem. Junius's Letters. Wilkes's election as Sheriff. Edmund Burke. Death of Thomas Gray. Letter from Burke. Lord Lyttelton's History. The Hagley house party. Stowe. Arley. Paoli. A letter from Monsey. James Beattie at Sandleford. Mr. Lyttelton's return. Benjamin Stillingfleet's death. Lord Lyttelton's verses. Charlotte Grenville's engagement. Mr. Lyttelton's misdeeds. The Chelsea Patrole 241

1772

TUNBRIDGE, HATCHLANDS, AND BULSTRODE—FORDYCE, JUNIUS, BEATTIE

Richard Cumberland. The Pantheon. Miss Gregory. The Duchess of Portland's snuff-box. Lord Shelburne. The Banks. Mr. Lyttelton's marriage. Junius. Mrs. Vesey's Blue Room. Voltaire and De Choiseul. Dr. Beattie's advancement. Visit to Hatchlands. Sir John Macpherson. Mrs. Anne Ellis. Visit to Bulstrode. Mrs. Chapone on Beattie 257

1773

LORD LYTTELTON'S DEATH—LORD CHESTERFIELD

Death of Dr. Gregory. Beattie in London. Mrs. Montagu's efforts in his behalf. Mr. Dilly. Lord Chesterfield's wit. Beattie's pension. Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait. Lord Lyttelton's illness and death. Letter from Burke. Mrs. Vesey and Lord Lyttelton. Bankes's *Voyages*. The second Lord Lyttelton. Garrick's spectacle. Lord Chesterfield's Letters . . . 270

1774

THE CHESTERFIELD LETTERS—PAMPHLETS AND ELECTIONS

Madame de Sévigné. Death of Louis XV. Lord Chatham's gout. Lord Chesterfield's Wit and Will. Long Sir Thomas Robinson. Lord Temple's no. Matthew Robinson's Political Pamphlets. Hester Pitt's marriage. The Elections. Cursory remarks on Shakespeare. Lady Hester Pitt's and Mr. Grenville's engagements. Lord Valentia 282

1775

DEATH OF MR. MONTAGU—AMERICAN WAR BEGINS

PAGE

Hermes Harris. Sir Joshua's portrait of Mrs. Montagu. Her studies. Courtney Melmoth. Illness and death of Mr. Montagu. Letter from Mr. Archdeacon. Widowhood. Legacies and bequests. Letter from William Emerson. Journey north. The Yorkshire estates. Entertaining the tenantry. Lord Dartrey and Mrs. Carter. The Beatties at Denton. Plans for tour to France. The tour postponed. The Duchess of Kingston. Le Texier . 292

1776

THE VISIT TO PARIS—AMERICA AND THE HOWES

Tassie's cameo. Fourth edition of the *Essay*. Leonard Smelt. Hermes Harris. At Denton. Matthew's change of name. Preparations for journey to Paris. The crossing. French posting. Calais. Amiens. Chantilly. Arrival in Paris. Chaillot. Furnishing. Meudon. French Society. Madame du Deffand. Buffon. Geoffrin. Le Page du Boccage. Notre Dame. Les Enfans Trouvés. Luxury and dirt. Servants. Theatres. Voltaire's Letter. Footmen. Conversation. The Meeting of the Academy. Translations of Homer. Voltaire's invective. Mahomet and Le Kain. St. Germains. Return to England. The *Essay* in French. French and English ladies. Satan and Voltaire. Brantôme. Madame du Boccage's Verses. The Howes. Letters from James Hutton and Lord Shelburne. Lord Hardwicke on Chesterfield's characters. American news . . 308

DAVID GARRICK AND HIS WIFE

Garrick on the stage and off. Mrs. Garrick's letters. Letter from David Garrick. The Shakespeare Jubilee and Mrs. Montagu's *Essay*. Garrick's Ode. "Author unknown." Letter from Garrick about *Bon Ton*. The Garricks at Hagley. Garrick and "Minerva." Invitation to Hampton. Garrick on fret and hurry. Announces a visit to Hill Street. Acknowledges Mrs. Montagu's bounty. Letter on separation from the House of Cumberland. Letter on her visit to Paris. Voltaire's "malevolent nonsense." Garrick's retirement. The final performance. "Aurora" Ode. His death. Mrs. Garrick's pronunciation. Her letters. Lactilla. Her widowhood and Mrs. Vesey's. Garrick's grave 349

ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME I

Elizabeth Montagu . . . . . . *Frontispiece*

From a mezzotint engraving by J. R. Smith from the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

FACING PAGE

William Pulteney, Earl of Bath 16

From the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds in the National Portrait Gallery. Copyright.

Edward Wortley Montagu 28

In Arabian dress, engraved by J. R. Smith from the painting by M. W. Peters.

Sandleford Priory 44

From a photograph by John W. Righton.

Chevalier D'Eon 68

From an engraving by J. Condé in the European Magazine.

John Wilkes 80

From an engraving by J. Miller.

Mary Lepell, afterwards Lady Hervey 90

From an engraving from the painting by Largillière.

John Montagu, 4th Earl of Sandwich 118

From the portrait by John Zoffany in the National Portrait Gallery. Copyright, Emery Walker.

William Pitt, Earl of Chatham 138

From a print by E. Fisher after the picture (from life) by R. Brompton.

Mrs. Carter 163

From an engraving by Hopwood, Junr.

Laurence Sterne 185

From the bust done by Joseph Nollekens at Rome, 1765, now in the National Portrait Gallery. Copyright.

FACING PAGE

Joseph Emin 230

From the portrait at Hagley by Benjamin Wilson. By permission of Lord Cobham.

Dr. Messenger Monsey 250

From the portrait by Mary Black in the Royal College of Physicians. Reproduced by permission of the Council.

George Lord Lyttelton 278

From the portrait at Hagley by Sir Joshua Reynolds. By permission of Lord Cobham.

Horace Walpole 306

From a pastel drawing by Rosalba, formerly in the possession of the late Lady Dorothy Nevill. Copyright, Emery Walker.

Vue du quai et du village de Chaillot, 1757 . . . 319

From the oil painting by Raguenet in the Carnavalet Museum, Paris. By permission of the Director.

David Garrick 349

Engraved by William Skelton from an undoubtedly original picture in the possession of the widow of the late George Wilson, painted by Robert Edge Pine.

Mr. Cambridge. And what does Dr. Johnson call her ?
Fanny Burney. "Queen," to be sure. "Queen of the Blues !"

Madame D'Arblay's Diaries.

INTRODUCTORY

Mrs. Climenson's volumes. Childhood, girlhood, and marriage of Elizabeth Robinson. Edward Montagu. Earlier married life. Friendships and correspondence. Her personality. Contemporary animus. Criticism of her character and letters, and a reply. The present interest in the correspondence. The Blue Stockings and the Salonists.

The family, child life, girlhood, marriage, and earlier correspondence of Mrs. Montagu have been dealt with in detail in Mrs. Emily Climenson's two volumes mentioned in the Preface, to which the present work forms the sequel, and to those pages readers must be referred for the story of her life up to the completion of her forty-first year. The briefest recapitulation of a few salient facts here will suffice, therefore, to enable the reader unacquainted with the earlier volumes to visualise the lady whose life, friendships, and writings, from 1762 to her death in 1800, are the subject of the present work.

Elizabeth Robinson was born on October 2, 1720, and was the fourth child and eldest daughter of Matthew Robinson, Squire of Edgeley and West Layton in Yorkshire, and his wife Elizabeth, a descendant of the Devon Drakes, and heir to her brother Morris of Mount Morris in the parish of Horton in Kent. The Robinsons claimed descent from the Robertsons of Struan, Perthshire, and the Atholl Earls. Matthew was a very well-known gentleman in the fashionable coffee-houses of his day, a clever painter and a witty conversationalist. The Robinsons had a family of twelve, of whom nine survived to mature age. When Elizabeth was about seven years old they moved from Yorkshire to Mount Morris near Hythe, which her mother had then inherited, but a good deal of her early girlhood was spent with her grandmother at Cambridge, with whose second husband, Dr. Conyers Middleton, she was a great favourite. She is said to have been an extraordinarily beautiful child, attracting great notice in the university, and being early initiated into much donnish conversation ; both Middleton and her father delighting in making her repeat the doctrine of the pundits and in drawing out her budding wit.

After a happy, well-trained, and observant girlhood spent chiefly in Kent, at Bath, or in London, and enlivened by good looks, much dancing, and a warm friendship and long correspondence with Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, afterwards Duchess of Portland, Mrs. Donnellan, Robert Freind, and Mrs. Pendarves, Elizabeth Robinson, having dismissed two or three ardent and deeply stricken suitors, was wooed and won by an elderly scholar and mathematician, Edward Montagu, grandson of the first Earl of Sandwich and M.P. for Huntingdon. Mr. Montagu was nearly thirty years older than his bride of two-and-twenty, and was a man of sound judgement, retiring, sober, and rather indolent habit, and of ample means, derived largely from collieries and farms near Newcastle and in Yorkshire. They were married at Horton by Mr. Freind on August 5, 1742. Mrs. Montagu bore him a son in 1743, who died from teething convulsions when fifteen months old ; and they had no other children. The marriage can scarcely be called a love match—" You and I," she wrote in later life to Mrs. Carter, " who have never been in love,"—but it proved as satisfactory a union of tolerant contentment as could be expected ; and it was only towards the close of his life, when he was over eighty, that the peevish tantrums of an invalid strained wifely devotion, as we shall see, somewhat severely. For the most part the pair pursued their somewhat divergent paths—he with his microscope and his instruments in studied seclusion, she with her coteries of literary friends and her periodic visits to Tunbridge and the Bath—in mutual tranquillity and esteem. The summer and autumn were passed chiefly at their charming Berkshire home, Sandleford Priory, near Newbury, varied by visits to Bulstrode, Stowe, Hagley, and other big country houses ; the winter and spring in London, where they lived at first in Dover Street and, after 1746, in a newly built house in Hill Street, Berkeley Square. Regular visits had also to be made to the Denton collieries in Northumberland, where, too, Mr. Montagu was owner of a fine old Tudor Hall.

These next fifteen years of their married life, from 1747 to 1761, were a happily uneventful time, enjoyed amidst a large and growing circle of interesting friendships, wide reading, and plenty of social amusement. Mrs. Montagu's life, indeed, was never personally very eventful ; it is in its conjunction with other lives and other events that it has its chief interest. It is not till the two or three years immediately preceding the opening date of this volume that the first correspondence with Mrs. Carter, Dr. Johnson, Laurence Sterne, David Garrick, Edmund Burke, and Lord Bath begins.

Mrs. Montagu's circle of acquaintances and friends was, as has been shown, an interesting and a wide one, and she was throughout her life a fluent and energetic letter-writer. At the end of 1761, where Mrs. Climenson's memoir breaks off, her principal correspondents, apart from her family, were Mrs. (by courtesy) Elizabeth Carter, the learned poetess, translator of Epictetus and friend of Dr. Johnson, who lived at Deal ; Mrs. Vesey, wife of Agmondesham Vesey, and known as "the Sylph," whose home was at Lucan, near Dublin, but who was much in London, and held her characteristic literary salons in Bolton Row and Clarges Street ; Dr. Messenger Monsey, physician to Lord Godolphin and later to Chelsea Hospital, a great wag and a very eccentric character ; George, the first Lord Lyttelton, Pope's friend, and author of *Dialogues of the Dead*, who had just rebuilt Hagley House, his Worcestershire seat ; and perhaps closest and most intimate of all—William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, once the Patriot of the *Craftsman* and Walpole's ally, afterwards his bitterest opponent, but now long retired from political activity and enjoying an extraordinarily vigorous old age amongst his friends and great estates.

Making due allowance for the formal flatteries of the time, there can be no doubt the Elizabeth Montagu of this period was an extremely attractive woman. As a girl she had been a beauty, and her sparkling vivacity had won her more than one ardent admirer. Slim, petite, and rather delicate of habit, with deep blue eyes, high-arched brows, and dark-brown hair, lively, *spirituel*, and witty of manner, most keenly sympathetic in the fortunes of her friends, extremely sound in judgement, critical in converse, generous in praise, benevolent with her purse and actively helpful in distress or misfortune, we can understand Lord Bath's roundly protesting he did not believe a more perfect human being was ever created, Edmund Burke endorsing every word of his eulogy, and the scapegrace Edward Wortley Montagu declaring her the most accomplished lady he ever saw.

Apparently, even before her eyes began to fail her, after years of close study and endless letter-writing, she was more or less short-sighted :

> I think you are well enough acquainted with my defects of sight to be assured I would not distinguish Mrs. Peers as

> she passed in the street. I might perceive some person bow'd, for I can often catch the salute and I always return it. I have often return'd a bow to Mr. Montagu as we have passd in our carriages, and he has been diverted at perceiving I did not know him. I have sometimes perceived by the familiar nod of the footmen that the Person who passd in a chariot was Mr. Montagu.

But the defect cannot have been noticeable, as this is the only reference to it that has been encountered.

In view of some extant criticisms which readers may have come across, and by which their opinion might perhaps have been prejudiced at the outset, it should be pointed out here and now that the material for a considered judgement of Mrs. Montagu's mature capabilities and character has not hitherto been available, inasmuch as the story and correspondence of the last forty years of her life are (with the very partial exception of Dr. Doran's and Monsieur Huchon's volumes referred to in the Preface) till now unpublished.

Of a certain contemporary animus against the "Minerva" of the Blues there can indeed be no doubt, and it would be absurd to disregard it here. Adverse criticisms of this or that point in her character or her doings will be duly referred to, in the pages that follow, from Dr. Johnson and James Boswell, from Horace Walpole, Mrs. Piozzi, Mr. Crisp, Richard Cumberland, and one or two other acquaintances of smaller eminence. Biographers of some of Mrs. Montagu's feminine contemporaries such as Mrs. Delany, Mrs. Thrale, Miss Burney, and others (and indeed some of those dear ladies themselves) have sometimes gone a little out of their way to fling a jibe at the "Queen of the Blue Stockings," either about her great house, or her "taste for magnificence," her Cupidon room, or her occasionally resplendent attire, her big dinners or "great and vast and late and dull assemblies." We shall find her accused of trying for effect, of efforts to flash in conversation, of being generous through vanity, of interminable loquacity, of haughty patronage, of senile absurdities in jewellery and entertainment, of lack of wit, and abundance of presumption.

Sir Walter Scott (if I am right in attributing to him the notice in the *Quarterly Review* of the series of her early Letters published by Lord Rokeby in 1810–13) wrote about these :

> Mrs. Montagu would in all probability have written much more agreable and much more really sensible letters if she had never once been led to suspect " that she was the most agreable correspondent in the world " . . . Mrs. Montagu's letters' merit is in inverse proportion to the pains she takes with them. Those to her husband and Gilbert West are natural, lively and agreable, to Lord Lyttelton, vastly more laboured, vastly less pleasant. Those for the benefit of that very learned, very excellent and very tiresome person Mrs. Carter, once very celebrated and now almost forgotten, whom she seems desirous to dazzle by a prodigious display of wit, knowledge, taste, virtue and piety, are the worst of all, and indeed absolutely unreadable.

It requires some courage to quote such a criticism from such an authority at the outset of a work which is to consist largely of the letters of a person thus scathingly disposed of ; but it seems to the present editor wiser to recognise and so far as may be to refute these strictures than to ignore them. The answer is threefold ; whether it is adequate, the reader must be left to determine later on.

In the first place, the volumes dealt with by the *Quarterly* reviewer contained a not very judicious selection of correspondence issued almost without comment or annotation, inaccurate in sequence, and often of most inordinate length ; though John Fyvie wrote of them : " One wonders that these vivacious letters have never been reprinted ; for with a little judicious pruning they would form a moderate-sized volume of exceptionally good reading. They show much wit, keen observation, and not a little wisdom; they reveal the growth of a piquant as well as admirable personality."

Secondly, the letters in this Rokeby collection were all of the earlier half of Mrs. Montagu's life, and dealt with the period from 1734 to 1761, comprising, therefore, none of the years from which the present selections are taken. Though there is a great deal of precocious wit and extremely shrewd and amusing, if immature, observation in many of them, they are, first, the effusions of a vivacious young beauty in her dancing teens, and, later, the correspondence of her early married life with a man very greatly her senior, and a few good friends, but before she had formed the most interesting associations of her life or had established the social position, or the particular friendships, or the literary coteries with which her name is generally coupled.

Lastly—and this is the really cogent argument—the animosities of contemporaries and the criticisms of 1813 are alike inapplicable to the judgement of to-day. Her nephew's volumes were avowedly put forth as specimens of a correspondence which had been very greatly admired; and at the expressed wish, as he himself informs us, of Dr. Young, Gilbert West, Lord Chatham, David Garrick, Stillingfleet, Beattie, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Burke, and other friends. To them, and to Sir Walter Scott, there was no question of biographical or historical interest; they were simply "admirable," or "unreadable," as examples of a style which many delighted in and others abhorred. Our interest to-day is based on quite other grounds. In the selections extracted from an immense mass of material for use in the present volumes, the epistolary fireworks, the sententious reflections, and the learned disquisitions, though they could not be entirely excluded, have been remorselessly blue-pencilled, and nine-tenths of the fine passages which evoked the enthusiasm of her correspondents have been brutally excised. It is as a contribution to the annals of English society in the second half of the eighteenth century, and a record of the life and friendships of one of its notable leaders that these volumes have been compiled ; and the aim of their editor has been to conserve the references to well-known people and stirring events rather than the witticisms and reflections of their chronicler.

There is enough of truth in these depreciations to make it incumbent on the compiler of her Memoir to show, if he can, that any such estimate is far from comprehending the whole truth about her character ; and he ventures to think that the extracts included in the following pages—curtailed and incomplete though they necessarily are—may go some way towards achieving that end.

Mrs. Montagu came of a good old family, and married into a great one ; and it was no fault of hers that social distinction came easily to her. All her life she had a horror of small confined rooms and a passion for air and space about her; constant references to this occur in her letters about lodgings at Bath or at Tunbridge, her hotel in Paris, or her inn accommodation on her journeys. The roominess of the house she built for herself in Portman Square, and of the alterations which Wyatt achieved for her in Sandleford Priory, were a real boon to her delicate health and a source of enjoyment, constantly expressed. " The lodging houses at Bath," she writes, " and the chill journey, made me feel myself wonderfully comfortable in this good and substantial mansion. Ever since I first inhabited it I have been sensible how much a good habitation softens the severity and enlivens the gloom of winter." A very delicate constitution, frequent indisposition, and an immense business and social correspondence necessitated her spending a great deal of her life indoors ; and only in large, well-lighted, airy rooms could she find comfort and contentment.

No doubt she was proud of her great Salon at Montagu House, her verd-antique columns, her extraordinary Feather Room, and her ability to entertain there nobly and easily a very large circle of friends. Yet even the fastidious and hypercritical Horace Walpole had to acknowledge the excellence and simplicity of its design.

"On Tuesday," he wrote to Mason in 1782, "with the Harcourts at Mrs. Montagu's new palace, and was much surprised. Instead of vagaries it is a noble, simple edifice. Magnificent, yet no gilding. It is grand, not tawdry, not larded and embroidered and pomponned with shreds and remnants, and clinquant, like all the harlequinades of Adam, which never let the eye repose an instant."

No doubt, too, in later years, she grew fond of entertaining on a big scale. Was it wonderful, or reprehensible ? She was very wealthy, she was extremely hospitable, she had hosts of acquaintance, and a house wherein they could be accommodated easily and without crowding ; and she was a staunch believer in the duty of supporting the conventional usage of the social fabric. If her assemblies were sometimes a little "mixed," it was because she elected deliberately to welcome lowly talent rather than titled sinners. James Beattie, the shopman's tuneful son, was a more honoured guest than the brilliant drunkards of Lady Townshend's drawing-room, or the dissolute heir of her beloved Lord Lyttelton. Little grimy chimney-sweeps breakfasted joyously on her lawn every May Day, Woodhouse the cobbler poet dined at Sandleford, pitmen and their wives feasted at Denton ; but against the Chudleigh and her ilk, her face was as adamant ; not from any affectation of prudery, of which her letters certainly acquit her, but simply because she did not want to countenance ostentatious vice.

Foibles and faults she doubtless had, and some of them may have acquired prominence in her old age, but that Richard Cumberland's spiteful picture of "Vanessa" is a fair portrait may very well be doubted, without much better corroboration than is available. I prefer to recall the dicta of two other witnesses, both of whom had better means of judging at different times, and greater honesty of judgement. Dr. Johnson—reserving for her some of the choicest Johnsonese—said: "That lady exerts more *mind* in conversation than any person I ever met with. Sir, she displays such powers of ratiocination, such radiations of intellectual eminence, as are amazing." And Hannah More, writing some years after her death, testifies in simpler but convincing words: "With Mrs. Montagu's faults I have nothing to do. Her fine qualities were many. From my first entrance into a London life till her death, I ever found her an affectionate, zealous, and constant friend, as well as a most instructive and pleasant companion."

That she had all the courage of her opinions no one who reads her outspoken criticisms of Johnson, of Voltaire, of Chesterfield, Sterne, and others will be prepared to deny, though some may choose to give the quality a less complimentary name.

But if her strictures were sometimes violent or partial and her moralities invaded provinces beyond their bounds, it will be admitted that she could generally back her view by reasoning, and that her own description has portrayed her as "in body a saint, in mind a great sinner."

Elizabeth Montagu's personality is, I think, sufficiently interesting to make this fresh material worth exploration, without either claiming for her any pre-eminent place in the literary hierarchy of her time, still less invoking any rivalry with the much celebrated Parisian salons of the Marquise du Deffand, Mesdames Geoffrin and de Tencin or Mdlle. de L'Espinasse. Mrs. Montagu was as essentially English as they were essentially French; their temperaments and attraction were fundamentally diverse; and while Mrs. Montagu's learning and knowledge of the world were probably more than equal to that of her Paris contemporaries, her insight and capacity for rapid penetration in the study and entertainment of others were perhaps inferior, her wit less spiritual. And apart from individualities, the London Blue Stockings were heavily handicapped as against their Paris sisters of the *bas bleu*, first by the tremendous gambling mania of the time, which not only swept into its vortex men like Chesterfield, Lord Carlisle, Sheridan, Selwyn, and Fox, but even inveigled a Pitt and a Wilberforce; and also by the fact that London was never the almost exclusive home of English literary folk which Paris became for France; whilst even those who might be considered Londoners were scattered from Streatham to Strawberry and from Highgate to Hampton.

The gambling clubs of eighteenth-century Paris did not—to her honour or good fortune—vie, either in their stakes or their *clientèle*, with Almack's and White's and Arthur's; and Madame Geoffrin in the Rue St. Honoré (who, says her ten years' guest Marmontel, was without any tincture either of letters or the arts, and in her life had never studied anything but very superficially, yet did not appear ignorant in the society either of artists or men of letters) was free of a rivalry which ever beset the ladies of Hill Street and Bolton Row. Entertainment of this particular kind entails rather rare qualifications for its continued success; and its finest salt, as Mrs. Montagu herself declared when she went to Paris in 1776, is naturally Gallic.

1762

MRS. MONTAGU AND LORD BATH—WAR WITH SPAIN

The Cock Lane Ghost. Sir Joshua, Tristram Shandy, and Lord Bath. The Court. Miss Anne Pitt. The Earl of Pembroke and Miss Hunter. Political changes. War with Spain. William Pulteney, Earl of Bath. The new Ministry. Sir Francis Dashwood. House Party at Hagley. The Garter. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. The Cherokee King. Mr. Hoare's "Pantheon." Longleat. Edward Wortley Montagu. Mrs. Chapone. Dr. Messenger Monsey. Lord Granby. Admiral Smith. Mr. Tom Lyttelton. Mr. William Robinson. Garrick and Love. Lady M. W. Montagu's death. Duc de Nivernois. *Millenium Hall.* Sampson Gideon. Quin.

The year 1762 opened, politically, with the declaration of war against Spain, the war which Pitt had foreseen as inevitable, and had wished to precipitate before his fall, a few weeks previously. After the Family Compact of August 1761, England found herself confronted in Europe not only by France and Spain but by Russia, Sweden, Austria, and Naples. The country was exhausted by six years of war, the National Debt was doubled, and Pitt's fall had been chiefly brought about by his advocacy of war with Spain ; yet Lord Bute and the King, keenly desirous of peace as they were, had been forced into the declaration which Pitt's rejected counsel would have forestalled.

Mrs. Montagu, beyond the normal interest of an intelligent citizen, and a staunch attachment to the Court party, was chiefly a politician through, and for, her political friends, whose causes she warmly espoused, though they were sometimes awkwardly divergent.

To her Sister-in-law Mrs. William Robinson at Rome

HILL STREET, *Feb.* 26.

I am under some anxiety least our rupture with Spain should occasion you any inconvenience. In the house of Commons every boy who can articulate, is a speaker, to the great despatch of buisiness and solidity of counsels; they sit very late every night as every young gentleman who has a handsome person, a fine coat, a well shaped leg, a clear voice, is to exhibit these advantages; to this kind of Beau oratory and tea table talk, the ladies, as is reasonable, resorted very constantly; at first they attended in such numbers as to fill the body of the House on great political questions. . . . Whether by private contrivance, or that of a party, who are inclined to pacific measures I do not know; but a ghost started up in a dirty obscure alley in the city,[1] and diverted the attention of the female politicians from the glory of their country to an enquiry Why Miss Fanny, who died of the small pox two years ago, and suffered herself to be buried, does now appear in the shape and sound of a hammer and rap and scratch at the head of Miss Parsons' bed, the daughter of a parish Clerk; as I suppose you read the Newspapers you will see mention of the ghost, but without you was here upon the spot you could never conceive that the most bungling performance of the silliest imposture could take up the attention and conversation of all the fine world. . . . You need not indeed regret being absent while this farce is going on, there will be an Elizabeth Canning, or a man in a bottle, or some other folly for the amusement of this frivolous generation at all times; but you have some reason to regret having miss'd the Coronation, perhaps the finest spectacle in the world. . . .

On the King's wedding[2] there appeared the greatest parade of fine cloathes I ever saw. This winter has been very gay as to amusements; never did we see less light from the sun or a greater blaze of Wax candles. The presence of the Duke of Mecklenburg, the Queen's youngest brother, has given occasion to many balls and assemblies. The Queen has not an evening drawingroom; they have sometimes balls at St.

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[1] Cock Lane.

[2] To Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Sept. 8, 1761.

James, but in general their majesties spend their time in private, or at Leicester House where the Princess Dowager hardly keeps up the air of a Court. The Duke of York makes himself amends for want of princely pastimes by very familiarly frequenting all the publick diversions, and has shared in the amusements of the ghost in Cock Lane. . . .

Lord Bath had been this winter sitting to Sir Joshua Reynolds for the portrait which is now in the National Portrait Gallery, and the artist evidently encouraged cheerful company whilst he was painting :

Will my dear Mrs. Vesey go with me tomorrow at half an hour after one to Mr. Reynolds, where my Lord Bath is to sit for his picture ? Where ye facetious author of Tristram Shandy is to make him smile ? and where you may see the historical picture in which the Muse of Tragedy and Comedy are disputing for Mr. Garrick ? If all these temptations cannot allure you, what more can I offer ? Only in aid of these great and extraordinary subjects the company of one, who with the rest of the World, is Mrs. Veseys admirer and H^{ble} Servant.

From Lord Bath

On Wenesday about one of the clock, I will most certainly be, at Mr. Reynolds's, to mend my sickly look, and to sitt down in my Chair, as I should do ; instead of being half standing, which criticism of Mr. Sternes, I think perfectly right. As for my looks I fear, they will not be much mended, by any Physick of Mr. Reynolds. He has made an old man, look as if he was in pain, which an old man generally is, and so far he is right.

To her Husband

LONDON, *Saturday Night.*

I imagine there is not the least chance that this should find you at Newcastle, as you propose to be in Town next week, and do not travel at the rantipole rate of our modern fine gentlemen, who not being of the least use in any place, think it a noble privilege to be able to convey themselves wherever they desire at as rapid a rate as the birds of the air. It is said Mr. Wortley Montagu has left £800000 in money, and £17000 pr ann in land, mines etc, behind him ; a most notable sum, and I wish it may make his heirs as happy and illustrious as the getting it made him anxious and odious. . . .

Our friend Mrs. A. Pitt[1] whirls about the political and fashionable World like a comet ; I was a little disgusted with her at the Duchess of Portlands on sunday night when she told her Grace, she thought high birth preferable to all merit *whatever*. I could not help saying, tout doucement, that I thought the more personal any advantages were the more they seem'd to me to redound to the honour of the possessor, and that many illustriously descended were little respected ; that high birth was good as it excited to good and right behaviour, but I had rather be dunghill born and have transcendant merit than be an ordinary character in a very great situation. I must own when I was young I would not have parted with half an eyebrow for the pedigree of the Bourbons, nor wd I now have a wrong opinion for the glory of the Ottoman race. Indeed the poor woman est bien mondaine in spite of years, ill health, mortifications, etc. She is fit for the Worlds great hospital of Vanitys incurables ; I wish I had not heard this servile nonsense for it provoked me at the instant, and has disgusted me ever since.

To Mrs. W. Robinson at Naples

February.

The town is now in a great uproar from an outrageous piece of gallantry, as it is called, of the young Earl of Pembroke who has carried off Miss Kitty Hunter as it is said to Holland. He wrote a letter to his wife[2] one of the best and most beautiful women in the world, to tell her that he had quitted her for ever, that she was too good and too tender for him, and he had such a violent passion for Missy he could not help doing as he did. It will not be long before in her turn the maid "will weep the fury of his love decayed," his affections are as uncertain as they are unlawful and ungenerous. [Lord Pembroke and his wife were reconciled by the following March, but Miss Kitty, declining to give up her child, did not return to her father, and kept his Lordship's settlement.] Miss Kitty Hunter was a great lover of French novels and much enamoured of M. Rousseau's "Julie." how much have these writers to answer for who make vice into a regular

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[1] Anne, sister of Lord Chatham.

[2] Elizabeth, daughter of Charles Duke of Marlborough.

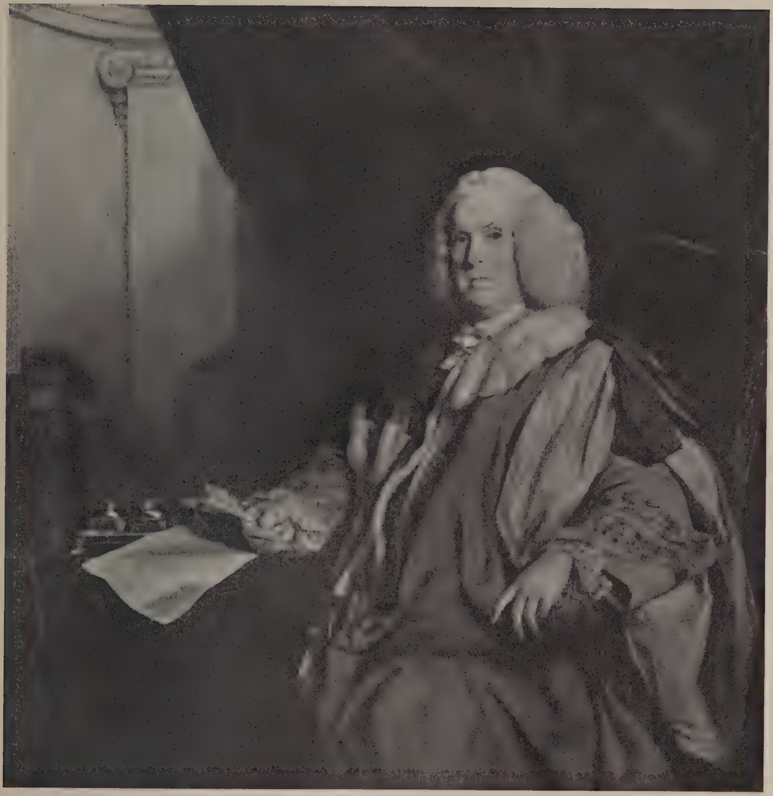
> system, gild it with specious colours and deceive the mind into guilt it would have startled at, without the fard of art and cheat of sentiment. . . .

At this period Mrs. Montagu received a letter from Emin, her Armenian friend, who was at St. Petersburg under the protection of General Keith. In a postscript to this letter, written some days after the first part, he laments the death of Prince Shamruz, whose army he was preparing to join and command, a heavy blow to his hopes for the welfare of his nation.

The story of Emin, Mrs. Montagu's Armenian adorer, who addressed her as "My queen of Sheba," the "Most learned and most magnanimous," "The Wisdom of Europe," etc., is too long to enter into here. Readers who may be interested are referred to Mrs. Climenson's earlier volumes, and to the biographical notice by his great-great-granddaughter, Amy Apcar, published at Calcutta.

On May 18 Mrs. Montagu says:

> Lord Halifax is returned with great glory from his Lord Lieutenancy in Ireland. He pleased all people, he united all parties, he contented those he was sent by, and those he was sent to, and has shown it is possible to please the government here and be popular there.
>
> The Duke of Newcastle is about to resign his office, and retire to the joys of private life. I am afraid he will find that the mind used to buisiness does not find quiet in idleness. There is hardly a greater misfortune than to have the mind much accustomed to the tracasseries of the world. A country gentleman can amuse himself with angling in a trout stream, or venturing his neck in a Foxchase. A studious man can enjoy his books in solitude . . . but chiefs out of war, and Statesmen out of place, like all animals out of their proper element, make a miserable affair of rural life. . . . The King has purchas'd Buckingham House and is going to fit it up elegantly for his retired hours. Her Majesty promises to give us an Heir very soon. Princess Amelia has purchased Gunnersbury House. . . . Mr. Harrison's watch has succeeded beyond expectation; navigation will be improved by it, which you, who have the spirit of travelling shall rejoice at.



WILLIAM PULTENEY, EARL OF BATH
By Sir Joshua Reynolds

The wives of some of our General Officers are gone to Lisbon with their husbands, which is for the honour of the fair sex.

England was now sending troops to defend Portugal from invasion by Spain and France, who had combined as allies. Lord Pulteney, the only child of the Earl of Bath, went out with his regiment. His father felt his going acutely, and a letter written by him to Mrs. Montagu after parting with his son begs her not to allude to it when they meet, as he felt he should break down.

William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, the Whig statesman whose political career, as Walpole's early ally, and later as his great opponent, had come to an end in 1747 when, after accepting a peerage, he had failed to overthrow Pelham and to exclude Pitt from office, was in 1760 a great figure in the society of the day ; a rich peer and a great landowner, a good horseman and a keen card-player, and a man whose cutting wit and piercing eye were still held in very respectful awe, though his voice was only occasionally heard as " an aged raven " in the House of Lords, and the tongue which Walpole had " feared more than another man's sword," was seldom uplifted either as " Craftsman " or " Patriot."

Pulteney's wife, Anna Maria Gumley, had held celebrity as a great vixen and an incorrigible miser, and is supposed to have infected her husband with monetary meanness ; but, at any rate, she brought him riches and vastly increased his fortune and her own, so that her death left him a very wealthy widower.

Pulteney's career as a patriot having ended rather ignobly by his acceptance of a peerage, he is chiefly remembered for the extraordinary versatility of his wit, and what Horace Walpole called his " miscellaneousness of style." Lecky ranks him as " the most graceful and brilliant speaker in the House of Commons in the interval between the withdrawal of

St. John and the appearance of Pitt." His manner changed like the wind, from grave to gay, from pathos to wit ; but the spirit of faction was uncontrolled by patriotic sentiment, and, in the end, "he left not faction but of it was left." The subject of endless lampoons and the originator of many, "Billy, of all Bob's foes, The wittiest in verse and prose," left but a transient mark on the politics of his day.

Mrs. Montagu had, as occasional references in her correspondence show, met Lord Bath in society before his wife's death in 1758, but it was in 1760 at Tunbridge that their acquaintance ripened rapidly into an ardent admiration on his part and a devoted attachment on hers, which continued unbroken till the Earl's death four years later. The letters in this collection between Mrs. Montagu and Lord Bath number over four hundred, ranging from brief notes inviting to an airing in his lordship's chaise, or sending anxious enquiries after his lordship's health, to lengthy budgets of eight or ten closely written pages of the gilt edged quarto of the day.

It seems, indeed, that during these four years of their intimacy, except when they were within calling distance of each other, either in London, Tunbridge, Bath, Sandleford, Hagley, or at Spa, Lord Bath and Elizabeth Montagu wrote to each other almost by every available post ; and most of this correspondence appears to have been preserved on both sides.

The difficulties confronting the selector from such a collection as this, however, lie not merely in the judicious choice from so large a bulk of material more or less interesting and valuable. The formalities of compliment and respect, the solicitude of enquiries as to health, the details of journeys, indigestion, headaches, spasms, colds, over-fatigue, raking, and quadrille ; the perils of highwaymen, floods, bad roads, damp beds, coach break-downs, and so on, which find their inevitable place in almost every letter, become, of course, in the cumulative effect of a long series, intolerably fatiguing to the reader. Mrs. Montagu, for all her wide intelligence, deep reading, and remarkable common sense, is often exhaustingly long-winded, and sometimes almost "nauseous" (as her noble lover was once constrained to protest) in her flattery and adulation; whilst Lord Bath's accomplished gallantries, dreadful puns, and vivacious devotion grow equally tiresome when a string of letters are read together. Yet there is so much of interesting political reference and social record in this correspondence that it is difficult to discard, as one needs must, the great majority of it, without careful scrutiny from superscription to postscript; so that the editor's task is, it will be admitted, a difficult one. Obviously, however, space could only be given for a few extracts from this fat pile of correspondence, chosen here and there, either as being of interest in themselves or as giving enlightening glimpses of the characters of their writers.

As letters were often tampered with in course of post, a cypher was attempted in this correspondence, but seems to have been only occasionally used and to have got somewhat muddled. The key, so far as I have found any, is given here from Lord Bath's scribbled memorandum:

The King	Mr. G. B. 2000.
Lord Bute	Mr. J. 000.
Mr. Pitt	Syphon.
Mr. Grenville	Atlas.
Lord Sandwich	Clodius.
Lord Hallifax	1000.
Lord Hillsborough	500.
Lord Egmont	100.
Newcastle	300 . 50 Trifler.
Hardwicke	51 Justice.
Lyttelton	52 Cooke.
Temple	64 Stiff Dick.
D. of Bedford	Lady Di.
Townsend	41 Shuffler.
Prince of Wales	Germanicus 56.
Buckingham House	57.

St. James	60.
Parliament	Hogsty 61.
H. of Commons	Dirty Lane 62.
H. of Lords	Whipt Cream 63.
Chancellor	67 Stumbler.
R. Regina	Mrs. Montagu.
Mr. R.	Ramsay the painter.

To Lord Bath

May 1762.

. . . There is a violent fermentation in the political world at present ; I heartily wish all things may settle at last to our amiable young Monarch's content and happiness, private and publick. There were strange whispers in the very drawing room, and a gentleman whose family are very well provided for in the Court, had the assurance to ask me, almost in the presence, if I did not like the famous " Monitor." I treated the question and questioner with the contempt they deserved ; your Lordship knows I am a well wisher to my Lord B(ute) and I hope his enemies will not be able to hurt him. It is said 000 and 99 are caballing together. Matters are pretty well made up with 50 but he is a little out of temper still. Lord Bute, Mr. Grenville, Sir Francis Dashwood and Mr. Elliot as treasurer of the chambers are all to kiss hands tomorrow. Lord Henley is not about to resign nor would the sober ambition of —— be easily altered to take his place.

To Lord Bath

June ye 3d.

I know any friend might have persuaded me to take a dose of arsenick with half the trouble I took to prevail on him [Lord Lyttelton] to send for a Physician of credit, but as on most occasions, men have greater strength of reason than women, so on others they have a double portion of obstinacy. Doctor Monsey says he will send your Lordship an account of the birthday by saturdays post ; I believe he intends to send you an account of the Ladys' dress and the new fashions ; he would make an admirable secretary for the Graces. The D. of Devonshire gives a dinner tomorrow for the D. of Newcastle and the D. of Newcastle's particular friends. Lord Bute is to give a great entertainment. We are not to have any more Peers created this summer. I hear Mr. C. Townshend is among the discontented, and says we have a lutestring administration which will serve the summer season. Sr Francis Dashwood called here on sunday ; he seems convinced of the necessity of economy in the Treasury, and aware of the difficulties, and dangers of reformation ; I should have preferrd being treasurer of the chambers, to the handling of this two edged sword. The King told Sr Francis, when he gave him the seals, that he had a very good opinion of him, and was glad to have such an opportunity of shewing it, that he had always heard he was an honest man, and for his part, he desired to employ such, and an honest man might take an employment from him, as he should never have any views but for the good and the glory of this Country. I have great confidence in the probity of the King, and the integrity of his minister, but it is a wayward world for honest men to govern. Lord Guilford solicits to be Lord Chamberlain to the Queen, Lord Litchfield it is said has refused it. I hear Lord Hallifax was most graciously received and is much caress'd ; his conduct has deserved it. I am to sit to Mr. Ramsey tomorrow evening, in the morning he is to be at Court.

One imagines that Mrs. Montagu recounted this fine eulogy of Sir Francis Dashwood, quondam founder and leading spirit of the Hell Fire Club of Medmenham "monks," with a touch of irony. But this was a time when good memories would have been as fatal to political confidence as to social intercourse.

Allan Ramsay, whom Walpole thought a better painter of women than Reynolds, became George III.'s portrait painter a few years later. He was a great friend of Dr. Johnson's, who admired his youthfulness, a quality which the Doctor plumed himself upon in his own conversation.

In her next letter of June 5 to Lord Bath Mrs. Montagu records that :

At Lord Bute's levee on monday there were five Bishops and the Archbishop of Canterbury ; at the Duke of Newcastle's there was but one, so it is said the Bishops have forgotten their maker. . . . The King presented Prince William and Lord Bute with very fine Georges. The installation will not be till the Queen's recovery. . . .

On the 9th of June, writing to Lord Bath, Mrs. Montagu says:

> Lord Lyttelton is much better, and intends to go to Hagley very soon, and I flatter myself I shall meet your Lordship there, for Mr. Montagu seems determined upon going thither if you will meet us. I expect great pleasure from this party. . . . The great Monsey in his great manner, loves, hates, flatters, abuses, coaxes, and scolds me most nobly; he goes out of town tomorrow. He will meet us at Hagley. . . .

In a letter of June 13, mention is again made of the King's illness:

> His Majesty was blooded yesterday morning the seventh time that operation has been performed since he was taken ill. His fever has gone off but the heat and inflammation of his breast remains, tho' it is abated. The Queen had a drawing room on sunday to prevent alarms for the King's condition.

The circle of friends who met at Hagley at the end of June consisted of the Montagus, Lord Bath, Dr. Messenger Monsey, Mr. and Mrs. Vesey, and Dr. Douglas, the hosts being Lord Lyttelton, his sister Miss Lyttelton, his daughter, afterwards Lady Valencia, Mrs. Hood, *née* West, and Admiral Smith, a half-brother of Lord Lyttelton's.

The letters to Mrs. Montagu of Dr. Messenger Monsey at this period are almost as numerous as Lord Bath's. The Doctor was allowed the privileges of a licensed buffoon, and took full advantage of them. They are written in the minutest of hands, and with the greatest economy of paper, and are packed full of extravagant worship, outrageous abuse, the most outspoken sarcasms about Lord Bath's passion, a medley of Latin and Greek quotation, stories of his patients and his love affairs, his polypus and his purgatives, his dreams, his religious convictions, his stockings and pea-blossom coat, all jumbled together in the most absurd confusion, and often seasoned with a coarseness and indecency of expression which, to a lady, must have touched the limit even of those outspoken times, and would be quite unprintable to-day.

To Lord Bath

Thursday night.

I do not know whether this letter will not get to Shrewsbury some hours before your Lordship arrives, but I am desirous to send you the news of the changes made and to be made. Mr. Grenville and Sr Frances Dashwood accept congratulation the first as secretary of state the other as Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is said Mr. Elliot is to be Treasurer of the Chambers, Lord G: Sackvile a Lord of the treasury, some say Ld Barrington is to be treasurer of the Navy, others that it will be Mr. Rigby. My Lady Westmorland ask'd me to go to the drawing room with her to day, but much more enamourd of the nightingale and the cuckow I endeavour'd to excuse myself. However as I found it would be more agreable to her Ladyship I should go, I resolved to get the better of my savage disposition and I had the amusement of seeing the chapter of the garter. Lord Temple as the youngest Knight led Lord Bute; Lord Temples face did not wear any deceitfull smiles, he look'd his heart. After the ceremony when the Knights bow to their new companions the D: of Nle: embraced Lord Bute and shook him by the hand with most cordial affection, unlike the cold civility of the rest of the noble order; indeed it is very pleasing to see a Minister so friendly and affectionate to his successor. Lady Westmorland dined with me after the drawing [room] was over, she went from me to Leicester House where she was surprized to find a refusal.

To this Lord Bath, who was a very old hand at political amenities, replied:

The longer I live the more I dislike the World, there is so much artifice falsity and Cunning that mixes in all the affairs of it, to which I am, was, and always will be a stranger, that I profess myself almost tired of medling with any thing but my own private affairs; and those are almost too much for me, to get thro' wth any tolerable degree of Quiet and ease.

Your description of the tender endearments, and kind embraces, that passd between 000, and 300, at the Installation, is a true and general Picture of the falsity of all Mankind. Had I been 1000, and seen it, I would have ordered two of my Beef Eaters, to have gon immediately, and kicked them both downstairs.

Writing from Hagley to Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Montagu describes their journey there *via* Oxford, where

> I went to see the marbles which my friend Lady Pomfret[1] gave to the university. There are many fine pieces of sculpture, but I was most pleased with a noble statue of Cicero. . . . He seems in the act of speaking and I fancy'd him thundering his bold philippicks in Anthony's ear. At a little distance there is a fine statue of Marius in which ferocious valour is finely express'd. . . . From Oxford we went to Blenheim which I saw with great pleasure as bearing eternal testimony to the valour and gratitude of the English nation.

Alluding to Hagley, she says:

> It beggars all description. The Dryads and the Naiads, Pan, and Sylvanus met in Council to form the park; they did their best, and down came the higher powers, the Nine Muses and the seven Sciences, and they embellesh'd it; the three Graces fell alaughing and said, all would not do unless they added the *je ne scai quoi*, *et tout en badinant* they gave the air so difficult to hit, so impossible to describe.

Mrs. Montagu could never leave the dryads and the naiads out of her Hagley letters, but henceforth they must be taken for granted, as her editor has done so. *Par revanche*, her correspondents kept the Muses very much at Sandleford.

The Hagley party seems to have been greatly enjoyed by all who were there. When it broke up Mr. and Mrs. Montagu brought Dr. Monsey back to town with them in their coach; and the journey is thus described to Lord Bath:

> . . . Dr. Monsey was in high spirits and good humour the whole journey from Warwick to Hill Street he told a string of stories which it would take more time to reckon the

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[1] The Pomfret Marbles given in 1755 to the Bodleian Museum.

number of, than of the barleycorns that would reach from hence to York. . . . Stories, like the dropping of water on the head, give a pleasant refreshment at times, but continued for many hours grow a torment. . . . Your Lordship cannot guess how a weak head feels after hearing a jumble of stories for 12 hours every day for four days together. I believe my letter is hardly intelligible for my poor head is like a giblet pye full of gizzards, livers pinions and all confusion of materials.

In a letter of thanks to Lord Lyttelton for his hospitality, written on July 10 from Hill Street, Mrs. Montagu says :

Lady Mary Wortley is dying of a cancer ; she is very placid and easy tho' she sees her end approach. Strange it will be if her last hours should be "sweet as the slumbers of a Saint forgiven." . . . Dr. Monsey has been blooded this morning to let out the rich juices with which he fill'd his veins at Hagley.

One cannot but regret that this correspondence does not bring us more into touch with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, whose husband was first cousin of Elizabeth Montagu's. But, except in the marital relationship, the two women lived in different worlds, and the mere fact that Mr. Montagu befriended and corresponded with that eccentric scapegrace, that "ungovernable little rake," her son, would have been sufficient to bar intercourse with his mother. When she was only twenty, we find Elizabeth Montagu writing to her mother :

Lady Shadwell saw Lady Mary Wortley at Venice where she now resides, and asked her what made her leave England ; she told them the reason was people had grown so stupid she could not endure their company ; all England was infected with dullness ; by the bye what she means by insupportable dullness is her husband, for it seems she never intends to come back while he lives. A husband may be but a dull creature to one of Lady Mary's sprightly genius, but methinks even her vivacity might accommodate itself to living in the kingdom with him ; she is a woman of great family merit ; she has banished her children, abandoned her husband. I suppose as she cannot reach Constantinople she will limit her ambition to an intrigue with the Pope or the Doge of Venice.

But happily for posterity, Lady Mary had reached Constantinople, and her letters from Turkey have given her a place in English literature comparable (it is herself who instituted the comparison!) with those of Madame de Sévigné in France. If the French woman's gossip is more delicious, if her maternal solicitude is (to put it mildly) more intense, Lady Mary's intellectual development and reasoning faculty are unquestionably higher, and her wit and felicity at least as great.

To Lord Bath

In the morning yesterday I went with a party to see the Cherokee King. His complexion is of a bright copper colour, his eyelids and ears are painted of a brick dust red, his cheeks and chin of a dark blue, and he is painted blue between the eye brows, he wears one lock of hair very long in the chinese fashion, the rest cut short, his throat is painted of the same colour as his ears. He is remarkably strong built, and he steps like Homer's Neptune, he would measure the globe at three strides, the general caste of his physiognomy is not amiss, nor is he so different in features from an English man, as our near neighbours the french. On his breast he had an ornament of silver fasten'd by some wampum, and he had silver bracelets on his arms, but these silver ornaments were made here. He wears the chinese boot, as we see them in the pictures; the most extraordinary circumstances in these savages is, that their language is sweet and not guttural, and it seems he laugh'd heartily at the speech of an Irishman. He has a look of sense and intrepidity, and the people he brought with him are not amiss in their faces or shape. I wish their interpreter was arriv'd, for one should be glad to hear their observations on what they see here. All civilized people have prejudices in favour of their national customs, and therefore do not judge with candour of those of other countrys, but here we should hear the voice of nature. . . .

On July 15 Mrs. Montagu writes to Lord Lyttelton :

> I have the pleasure at last to see my Friend for whom I was so solicitous, appointed wet nurse to the royal infant ; the Princess of Wales is charm'd with her and I dare say the King and Queen will be as much pleased when they see her.

This was Mrs. Edward Scott of Scot's Hall, Kent, mentioned previously. The royal infant, afterwards George IV., was not born till August 12. Lord Lyttelton answered this letter from Stourhead, where he had gone to stay with Mr. Hoare :

> Since I came hither the weather has been fine ; soft rains in the night and a warm sun by day which made the grotto and lake most delightful. The Pantheon is finished, and is an abode worthy of all the Deities of Olympus. Mr. Hoare has fill'd it with those whose figures are most beautiful and their beauty is so improved by the light which is thrown in from the top of the dome that I think I never saw the Graces of Sculpture, and all the power of that divine art before I saw them there. . . . Today I dined at Longleat [seat of the Marquis of Bath] which I think has more *grandeur* than most places I have seen. The house which was built in the time of Elizabeth is in a better style of architecture than Burleigh, or Audley End, or Lord Salisbury's on the outside, and when the design of its present Lord is compleate it will be one of the greatest in England. . . . I past a jolly night with my old friend Quin at Bath and was not at all the worse for it in the morning. . . .

After Mr. Wortley Montagu died in 1761 he left his eccentric son £1000 a year only ; he had been M.P. for Bossiney from 1754 to 1762. He was desperately in debt, and the return to England of his mother, Lady Mary, with whom, as we have seen, he was on very bad terms, drove him abroad ; on July 29, 1762, he writes to Mr. Edward Montagu, who had always been his friend, from Rome :

From E. Wortley Montagu to Mr. Montagu

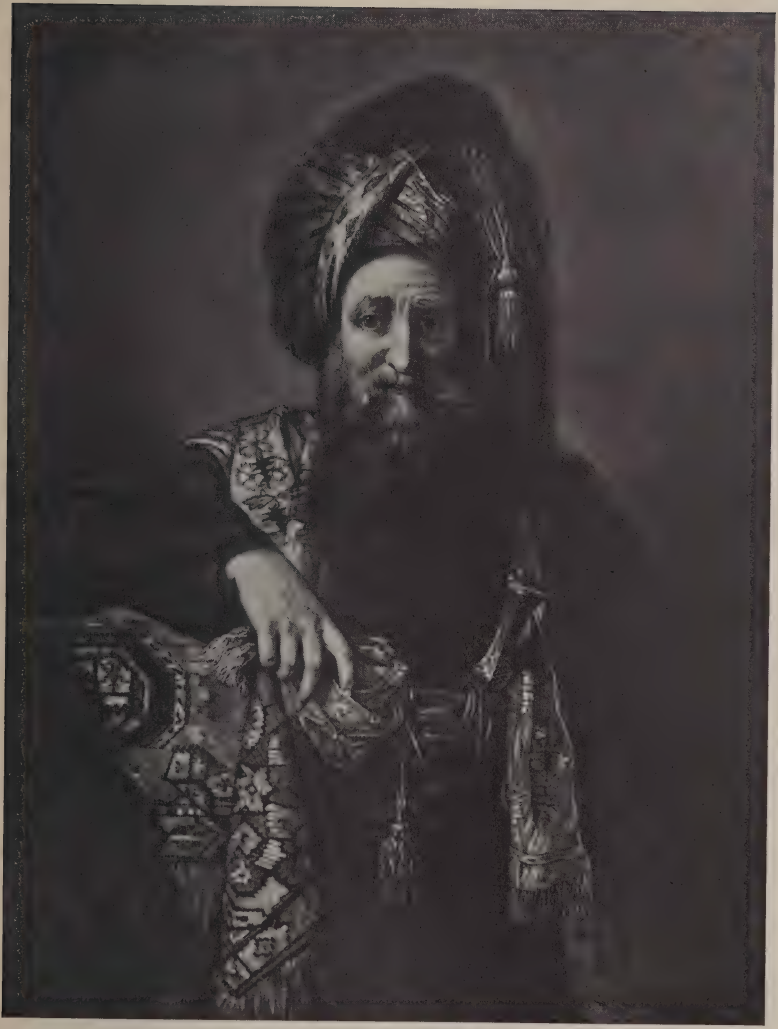
ROME, *July* 29.

I should never have troubled you even now, if I had not been impatient to hear from you and Mrs. Montagu ; and indeed lest, notwithstanding your great goodness which I have so much experienc'd, you might attribute my not taking leave of you, and my very long silence to any than the true motives ; I own I perceiv'd that my sentiments for you would have render'd a formal adieu very disagreable to me, as I could not look upon this as likely to be but a short absence, and I did not think the Scene would be very pleasing to you ; I did not write that I might not be troublesome, as I have not had either news or anything else that could have amused you.

Mr. and Mrs. Robinson are here, with Mr. Richardson, and I think Mr. Robinson does not look well ; we do not see one another very often, nor indeed have I frequented any of my Countrymen, since I have been out of England, for as my Situation is but an awkward one, I find it much best to intrench myself in my Orientals, Astronomy and Botany, that my journey may be as useful as my Capacity will permitt, and by frequenting the learned of the different places I have pass'd through, I have not only met with all the assistance I could wish, but all the Honour and distinction I could have expected in any situation.

I cannot end this without recommending my poor little beggars to your Humanity ; I beg Mrs. Montagu will receive my Respects.

Edward Wortley was indeed an incorrigible rogue and vagabond, about whom—as so often it is—there must have been something attractive beyond his good looks. He ran away from school and tutors, he was a great dandy and a reckless gambler, he was imprisoned in Paris (unjustly, as he vigorously maintained) for cheating a Jew at faro ; he eloped with Miss Ashe, he bigamously married Caroline Dormer, and deserted her for a Nubian girl ; and these were but a tithe of his wandering amours ; he became a Fellow of the Royal Society and contributed various learned papers during his foreign travels ; he lived



EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGU
After Matthew William Peters

in Egypt, in Jerusalem, in Leghorn, Smyrna, and Rosetta ; then returned to Venice, where he adopted the costume of a Turk (and some of his habits), and died at last at Padua in April 1776. Much of the Memoirs and Autobiography which were subsequently published is far from authentic ; nor were the "little beggars" whom he commended to Mr. Montagu's humanity any of them legitimate. His father allowed him a beggarly thousand a year, which a night's ill-luck at faro easily disposed of ; his mother was to bequeath him one guinea. He had few friends, and perhaps deserved few ; but one or two women, not altogether bad, loved him. Mrs. Montagu summed him up thus:

> He is too much of a sage to be concerned about money, I presume. When I first knew him, a rake and a beau, I did not imagine he would addict himself to Rabbinical learning, and then travel all over the East, the great Itinerant Savant of the World. . . . I believe my poor cousin in his pre-existent state, having broken all moral laws, has been sentenced to suffer in all the various characters of human life. He has run through them all unsuccessfully enough. . . . He speaks as decisively as if he had been bred in Pharaoh's court, in all the learning of the Egyptians. He has certainly very uncommon parts, but too much of the rapidity of his mother's genius.

Elizabeth Montagu once spoke of herself as in body a saint, in mind a great sinner. She could indeed, and sometimes did, trounce vice as unmercifully as any of Lady Huntingdon's elect ; but of some of the scapegrace sinners of her day, as we shall see—of Tom Lyttelton, of Laurence Sterne, and of Edward Wortley, she could write—and I think it is a saving grace in her—with a sympathy born of understanding.

On July 30 Lord Bath, then at Tunbridge Wells, mentions in his letter to Mrs. Montagu :

> You tell me that Lady Mary Wortley is likely to recover of her cancer. Pray excuse me if I say, I cannot believe a

word of [this], no more than I do any news from Germany, or Change Alley; the Hemlock may have made her stock rise a little for the present, but down it will go again soon and then there will be an end of her. . . . Doctor Bartholomew has lately produced two very stupid and very long poems, one is upon Peg Wharton, the other on Princess Amelia. I would send them to you but they are not worth it, and yet Lord Lyttelton and your humble servant are both of us made honourable mention of in it, so that we ought to speak well of it.

Mrs. Chapone, *née* Hester Mulso, Richardson's friend and the authoress of *Letters on the Improvement of the Mind*, had recently lost her husband, whom Mrs. Montagu says in an earlier letter she loved uniquement and missed irretrievably. The following from her may be of this summer:

WESTHORP, 2*d July*.

If you have not heard from me all this While, my dear Friend, it is not that I have not thought of you, far otherwise. In London where I was confin'd a Week I eat of the Trout of Sandleford, and surely I thought of my Dear Mistress of Sandleford; since I have been here, I talk of you with my Amiable Hostess, but when I shou'd have wrote to you I know not, because I scrupled disturbing the Cheerfulness of your Spirit by the Dejection of Mine; however there is no resisting your kind Letter, which I reced. yesterday & must Thank You for to day, concealing if I can every other Sensation of my Heart but Those of Friendship & Gratitude towards Dear Mrs. Montagu. I am not surprised at the account You give Me of our Excellent Friend in Ber: Square; I saw her twice before I left London (for whither should the Afflicted go but to the House of Mourning). The Company whom You describe to have met at Ly Fra^{s} are *certainly not* (as my sweet Will^{m} says) propre a la Consolation. Yet to poor Mrs. Trevor perhaps anything is better than a tete a tete.

. . . Never did my lonely Lodgings appear more uncomfortable than at present, after the delightful Society I have so long enjoy'd. You are very good, my dear Madam to give me the best comfort I can have, that of thinking that my true esteem and Affection for you are not wholly unreturn'd. Nothing but the strong sense of my own defects which a comparison with you naturally produces, could ever give me a doubt on this head, after the innumerable proofs of kindness and friendship I have experienced from you, all which are laid up in my heart, where they produce the most pleasing of all sensations, that of Gratitude accompanied by love.—I am most truly rejoiced to hear you are so well after all your fatigues. I was a little worn out last night, however I made shift to write a few lines to Mrs. Ord.

Your man will be tired of waiting so I must bid you Adieu! intreating you to love me as well as ever you can, and to believe me with the highest esteem and Gratitude, your most aff^{ce}, and obliged H. CHAPONE.

Mrs. Vesey wrote on August 1:

It is now said the poor Czar is mad. Lord Melcombe has left a personal estate of about £100,000 to an old Mr. Wyndham, he has left £2000 to Sir W. Britton, and a gold snuff box to Lord Bute.

Lord Melcombe was the notorious George Bubb Dodington, elevated to the Peerage, April 1761. He was one of the twelve members of the "Hell Fire Club."

Replying to Lord Bath, then at Tunbridge Wells in company of Dr. Monsey and Mr. Allan Ramsay, the portrait painter, Mrs. Montagu mentions Dr. Akenside, who was also at Tunbridge:

I hope Dr. Akenside's verses will make your Lordship amends for my prose; so write poets when they walk with God and Nature, when they walk on the Pantiles they write obscenity on Peg Wharton and a conger eele. The Doctor has sanctified one line of his Satire by your Lordship's and Lord Lyttelton's names.

This refers, presumably, to "The Electrical Eel, by Adam Strong, Naturalist," and its several successors, which undoubtedly—according to the canons of our day—more than merit Mrs. Montagu's epithet. Yet these verses, quite unprintable to-day, not only went through many editions, but were issued by well-known booksellers, in spacious quarto, and with finely engraved frontispiece illustration.

On August 14 Lord Bath writes :

> We had by an express last night to the Princess Amelia the joyful news of the birth of a Prince of Wales ;[1] that the Queen was but two hours only in pain and is now extreamly well as we are informed by a second express. The gentlemen immediately subscribed without exception half a guinea apiece for an extempore ball, our guns fired, the walks were illuminated, the men many of them got drunk, and the ladies danced till 2 in the morning. The poor Doctor tho' you know he is very loyal could not partake with our merriment for he was by his own account within half an hour of dying. He wrote a note to his daughter telling her how he should never see her more, but bid her mind his dying words which were "Take care that I am cut up, before I am buryed, let four trusty fellows carry me in a plain coffin, and throw me into a grave, and give the parson half a guinea for performing the funeral service. Do not grieve for me nor put on mourning, but be an honest girl, fear God, say your prayers constantly, and so adieu." Would you think it was possible a man could say all this seriously and be in his senses ? Nay what is more, be in perfect health, and yet swallowing asafœtida every 3 or 4 hours ?

By the end of the letter Dr. Monsey had recovered his spirits, had put on the famous pea-blossom coat, and was to accompany Lord Bath to a second ball !

Lord Lyttelton, on the 17th August, writes :

> I believe I may wish you joy of the near prospect of a peace, and what adds to my pleasure is our friend Monsieur de Nivernois is to come hither Ambassador. But though I hope the peace is sure there is an account from the Hague that Prince Ferdinand is resolved to fight a battle with the French and that the attack was actually begun by Lord Granby when the post came away. This will be just such a *tournament* as the battle of Seneff which the Prince of Orange fought with the preliminaries of a Peace agreed to in his pocket.

Granby was a great fighter and commanded the blues at Minden, figuring finely in many subsequent battles. Even Junius, of whose savage attacks he was one of the earliest victims, did not dispute his courage.

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[1] Afterwards George IV., born Aug. 12, 1762.

Whilst at Sandleford in September, Lord Lyttelton received a letter informing him of the serious illness of Admiral Smith, his half-brother, who lived at the edge of Hagley Park and to whom Lord Lyttelton sent "venison, fruit, wine or some other token of kindness nearly every day; these good things the bountiful sailor dispensed at his hospitable table to all the old parsons' widows, to worn-out sea lieutenants, and a set of company which seemed of the Gospel feast. This good man had the piety of a saint with the jollity of a sailor." Lord Lyttelton and his son hurried from Sandleford to Hagley, but too late to see his brother alive. In a letter of the 6th September to Mrs. Montagu Lord Lyttelton remarks how grateful his son was to Mr. Montagu for having given him some lessons in mathematics, and he adds that Mr. Lyttelton had been writing to his tutor, Mr. Graham, at Eton; and on being asked if there were secrets in the letter by his father, he handed it to him, and Lord Lyttelton copied the following paragraph describing Mrs. Montagu:

> Though you have not the happiness of being personally known to that lady, I doubt not but that the voice of thousands has made you acquainted with her extraordinary talents, her genius, her wit, and her admirable erudition; she embellishes every subject she speaks or writes upon, by the most happy flow of eloquence; and by the exquisite nicety of her perceptions, throws a new light and new grace, on the *most common-place topicks.* She is really possest of the true *Philosopher's Stone* for under her touch everything becomes gold.

High praise this from a young Eton lad, and doubtless penned with a laudable desire to impress the tutor, and to be quoted to the lady.

From Lord Bath

Sept. 13*th.*

Monsieur Nivernois the french Minister is arrived, and got without insult, as he came in the dark, to his house in Albemarle Street. There is a vast spirit of Discontent at present in the City, but at our end of the Town, the mob follow the Coach, with your friend Mrs. Scot, and the young Prince, following them all the way as they are taking the air in Hyde Park, crying out God bless him, he is a lusty, Jolly, young Dog truly. These endearing expressions, are with them marks of affection, just in the same way as the Doctor's are to you, when you are most in favour.

Mr. William Robinson, writing from Rome on September 4 to his sister, Mrs. Montagu, gives this characteristic account of young Edward Wortley Montagu:

I have much regretted Lady Mary Wortley leaving Venice as I was in great hopes of seeing that extraordinary phenomenon, but have had some consolation in meeting the son, who is not less curious in his way. He is preparing himself for his Eastern Expedition by learning Arabic and really studies very hard. He rises before daylight and has let grow his whiskers which with the addition of a turban, which he wears in the house, makes him a very odd figure. Nor is his household less oddly formed than himself, he has a sister in law with him as he calls her, a Miss Cast, you will say a good name for one of his females. He has too a young girl of 12 years old whom he proposes to make a nun of, he has lodged her with a priest of St. Peters with the view of instructing her in the R.C. Religion. I forgot to tell you she is his daughter. Upon being told that he could not make her a nun upon the account of her religion, he said that that would be no obstacle and they were all alike to him. . . . He proposes being in the East 8 or 10 years which is a considerable time for a man turned fifty, and from which indeed he will probably never return. . . . I saw him the other day when he was very busy in drawing up a letter to the Royal Society in regard to a discovery you must have heard of, of the similarity between the Chinese and Egyptian characters.

Lord Bath had now returned from Sandleford to

London, and in writing to Mrs. Montagu on October 5 to thank her for his pleasant visit to her, adds :

October 5.

Mon^r Nivernois was at dinner at Lord Butes, when the news was brought of the taking the Havannah ; the table was filled with foreign Ministers, and my Lord threw out the news among them ; they were greatly disconcerted, and Mon^r Nivernois himself with all his parts was reduced to the awkward necessity of picking his Teeth ; at last he said he could not but be glad of the news, since it would certainly contribute to facilitate, and accelerate, the business he came about, and soon end in a Peace. They broke up a little after, and he went home to order very prudently his House to be lighted up, all over, least his windows should be broke, by an insulting english Mobb.

I have been twice at the Play ; the first time was at Harry IV where one Love play'd Falstaff and did it tolerably well ; his fault was being too servile an imitator of Quin ; when a man on the Stage is only a mimick he can show no great spirit of his own. . . .

I went last night to see Garrick in the play of "*Every man in his humour.*" He does his part so incomparably and inimitably well, that I cannot help thinking *jealousy* is a principal ingredient in his own composition, and that Mrs. Garrick sometimes feels the effect of it.

Early in October Lady Mary Wortley Montagu died of cancer. Writing to her sister, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Montagu says :

The papers would tell you the famed Lady Mary is dead ; one use the world may make of her life, it fully exhibits that parts, riches, birth, and beauty, all combined, cannot rescue a character from contempt unless virtue and reason direct the use of them.

To her sister-in-law, Mrs. William Robinson, on the same subject she writes :

Lady Mary W. Montagu returned to England as it were to finish where she began. I wish she had given us an account of the events that filld the space between. She had a terrible distemper, the most virulent cancer I ever heard of. I met her at Lady Bute's in June and she look'd well ; in 3 weeks after my return to London I heard she was given over. The Hemlock kept her drowsy and free from pain. She left her son one guinea. He is too much of a sage to be concerned about money, I presume.

On October 9, in a letter of Lord Bath's, mention is made of a duel between Lord Talbot and Mr. Wilkes.

Mr. Narbonne Berkeley was second to my Lord, and the adjutant of the Buckinghamshire Militia was the second to Lt. Col. of the same regiment ; but God be thanked there was no harm done ; they each fired a pistol, but as far distant as the Spaniards and Portuguese desire to be from each other.

Lord Bath met the Duc de Nivernois, the newly arrived French Ambassador, at dinner at Lady Hervey's, and describes him as " certainly a very polite sensible man, with a great deal of good breeding, and 'tis said much literature. He passes his time very ill here in a bad house, a worse climate, and very bad and rude company following his coach wherever he goes."

Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Montagu's sister, had just published a novel entitled *A Description of Millenium Hall*, by a gentleman on his travels, printed by J. Newbery at the " Bible and Sun " in St. Paul's Churchyard. Mrs. Scott hid her real authorship for a long time, and as the novel describes more or less her life and Lady Bab Montagu's at Batheaston, and most probably the majority of the stories were of real people they were acquainted with, perhaps anonymity was discreet.

From Lord Lyttelton

HAGLEY PARK, *October* 25.

By the late changes in great employments I apprehend that our Ministry are in a very unsettled state, turning from one side to another, like men in a Fever, and finding no Rest. It must be a grievous mortification to George Grenville, that Fox is to take the lead of the House of Commons from him, and Ld Hallifax the Seals. I think the Administration will gain some strength by both these alterations; but Fox coming forwards will render it more *odious* to the body of the Nation, and to some persons of efficiency in business, which may *in the end* prove fatal to it. I fear the pushing the D. of Newcastle out of the Treasury, by the Disgusts given to him, was done in concert with Fox, and was preparatory to these events.

Replying to Lord Lyttelton from Sandleford, October 29, to condole with him over a sprained ankle, Mrs. Montagu commented dolefully on the political situation:

Our Ministers live du jour la journee. . . . What fruits can we expect? . . . I believe a certain Commoner's having the lead in the House will make the administration very unpopular, but as the World is wicked enough to respect knaves more than fools, I think it was wise in the Ministry, to take themselves out of contempt, to deliver themselves over to hatred. We forbear what we hate longer than what we despise, and these gentlemen may lengthen their brief authority a whole week by what they have done. I must own I was never so disgusted with any administration before. I love our Sovereign Lord the King, and if I could not serve him, I wd not let him serve me, if I was a great Man. He should not for my sake pick up the dirty rags of every party to make a motley ill sorted government. . . .

I am glad your Lordship has read again Mrs. Carters introduction to Epictetus. I think it is one of the finest things in our language. How unlike the flimsy stuff and feeble phrase of our modern writers. Most our Witts write as if their Pegasus had been ham strung. The fine ode is our friend Mrs. Chapones, but she does not own it. I am afraid my works will make a poor figure beside theirs. I shall desire not to measure my sword with the Amazons; there are some Infantry at Cambridge and near the Inns of Court, with whom I can better contend. . . .

The letters from our Army in Portugal are most melancholy; neglected by people at home, so much as to be destitute of every necessary, exposed to direfull heats, and ill used and betrayd by the wretched nation they are sent to save. Poor Lord Bath suffers a good deal of uneasiness for the situation of Lord Pulteney, who has much to go through, besides the dangers of war; but I hope a little time will give peace to the harass'd World, and tranquillity to our noble friend. It is now said, that Mr. Rigby who set out for Paris a few days ago, carried the final resolutions in which his Grace of Bedford might sign a peace. If that were done, your Lordships ancle quite well, and Mrs. Carter stout and jolly, one might have a merry Christmass.

To Lord Bath

Mrs. Montagu wrote in reply to a letter from him telling her of Sampson Gideon's will:

Oct. ye 26.

I cannot imagine why Mr. Gideon should leave the reversion of his money to the D. of D. unless he was of opinion his Grace would value every shilling of it as much as any Jew of his own tribe could do. Sr Sampson and Lady Gaye will be very unfortunate if they do not bar his Graces claim, but such entails are always an embarassment, and when people are so happy as to have children I cannot understand why they should look any further. Poor Gideon seems to have thought one might get to heaven by paying all the turnpikes. He seems willing to go thither through the Pentateuch or the Gospel, which either shall be the shortest road; as he could afford it, I wonder he did not leave a little legacy to Mahomet; there would have been no harm in having a ticket for that lottery; a fine garden and the beautiful Houris were worth buying a chance for. His treatment of Mrs. Gideon is really cruel; as he has left her in doubt whether to prefer the Jewish or Christian doctrine, he should have given her means to make herself acquainted with both. A thousand pounds to the Synagogue, and another to the Propagation of the Gospel leaves the matter quite undecided. The poor Woman no doubt, to settle her conscience would be glad to try a New Testament Husband, and judge of the tree by its fruits, but with her miserable 500*l.* pr an: she is not fit for a christian to marry. What superstition could make him desire to be buried in any particular posture? I wish he may light on his legs at the resurrection, but how could a Man of his sense live so long without enquiring *who had the words of eternal life*!

Sampson Gideon was the Portuguese Jew financier who had raised millions for the Government during the wars, and carried out the consolidation of the National Debt. He desired to be buried upright.

To her husband she wrote in November:

> I am preparing to carry my young folks to the play with a pleasing assurance that they will be well entertained. . . . Our play is Henry the Fourth. . . .
>
> I do not expect to see Falstaffe acted in the same perfection I have seen it by Quin, who was naturaly a man of wit and mirth, a lover of sack and la bonne chere, and of a character not very remote from that which he was to personate. There is one thing which I never heard remarkd by the criticks, but which I think makes Falstaffes the most pleasing of all comick characters, which is, that his wit seems to arise from the mirthfullness of his disposition, and therefore more readily excites the affection from whence it proceeds. Wit is generally satyrical and severe, and oftener the cause of mirth than the original effect of it. To laugh with Falstaffe is only a natural sympathy, and one must be illnatured as well as dull not to do so.

1763

THE VISIT TO SPA—THE "NORTH BRITON," NO. 45

Lord Pulteney's death. Letter from Edmund Burke. Mr. Burrell. Mr. Lyttelton's engagement. Lord Sandwich. The Spa visit. Lady M. W. Montagu's letters. Wilkes and General Warrants. Dinner at Bath House. Calais. Mrs. Carter. Spa. Brussels. Society at the Spa. Düsseldorf. Utrecht. Holland. Cologne. Dutch women. Mrs. Sherlock. Lord Bath at Court. Miss Bowes. Lord Bath's character. Lord Hardwicke. The Chevalier D'Eon. John Wilkes. Matthew Robinson. Churchill. Peg Wharton. The Cyder Act. Essay on Woman. The *North Briton,* No. 45. Cephalalgy. Privilege debate. Quadrille. Christmas at Woburn. A Wedding Garment.

The visit to Spa was for Mrs. Montagu the outstanding event of 1763, and is described in the following letters. It was her first tour abroad. Lord Pulteney, Lord Bath's only child, died of fever at Madrid on February 12. He left £20,000 of debts, which his father, who was greatly devoted to this gallant young officer, and bitterly grieved by his loss, immediately paid off. Lord Bath was by no means accounted generous, and Mrs. Montagu rejoiced in this honourable discharge, which was not an obligation:

"I had more joy, I can truly say in your nobly discharging Lord P's debts than I should have had if I had got a mine with a hundred thousand pounds in rich ore." Mrs. William Johnstone, the daughter of Lord Bath's cousin Daniel Pulteney, was now enceinte, and Mrs. Montagu, who was much her friend, hastened to inform his Lordship, who replied:

I am truly pleased with the good news you send me. It is the only hope I have of the continuance of my own family, and it would give me great joy to have her bring forth a son. If she has one I can call his name Pulteney.

The following little note from Lord Bath was evidently written in hurry and great distress when the news of Lord Pulteney's death reached him:

MADAM—I have suffer'd an irreparable loss, and am most miserable and unhappy ; Pity me, and pray for me.

I am going into the Country with my Brother for a few days til my melancholy mourning is got ready ; til then, I can consent to see nobody ; forgive therefore, your most respectfull and sincerely BATH.

Tuesday morning.

Mr. Edmund Burke wrote to Mrs. Montagu, on Lord Pulteney's death:

Permit me Madam, to condole with you on the very melancholy account which for the first time I heard in the evening paper of last night. What a heart like yours must feel from such a blow to such a friend I can easily conceive from what you suffer on much lighter occasions. However you have occasion for all your spirits in order to lighten to my Lord the sense of his great misfortune ; and if in these circumstances anything can be called happiness, it is such to his Lordship to have a friend so capable of sympathizing with his sorrows and of relieving them. Be so good to let me know whether I may with propriety send or wait on his Lordship, and how soon. I am really very much concerned ; I would not be deficient in an attention which is so much my duty ; on the other hand a violation of propriety on these occasions is of all others the greatest error.

Edmund Burke, the great statesman and orator, was amongst Mrs. Montagu's staunchest admirers and friends. "He is," she wrote, "in conversation and writing an ingenious and ingenuous man, modest and delicate, and on great and serious subjects full of that respect and veneration which a good mind and a great one is sure to feel ; he is as good and worthy as he is ingenious." Burke vied with Lord Bath in singing her praises and in veneration of her talents.

Monday night April 1763.

It is certain Lord Sandwich has kiss'd hands for the Admiralty; Mr. Townshend had given a promise to Mr. Burrell to bring him into the Admiralty with him; the Ministers offerd Mr. Burrell to put him into some good place when there was a vacancy, but not into the Admiralty; he insisted on his bond upon Townshend with as much pertinaciousness as Shylock the Jew in the play, and Mr. Townshend therefore thought himself obliged to decline being first Lord of the Admiralty; perhaps if Bassano's advocate had found a clause by which creditor Burrell was forbidden *to draw blood* the bond had been set at naught. Mr. Fox has his Peerage [Henry, 1st Baron Holland] and his place. It is said Count Vivi's son is to have a pension of a thousand pound a year for twenty years upon Ireland. A certain great man is not going to Harrogate, is avowedly by his friends in as much power as ever. They affect to say it is no matter by whom the places are fill'd, it is sufficient to shew that the K—— can fill them with whom he pleases and change them as often as he pleases. There is something of truth in this, but at the same time one trembles to think of the consequences of this maxim push'd too far on one side, or too violently resisted on another. . . .

Ld Ligonier is made an english Peer to soften the affront of not having informed him his place was destined to Ld Granby till he saw his Lordship kiss hands for it. Mr. John Pitt was surprized at the drawing room to see Sr Edmund Thomas kiss hands, asked for what? and was told it was for his own place, that he had not given the least offence. Mr. Montagu saw Ld Sandwich this morning in ye hurry and embarassment of changing his intended embassy to his present home station.

Lord Lyttelton's son Tom became engaged this year, and Mrs. Montagu reports to Mrs. Carter:

. . . Mr. Lyttelton is much in love and Lord Lyttelton by a letter I have had from him since he went to Hagley seems greatly charm'd with Miss Warburton. I hope the match will be happy. I see no objection but the youth of the parties.

Miss Warburton was the daughter of General Warburton, and Lord Lyttelton, writing about her, says:

> The young lady seems to be of a most sweet and gentle nature, and in all her behaviour shows good sense; but modesty casts a veil over the other charms of her mind when she is in my company, which I am better pleased with than if she was forward to display them.

To Mrs. Vesey she adds more dubiously:

> By Lord Lytteltons letters I judge he is pleased with his daughter-in-law, and I am told she is very amiable. I admire her courage. The Methodists say great Sinners make the best Saints, Enthusiasts in Love think they make the best Husbands.

From Lord Bath

> I was told a severe bon mot applied to Lord Sandwich—the King read this verse in the 101 Psalm "*Who so leadeth a godly life, he shall be my servant*," upon which his majesty immediately appointed Lord Sandwich Secretary of state.

Lord Sandwich, nicknamed Jemmy Twitcher, had been a notorious rake, and a prominent member of the Hell Fire Club.

To Mrs. Carter, in June:

> Mrs. Boscawen tells me the birthday was very thin. Discontent will soon wear its sullen brow even in the Royal presence, if better means to gain respect are not used. The keeping Wilkes in prison seems a very imprudent measure. The mob begin to say, whenever he is indisposed, that he has been poisoned. He need only to take a dose of Ipecacuanha to put the Town in an uproar. He is not a very healthy man, and all men are liable to sickness and to sudden death, and think what might be the consequences of such an accident! There is a certain innocence belonging to our Court which keeps up a little good will, or at least prevents it being odious. . . .

Writing to her sister on "May ye 18," Mrs. Montagu explains the genesis of the expedition to Spa:

Last September when my Lord Bath was at Sandleford I started ye thought of going to Spa instead of Tunbridge this summer, which we all talk'd of some time, with great alacrity, except Mr. Montagu, who prudently threw in ifs and buts, doubts and quandaries. As I never love to labour a point till ye time comes near, I said no more of it; but my Lord Bath askd me before Xmas if I had prevaild on Mr. Montagu to go to Spa; I said indeed I had not so much as endeavour'd it, the thing being at a distance. A little after Xmas his Lordship in a laughing manner attack'd Mr. M: on ye propriety or indeed necessity of my going to Spa for my health, and less dislike was expressd than I expected, so now and then, tout doucement I used to say, my dear, if we go to Spa—to which my dear answerd, I have not told you that we shall go to Spa—but as ye spring advancd the Earl and I chatted much about the said Spa, then we proposed it to Mrs. Carter, she talk'd of crossing ye sea as formidable, however if I desired it, and her Father wd consent, she would go; still ye time so distant I thought it extreamly probable ye scheme would not take place; when the misfortune of Lord Pulteneys death happen'd I thought it all over and poor Lord Baths health was so alter'd I was afraid of ye undertaking, but as soon as his mind was a little settled he grew very desirous to go; his friends who had seen him recovered from a deplorable state of health several years ago by going to Spa all persuaded him to do it, and once lately when he was at his House near Maidenhead he wrote a very kind and obliging letter to me expressing his wishes that we wd be of his party; he certainly wd have gone if we had not, but in the state of low spirits he was in, the more friends he had about him ye better, and I was very glad that his letter obtain'd a full consent from Mr. Montagu. . . .

To her Sister

June.

Our journey to Spa is to begin sooner than I expected; about this day fortnight we are to set out from London, Lord Bath in his Coach with two friends of his, Mr. Montagu and yr humble Servant in our Coach; Mrs. Carter is to meet us. We proceed to Dover, then we are to wait for a fair wind, and I suppose after a few hours sickness, during which I shall wish myself on terra firma, we shall arrive at Calais. Of my arrival there and subsequent adventures you will have frequent

SANDLEFORD PRIORY
From a Photograph

account ; do not expect the history of an enlevement for it is an accident that does not happen to Princesses of my age, but other travelling accidents telle quelle I will write you. I hear we shall have the K: of Prussia at Spa, and of this illustrious invalid I will send you an account. We hope to hear that Houses are taken for us ; Lord Bath is to have ye best House to be had there, and we have sent for one such as the place can afford us of a common rate. Lord Bath carries a great retinue and equipage. We are to dine with him always, and so our servants will be at board wages, which will save me much trouble. We are to make short and easy journeys, for I am to be indulged in gaping and staring about in a World so new to me. At Brussels I am to stay two or three days. . . . .

To Lord Bath

June.

What a delightful party shall I have to Spa ? When I am sick and low your Lordship will administer the balm of gentle pity, and that will do me a great deal of good, and when I am silly you will laugh at me, and that will do you a great deal of good. I am now reading Lady Marys letters after your Lordship, and they do not give me half the delight they did when I read them before you, because then I thought of that they would give you. Your Lordship may see therefore that enthusiasm of friendship which you call romantick more than doubles ones pleasures.

" Lady Mary's letters " doubtless refers to the surreptitious edition of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's *Letters written during her Travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa*, edited by Cleland and issued this year. Lady Mary's husband was, it will be remembered, first cousin to our Mrs. Montagu's husband.

To her Husband

Thursday the 16 [*June*].

The House of Commons sat on tuesday till 8 o'clock on Wednesday morn, a longer day than has been since the fatal year 45, pray God we may not see such consequences follow. Mr. Pitt spoke well, and was well answerd by Mr. Grenville, but in the management of the affair concerning the legality of the proceeding the Ministry bungled awkwardly. Sr William Meredith moved the affair and Sr George Savile spoke admirably; they both shewd ability, and the Court had only a majority of ten. All the people I converse with (except some placemen) are desirous that the Secretarys of State should be declared to have no power of searching Houses but on information of treason; the Court wd wish the thing to remain undecided and left in doubt, but I rather think that tomorrow they will yield, for contention in this matter only shews their weakness. Lord Charles Spencer Comptroller of the Household was with the Minority, and many other place men were so. I hear the D: of Marlbro is very angry with him; one is sorry so many divisions are made in familys by party . . . however in my poor judgment nothing is so bad as an A—n so totally without the confidence of the Publick. I have not given you any account of the entertainment at Bath House which was indeed very noble; how many dishes I cannot tell, but I believe near 200, it added much to the magnificence that my Lords fine Plate was produced, and on my telling his Lordship I was surprized to find he had such an immense quantity as not to want to borrow the least bit of any one, he told me he had twenty thousand pounds Worth of plate of his at dinner and in the desert; this you may imagine was no insubstantial piece of magnificence. The apartments below were finely illuminated and lookd very noble. We were in the grand apartment above before dinner. The order in which everything was served, and the easy politeness of Lord Bath, made everything agreable as well as magnificient. Lord Egmont who sat by me at dinner enquired respectfully after you. There was an infinite variety of wine, and indeed the whole was noble and Princely, and his Lordship seemd to be the proper master of all that magnificence and not out of his sphere, but so much pomp wd have made an insignificant Peer ridiculous. . . .

To her Sister

Calais, *the* 4 *of July.*

I am sure my dear Sister will be glad to hear I am arrived at Calais safe and well and without having been the least disorderd by my voyage. On thursday we set out from London, dined at Rochester, and lay at Ostspringe [a little west of Faversham] that night, where we were pretty well accomodated, but the attendants but indifferently, for altogether we make 27 Christians souls, and horses innumerable. The Earls Coach and six, ours, and his Lordships chasse marine and six horses, and a regiment of Servants on horseback, our train is très modique, for as we are not to keep a table we have only one servant out of livery and two footmen of men servants. On friday morning we stopd at Canterbury to refresh the horses, and then went on to Dover, where in the worst Inns worst room we dined, and Mrs. Carter met us there. Talbot, who I believe I told you had got a very good establishment, insisted on seeing me over the sea, as she has passd it always without being sick, and procured for me a good room at a very genteel fine Ladys house at Dover, and there I was elegantly lodged ; but at two o'clock for wind and tyde, which stays for no man, I was calld up to get on board, at four we embark'd, and had a most easy passage in five hours, in all which time I was not in the least sick ; poor Mrs. Carter was a good deal for the last hour and half. Mr. Montagu and Dr. Douglas eat cold ham all the way. My Lord Bath was in gay spirits, and only his Valet de chambre, Mr. Montagu's footman, and a little french boy in Ld Baths retinue at all disorderd. We all eat a hearty breakfast and then went to bed, got up to dinner, which was well served and infinitely better in all respects than in any Inn in England, and it is not to be told how we eat, Mrs. Carter who had been ill and Mr. Montagu who had eat cold ham devoured more than ever I saw them in my life. At Dover the Commissioners of the Customs had orderd Ld Baths baggage to be treated with respect, An order I got from the D: de Nivernois for his Lordships plate and ours has procured us the same civilities here. . . . As yet I have nothing to tell you, for except that passing through the market place we observed the poor Women at Stalls with a basket before them had des pendants d'oreilles, the people look little different from ours. The Drawer here has des manieres, de la politesse, and the chamber maid is gracieuse ; I bought some ribband this afternoon of a very well bred accomplishd Lady, and in short there is something so sprightly and so complaisant in everybody as is realy pleasing, tho being new one cannot help laughing at it. I hope my next letter will be more entertaining, tho I know this will be as welcome as any I can write as it gives you such an account of my health. Mr. M: seems very happy and the change of air has eased his cough.

Of the following letter Mrs. Carter wrote to Miss

Talbot (who with her mother was residing with the Archbishop of Canterbury):

If my power of amusing you was equal to my inclination you would receive very lively pacquets from Spa, but what I have not of my own I will borrow from Mrs. M. though it is at my own expence. I thought it so impossible for you not to be entertained by the wicked account she has given of me to Mrs. Vesey that I have with some difficulty prevailed on her to suffer me to let you see it. . . . I am very sure you will not communicate it to anybody but his Grace and Mrs. Talbot. Mrs. M. says I have drawn her into a pretty scrape, for that the Archbishop will certainly think her absolutely mad—her best compliments to you all. I am sorry to confirm any part of Mrs. Montagu's scandal but it is an indeniable truth that I am going to dress for the ball.

To Mrs. Vesey

SPA *ye* 14 *of July.*

At Calais on the shore we were met by certain mermen crown'd with sea weeds, who carried Mesdames Carter and Montagu on their backs; as the petticoats were a little discomposed in this way of walking on other mens legs, it is better not to be too minute in the description of it; all I shall say, is that Phoebus who has a penetrating eye, told his nine prudes of Mrs. Carters want of decorum, and advised them not to be so intimate with her for the future. They redden'd, pull'd up their heads, and mutterd something about Daphne, which you may imagine the God of Witt and parent of repartee answer'd very smartly. . . .

From Calais we went to St. Omer, where we saw the jesuits College; we ask'd for greek manuscripts for the amusement of Mrs. Carter, to the great amazement of the Librarian, who imagined her to be possess'd, and would fain have exorcised her, but we assured him her learning could not lye more quietly in the red sea than it did in her head, such was the depth of her capacity. We were charm'd with the Town of Lisle which was our next stage, and here behold the metamorphosis of Mrs. Carter. She now began to consider greek was a dead language, and that french words, and a little coquettry, would do better at Spa; so with the same facility with which she translated Epictetus from greek into english, she translated her native timidity into french airs, and french modes; bought robes trimmed with blonde and souci denton, Colliers, bouquets, des engageantes and all the most labour'd ornaments of dress; and so soon as she was equip'd, wish'd for a walk in the tuilleries more than she had ever done for one in the Portico. Instead of translating the memorable things of Socrates you may expect a lively and spirited translation of les amours and amourettes du Marquis de ——, and instead of Plato's Republic [?] she will translate les égaremens du cœur et d'esprit of Crebillon. From Lisle we went to Brussels, where we staid three days, which Mrs. Carter spent chiefly in purchasing more apparel. We visited the Nunnerys in every Town; Mrs. Carter constantly expressing the greatest abhorrence of their strict vows, and sequestered life, with an air of libertinism extreamly suited to the gayety of her dress and coquettry of her manners. However, as I would not do my friend the least injustice, I must assure you she has not yet put on rouge, nor indeed am I convinced that she intends it. . . .

My Lord Bath was as polite and as gay every morning in the Coach at six as you have seen him in an evenings assembly; his health improved every day, and he is now the youngest and the gayest man here, and the universal passion of all the Foreigners, from the Serenissimo's and Serenissima's to the Dutch Bourgmestres and their fat wives.

Edmund Burke had promised to send Mrs. Montagu news from England during her visit to Spa. His letter, when at length he achieved it, was a long one, and though it can scarcely be considered as a budget of intelligence, it can hardly be excluded here.

Wilkes, it may be noted in explanation of an allusion in the letter, having established a printing-press at his house, sold copies of the Proceedings against him at a guinea a piece; a very characteristic bit of humour.

In his last paragraph, in which alone sublunary topics are touched, Burke alludes to Lord Bath's generous endeavours. He was at this time private secretary to "Single-speech" Hamilton as chief Secretary for Ireland, who this year obtained for Burke the pension of £300 a year on the Irish Establishment, by which he hoped to bind the young statesman permanently to his service, a claim which Burke indignantly repudiated a year or so later ; and the above allusion seems to indicate that he was already endeavouring to find means of freeing himself from fetters which, though they provided a modest livelihood, would have cast him into bondage.

From Mr. Edmund Burke

July 29th.

I have foreborn writing all this time in hopes of some news which might entertain you. But I am resolved to wait for it no longer. I have been for these two months past an insufferable companion to others, in order to qualify myself to be an agreable correspondent to you. My whole conversation turned upon nothing but what might lead to intelligence ; However I have succeeded so ill, that I fear my eagerness may have frustrated my pursuit, and I fancy people began at length to take me for a spy ; a character in which (as I receive none of the secret service money), I do not yet chuse to appear. I confess that until this moment I could not call up confidence enough to address a letter to you without the passport of some sort of news ; but as I see the Court forsaken, Westminster Hall shut, the dinners adjourned, the chiefs of the opposition hanging their trophies o'er their garden gates, the Ministers employed only in scraping together reversions, and Mr. Wilkes only scraping together a guinea subscription, the whole political campain reduced to a *petite guerre* of printers, Devils, and Diablotins, and that the very best of our paltry but furious animosities afforded nothing that was worthy of Mrs. Montagu, I have at length sat down to write because in duty bound, without the least hope of diverting you or of satisfying myself, for if I were to speak from what I feel of my opinion of Mrs. Montagu's genius, of her virtues, and of my innumerable obligations to her friendship, I should say indeed what would be very sincere and very true, but then I should say, what to her would be the most unentertaining thing in the world. So that the only subject upon which I can speak is the only one which it is improper for me to mention. Besides Madam I observe that Panegyric, even when applied to those who deserve it most or like it best is sure never to please above one, and will certainly offend fifty. To say the truth Satyr is now so much the safer and (what is now the only rule of right) the more popular way, that I am resolved to stick to that, especially if I can have the good fortune to get elected for Aylesbury. The old rule was pictoribus atque poetis, quid libet audendi semper fuit œqua potestas, this shall for the present at least be limited by a little Scholiast's remark in the margin "provided they have privilege of parliament," which is a privilege as extensive as ever the wildest poet in his wildest reveries could ever figure to himself. In the next session it is reported that they will extend this privilege to us all, or take it away from themselves; otherwise there will be no fair play; the report of the former part is however predominant. All our law de libellis famosis is to be changed, and the Pillory is only to be reserved for unsuccessful flatterers. Having therefore much regard to the law, more to the fashion, and most of all to my ears, I think to try my hand at invective, and to sketch out a North Briton which shall equal the spirit of the celebrated and indeed *golden number*, *45*. The subject of it shall be, for we scorn blanks and dashes,—Mrs. Montagu herself. After a few preceding touches upon Scotchmen and Excise, I intend to observe on the scandalous neglect of our Board of Treasury, who have suffered the most valuable staple products of the kingdom to be carried out with [out] the least opposition. I shall show that France has of late discovered that she wants our wisdom as much in her manufactories of policy in War, as she does our wool in her clothes and stuffs; and yet that I could prove our Ministry suffered to be shipped for Calais in one vessel and in one day more genius, more learning, more wit, more Eloquence, more Policy, more Mathematics, more Poetry, more Philosophy and Theology than France could produce in a century. I shall point out that Mrs. Montagu who has long been a clandestine dealer in goods of this sort, and who had several of them about her own person at the very time, was the capital smuggler on this occasion and carried off all the rest.

Whilst I was preparing this wonderful piece my Lawyer whose opinion I take on all my libels and who points out exactly how far the breach of the law may be separated from its penalties, informed me that this time my satire was quite stingless. That no exeat regno lay for wit and genius. That we might freely export the whole sense of the Kingdom. (I don't mean the sense of the Nation, for that's quite another thing.) He thought this freedom founded upon a very proper principle that it operated like the Bounty upon the exportation of corn which only made it cheaper and more plentiful at home. This theory I confess had something specious in it, but as I have been a sort of dabbler in theories myself, I was no way surprised to find that on experiment it did not prove worth a farthing; for I cannot discover that anything extraordinary has started up to supply the great loss we have had; we do not grow as bodies do sometimes a bit the fatter for all this bleeding. As the Nation had so great a loss I wanted to know whether the Revenue had any great benefit by this extraordinary Trade, on examining the Custom House books I found you may imagine to my astonishment a small but heavy parcel, marked with a capital M was charged but at one penny three farthings duty. The officer told me that on the entry he claimed more, and would have had twice as much had the point been tried by the Excise Laws, but that he was obliged to try it by a jury *misportico* or as our lawyers would express it *de medietate Linguae* of six ladies from this end of the town, and six of Wapping, and so unanimously brought a verdict by their Forewoman that no higher rate than 25 per cent ad valorem should be laid on such goods, so that they valued the whole parcel just at sevenpence and no more. I'm informed if they had summoned four fifths of the Ladies of the Kingdom they would not have rated it a penny higher. I had a curiosity to look at the import of this hand and the state of the Revenue on this Branch was flourishing, it consisted for that day of three parcels of the French academy manufacture, the 1st a scheme for opening living sculls in order to discover the seat and nature of the soul, the second was a proposal to dig to the centre of the earth by a confederacy of Princes in order to settle effectually the balance of Power; the third was to promote the happiness of Mankind and the prosperity of states by extirpating religion and virtue, and substituting self interest in their place. Thus stood the trade, and I was obliged to suppress my libels.

Might I presume to flatter myself with an idea of hearing how the Spaw has agreed with you. I inquired as long as I could find anybody to inform me. Can you think of London, surrounded by Princes and Heroes whilst the terrors of Europe are prancing about on poneys, and whilst you grow familiar with everything we admire. Be so good to thank Mr. Montagu for his kind remembrance of me before his departure, and present mine and my brother's humble and grateful respects to Lord Bath; we are infinitely obliged to him for his generous endeavours, though they remain just as they were. Be so good as to make my compliments to Miss Carter, and to Dr.

or Colonel Douglass, be so kind as to forgive me for having wrote so tiresome a letter. It is the longest I ever wrote in my life. Believe me Madam with the truest respect, and sincerest gratitude, your most obedient and obliged humble servant E. BURKE.

To Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet

SPA, *the 9th of Aug.*

I should have thank'd my dear Mr. Stillingfleet for his letter before this time if the water drinking regimen and the Spa mode of life had allowd me leisure to write him a long letter, for I could not prevail on myself to write him a short one. My health is now so well fortified with the waters I can venture to transgress rules, so I am set down to chat with you for an hour or two. I do not intend to be witty or wise, I think a bon mot should not be sent further than one can shoot a squib, nor a sage sentence beyond cannon shot. When friends are at a great distance, the proper subject is, where they have been, where they are, how they are and what they are doing. You see the three heads of my sermon, but I expect to be indulged beyond the twenty minutes. Our journey was very agreable in all respects, and as every object was new to me every object was pleasing to a certain degree. We staid a whole day at Lisle, the first fortified Town I had ever seen; it is certainly very beautifull, but it gives ideas of War and despotism. We staid two days at Brussels; I was glad to see so famous a City, but it has the air of a Town of Shopkeepers, and the Park, of which I had heard so much is but a very ordinary thing. We went from thence to Liege; the Town on the first approach has a very singular and beautifull appearance; within it, appears the most sordid and wretched poverty, one is every where surrounded by beggars. There is hardly any government, and men associated in Cities without laws are the most terrible and wretched of all animals. We pass'd a day there while our machines were repaired for the rough roads to Spa. The Country between Liege and Spa is Mountainous and rocky, but the vallies are green, and there is a great deal of wood, tho the soil is so poor one wonders from whence vegetation has its supply. The prospects are noble and sublime, and we saw them to advantage, for on the top of a mountain we were in a violent hurricane accompanied by the deepest thunder I ever heard; this circumstance, which wd have spoiled the amenity of a little scene, added dignity to this solemn and majestick character. The Town of Spa is situated in a little valley surrounded every way by mountains, and is therefore ill-placed in regard to exercise in a voiture, and wd be so for walking, if a generous spirited englishman had not cut walks round the mountains, by which you are carried to the summit by an easy ascent ; from thence you look down on the Town of Spa which is so rudely and irregularly built one might imagine it had been raised in the first beginnings of architecture ; all the Country round is wild, and the eye in a wide circuit perceives no vestiges of society ; no plows are going, no windmills turning, no Cottage chimney smoaks nor is there church or village in sight. The imagination suggests from various appearances that the family of Noah are just settled at Spa after the flood, while the rest of the World is desolate and in ruins ; by striking into other paths you are led round another mountain, and descend into the promenade de sept heures ; there you find ages have past since the deluge, for it was surely many ages e're Heralds rose and titles were invented, and you find yourself walking with son altesse Royal, son altesse Serenissime, son Excellence Mr. le Comte, and Monsieur le Marquis. Here you meet all the various orders and professions in which mankind are classed ; The Friar is walking with the soldier, the nun with the Matron, the Financier with a Chanoinesse, the long robe with the staff officer. All professions and all Nations are assembled at Spa in the summer ; in a few months we all disappear, and the Wolves and Bears reassume their Dominions from the Mountains. We have been very unfortunate in our weather, and I lament it the more as the Country is so much suited to my taste and contrasts so well with the company and manner of life here. . . . I know our friend Torri [Samuel Torriano] thinks I have been poring my eyes out for many years for very little purpose, and is afraid I shd teach my Godson more than the needful love of the pater noster and the ten commandments, but he does not know how much amusement I can make to myself in my lonely walks from memory and imagination. I have sometimes fancy'd a lean black smith at his forge was the miserable personage Care painted by Spencer. Thanks to Mr. Mason, I have heard the Druids sing their mystick songs upon these mountains. One morning as Mrs. Carter and I were looking down from them upon the Town of Spa, the Cordeliers carried the host in procession, their solemn step, lugubre habit, and the base voice of their chaunting deepen'd the murmur of the falling floods, and shed a browner horror on the woods. The dreary desart, the woods, the rocks, the cascades and all the objects we look'd upon borrow'd from, and lent solemnity to this religious ceremony, and it is the only instance in which I have found any of that kind of awe from the rites of the Romish Church ; tho I have been at the high Mass, the Vespers, and all their ceremonies, I have not seen anything that could raise even superstition in the mind. The long sounding Isles and intermingled graves in our Cathedrals strike one with awe, while the gaudy trick'd up altars here give such gayety to the churches one should rather think they were adorn'd for a ball or feast than prepared for religious worship. The Nuns too disappointed me, for instead of the

> Pensive Nun devout and pure,
> Sober stedfast and demure,

I found a parcel of cloistered boarding school Girls who affected a gayety that suited neither their years nor condition. Tho I had heard so much of the absurdity of worship in the Roman Catholic Countries it surpass'd my expectation. I have now said so much of the inanimate objects you will hardly have patience to hear an account of the living World here. We are made up of Princes and Princesses ; in the first place as a Sovereign I must mention the Bishop of Augsbourg of the House of Hesse Darmstadt, a very good natured and petite man. We have dined with him five or six times. The Hereditary Prince of Brunswick did not keep a table here, but he dined with my Lord Bath, and so I had an opportunity of seeing him without constraint. Our Princess need not envy any in Europe, as he seems to promise to make a greater figure by his personal qualities than any one of his rank, and I think she will be more happy, and ought to be more proud than if she was allied to one of greater extent of dominion and inferior talents. Our General Duke Ferdinand and his Princess were here some weeks, the Prince seems a sensible good kind of man. We had also for a few days Prince Clement, youngest son of the K. of Poland, who was a candidate for the Bishoprick of Liege, but it is doubtfull whether he will be confirmd, for which we are all sorry as he is a very petite agreable young man. We have a distinguishd Lady, the Princess Esterhasi, a french woman by birth, the widow of an Hungarian Prince. I am much charmd with her as the most polite and accomplished Person I have seen amongst the foreigners. We have a great many of the english nobility here, but all the Princes have greatly distinguishd my Lord Bath by their regards and attentions. The Bishop of Augsbourg and Princess Esterhasi are to dine with him tomorrow. If my Lord Bath was not very well able to maintain himself it wd be worth while to send him abroad at the publick expence, for it is prodigious to see the regard all the people of all ranks and nations have for him ; there is a native dignity that strikes them immediately. In the list of our Princes I forgot Count Blanquenham Manderchilde and the Princess of Salm his wife, and Prince Pulhowsski of Poland. Princess Emilie the K. of Prussias sister is to come here on Wensday. We shall leave this place on the 17th ; then we go to Aix la Chapelle, where we are to pass one day, then we go to Bonn and Cologn and to see the Elector of Colognes palace, and we are to go to Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and the Hague, then to Antwerp, and so return to Calais ; we intend being in England the middle of September. If it pleases God to continue to us our health we shall have pass'd our time very agreably. My Lord Bath is in very good spirits, as lively and as healthy as at 25. His temper is perpetual sunshine and he is in all little amiabilities as well as great qualities the most perfect character I ever saw. Mr. Montagu has been always chearfull and well amused. I have recovered my health entirely. Mrs. Carter has still her headach, which grieves me much, as I had flattered myself she wd find benefit from the waters. I send this letter by an english Gentleman who is returning home. . . .

To Lord Lyttelton

Dusseldorf, *the* 23*d* [*August*].
Utrecht, *the* 29*th* [*August*].

My Lord—On wen'sday the 17th we left Spa, carrying with us health and spirits. Our first journey was to Aix la Chapelle ; we pass'd through the village of Limbourg, and as we dined there, I had time to ascend a hill calld Mount Calvary, on which there are seven little chappels, where the history of the Passion is painted, from the agony in the garden, to the suffering on the cross. To these chapels the people of the country resort in great numbers in Lent, and on good friday the whole is coverd by people on their knees. I wish'd to have seen this extraordinary place in such circumstances, but was obliged to content myself with the prospect of the Country, which is most romantick and beautifull. Your Lordship will not doubt but we paid our devotions at the Tomb of Charlemagne. One day sufficed to shew us everything worth seeing at Aix. Our next stage was to Cologne, a very ugly ill built City. We pass'd the first day in seeing some churches and Convents, the next we went to see was two Palaces of the Electors at Bonn. The great one is the most magnificently furnish'd, and with good taste; but carving gilding and embroidery, tapestry etc make but an indifferent figure in black and white, so I will reserve what I have to say on the subject till I have the happiness of seeing your Lordship in Hillstreet. The late elector lived rather according to the doctrine of Epicurus than the Cannons of the Christian Church. He loved fine houses, fine Ladies, fine balls, fine operas etc. His little Castle has an air of asiatick luxury, it is contrived for the summer residence, his salle à manger was cool'd by two beautifull fountains, and in his bed chamber he slept with a fair nymph by his side to the musick of falling waters. This luxurious and magnificent Prince had two other fine Palaces, but bad weather prevented our going to see them. We made ourselves some amends in the evening by going with some Chanoinesses who were sisters of two of that order with whom we were intimate at Spa, to see the Cathedral, which is the highest style of Gothick Grandeur, but unhappily it was never entirely finishd; with rich reliques it abounds, the heads of the three wise men who worshipp'd our saviour are enclosed in a vast gold shrine most richly adorn'd with diamonds, pearls, colour'd gems and fine antique Cameos. St. Peters staff and many other reliques are enclosed in gold set with diamonds etc. The riches of this church are prodigious. You may believe Mrs. Carter did not neglect her respects to St. Ursula and her 11000 virgin companions. Our Chanoiness carried us to an assembly where we met the Popes Nuncio. . . . This morning we cross'd the Rhine in a Ferry boat and arrived at this place. We went to the Elector Palatines Palace where we saw an extream fine collection of Pictures. It grieves one to see Princes so magnificent and luxurious while their subjects are so poor and so wretched. The people in the villages we pass'd through had hardly human figures. The Women were tottering under burthens of great weight. They have none of those beauties and agrémens which would enable them *to subdue the strong*, so they are the slaves of the men. Tomorrow morning we are to get into Holland; we shall see Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and the Hague, and then to

Antwerp, to Brussels, Dunkirk, and early in September we shall set sail for England. We see everywhere the marks of war, and hear sad complaints of the miseries it occasiond. I hope Mr. Wilkes will pardon me if I rejoyce in the Peace. The K: of Prussias sister Princess Emilie came to Spa just before we left it. She has a very amiable character and was extreamly polite to every one, but particularly to my Lord Bath. When she took leave of me she said: Veillez sur les jours de ce digne milord qui a le respect et l'admiration de toute l'Europe. His Lordship is in such health, thank God, he does not want a great deal of care, but when ever he sits between windows and doors I quote royal authority to take care of him. I have given your Lordship a sort of journal of my travels, as I know you interest yourself in everything which concerns your friends. . . . All our party desire their most affectionate and respectfull compts. My Lord Bath will have the happiness of visiting your Lordship, when I alas must repair to the black regions of the North. I wrote thus much from Dusseldorf but cd not get time to finish my letter, and our journeys have since been too long to allow me leisure to write. Yesterday evening we arrived at Utrecht after a long days journey through all the platitudes du pais de Hollande. We lay the night before at Nimeguen where we met a dutch Nobleman who with great civility orderd our horses at Arnheim and breakfasted there with us so that as the first dutchman of quality I saw was very obliging I must complain only of the lower people who are the most brutal of any I ever saw. The Coachmen and postillions belonging to our four equipages talk'd incessantly the whole way, all of them assembling often round the carriage that went first, and regarding neither the company nor the voitures they were to guide. The Country we passd through in general resembled Bagshot heath, but such is the vivifying and nourishing spirit of liberty that even in this barren land no poverty or distress appeard, the houses were tight, the people clean, whereas in the rich and fruitfull domains of the house of Austria haggard poverty appeard everywhere. If one wants to respect liberty one shd come into Holland, if to love and respect it too one must go into England. The Town of Utrecht is most exceedingly dull but opulent. The people seem inexpressibly stupid, but the most loquacious of any I have seen. . . . I have only learnt dutch enough to say to them when they speak *I do not understand* but that will not silence them, and in shewing their churches they chatter like monkies, and it is impossible to silence them.

One of the states Yachts is orderd to attend my Lord Bath tomorrow, so we go by water to Amsterdam, where we shall stay a whole day, and the next we go to the Hague where I hope to meet a letter from yr Lordship. I am anxious to hear of yr health. I was very sorry to meet here the news of Ld Egremonts death ; I respected him in the quality of your friend. I do not know what consequences this accident may have in the political world. . . . I admire the Patriots who have so nobly fought and died for this detestable country. Patriotism is indeed a virtue here, for a good Country some one wd even dare to dye, as to yr Lordship in the midst of Hagley Park you cannot help loving your Country, but these dutch have been Patriots et point de raison, quelle grace !

A later letter to Mrs. Vesey completes and amplifies the narrative :

NEWCASTLE, *Nov. ye 2d.*

I assure you I have had less respect for Riches ever since I have seen the wealthy and horrible Town of Amsterdam ; at the Hague, opulence appears decent at least. We passed four days there very agreably. We were nobly entertain'd at Sr Joseph Yorkes, and Count Bentinck, and with the most splendid magnificence at Prince Lewis of Brunswicks. We breakfasted one day at the Greffier Fugels, who shew'd us a noble library. I imagined the Muses alone had no Magazine in Holland, and I was charm'd to see a very noble collection of books, medals and drawings. Coin not current, and riches that carried no interest, seem'd to me most wonderful objects in this commercial Country. I was much pleased with the old Greffier himself, in whom the Republican character appear'd amiable and respectable ; there is a modest dignity in his manners, and a simplicity in his magnificence becoming the Magistrate of a great Commonwealth. He bears so meekly and wears his advantages and wealth and power in such a manner that they do not insult that rule of equality which is the basis of a Republick ; added to these merits, he has the additional one of being sexagenaire, so that I believe I should have begun a coquetting with him, if we had intended to stay half a century in Holland ; in less time than that, I imagine one could not warm the heart of a dutch man. The Greffier has a Son who is a very pretty gentleman, of fine talents well improved, he has travell'd all over Europe, His Father finding old Barnwells simplicity and cloak would no longer be the uniform of the Country has prudently adapted his sons education to the manners of the age ; and I could not help considering the Old and young man as the representatives of Holland, one for the last age, the other for this. Count Bentinck is in his manners and way of thinking an englishman of quality. His House, his gardens are all in our taste. He is a person of great worth ; he fell in love with Mrs. Carter, and I beg that in your next letter you would address to her in the style of Madame de Rhone. Prince Lewis is guardian to the Prince of Orange whom he educates with paternal care. The young Stadtholder has not any Court yet, but he is brought up in the private state of an Asiatick Monarch, a strange education for the first Magistrate of a free people ! but such are the orders of the States, I suppose from some jealousies. It is happy for the poor boy he has so sensible a guardian as Prince Lewis, and who applies himself so much to his improvement and instruction. My Lord Bath and Mr. Montagu waited on him ; they say he talk'd very sensibly ; he is bashfull, and not genteel in his person, or easy in his address. Prince Lewis has the most easy affability of any great person I ever saw. You have been in Holland, so I say nothing of their gardens where the croaking of frogs is in place of nightingales, nor of the watery monsters gilt with gold which in little basins squirt stinking water from the head or tail ; nor of the black clammy earth which supplies the want of le gazon fleuri, nor of their grottos which are Calypso's grotto travestied. The Hague is a beautiful Town, and I could have lik'd to have pass'd there some time. We met with great civilities and had invitations from all the persons of distinction, but could not stay to avail ourselves of them. The dutch Ladies visited me at the Inn. Sr Joseph Yorke does his King and Country great honour in every respect. I wish all our Ministers abroad resembled him. We went from Spa to Aix la Chapelle ; I am sure you agree with me in admiring the environs of Limbourg. Mrs. Carter, who loves the Goths, tho' she is a citizen of Athens, paid her devoirs to the Tomb of Charlemagne with great devotion. Our next journey was to Cologne, where we staid three days ; you may suppose we did not so neglect the strangest legend of the Church of Rome, as not to visit ye eleven thousand virgins. Peace be to their ashes ! I will talk no scandal about them tho if they were old maids and I dare say they had utter'd a great deal about other people ; a malicious person might suspect, that among so many defenceless damsels travelling through wild countries, some met with more disasters than la fiancée du Roi de Garbe. The Cathedral of Cologne is one of the finest Gothick buildings I have seen, unhappily it was never finished, but some part of it is very rich, and has all the solemn grandeur one could wish in a church. The reliques here are many, and the shrines of an immense value. The heads of the three wise men are drest, as the heads of silly women wd wish to be, they are coverd with gems, and one of them has a fine diamond aigrette. The Copes here are the richest embroidery I ever saw, and the mitres are coverd with fine pearl; these are the gift of the late Elector. We were shewn all these things by some chanoinesses whose sisters were at Spa. One of these Ladies had a very uncommon share of parts and knowledge, with a great deal of piety, and I could see she was ashamed of the fopperies of her religion, and indeed I was in pain for her, when the sexton told any of their foolish legends. The Chanoine too, who seemd a man of sense, smil'd and said these were traditions. We went to Bonn to see two Palaces of the Elector of Cologne. I never saw anything so magnificient as the great Palace. The late Elector by whom it was enlarged and furnish'd had more the character of a Disciple of Epicurus than of a successor of the Apostles. They shew'd us a state bed which cost him six thousand pound, it was prodigiously fine and beautiful. In this bed he did not lye churlishly alone; no indeed, by his side lay our Country woman the famous Mrs. Wymondsil alias Child. It is not possible to give an account of the procession of fine things of all sorts in this Palace, but tho there was a general character of elegance and magnificence, as there was not any noble work of art, a minute description would tire you. The lesser Palace in the wood seem'd form'd for the retired hours of an Asiatick Monarch with his favourite Sultana; such might be that, *where the sapient King with his fair spouse held dalliance* for anything I know. Great marble saloons cool'd by fountains of the finest grotto work, couches and beds where murmuring waters intic'd the dewy featherd sleep, every accomodation for indolent luxury in a hot day were here; and here, in the lap of wanton ease lay the mitred head of the Elector. His opera's, his balls, his entertainments of all kinds were in the highest taste; and those who were of a rank to partake of his pleasures loved him, or seem'd to love him. When the destinies cut the silken thread of his life then his subjects found he had neglected the affairs of government, and his tradesmen that of his domestick economy; and murmurs succeeded to the soft sounds of musick and flattery. Indeed the poverty apparent at Cologne shew'd one he had provided ill for the wants of his people, tho so indulgent to his own. Yet I must own most of his fine furniture was made by his own subjects, and was of his own manufacture at Bonn, so that perhaps he was more deficient in policy than humanity. We crossed the Rhine on a bridge of boats to Dusseldorf, where we saw the fine collection of pictures in the Elector Palatines Palace. From Dusseldorf to Wesel we travell'd through Forrests where one rather expected to see Wild Beasts than men; but the Nimrods of War as well as of the Chace had been here, and the roads were torn up by the Artillery, and the whole country had the scars of War upon it. In the villages we saw cottages not fit to lodge human creatures, and indeed creatures that inhabited them not worthy to be calld human. The Women were employ'd in rubbing our horses backs, fetching their hay etc., to my great offence, who lived in a country where we had our Deify'd Sacharissa's, Stellas, etc. Much did I detest the mean taste and false luxury of Princes who desire to have their Palaces fill'd with the gracefull figures of Guido and Raphael, and can see their dominions inhabited by men and women whom poverty and oppression have debased below the human form and human mind. We entered Holland by Nimeguen, where many great Politicians acting with state wisdom and publick zeal concluded a Peace; from thence went to Utrecht, where minor politicians and party affections made another Peace. I believe by this time you are tired, tho I know you love rambling. I brought Mrs. Carter back a coquette, and my Lord Bath a young man. As for myself I am much as I was, only in better health. I had indeed a decent share of blonde and coquetting before, but if my Lord Bath grows so young, I shall be forced to be inconstant. I hate even the etourderie of threescore, and he is got back to fifty, is it my fault when I leave him.

On September 27 Lord Bath writes he had seen the King,

who received me with his usual most gracious goodness, expressing much satisfaction to see me return'd in such perfect health. He said he had heard much of our happy company who travelled so agreably together in perfect harmony and without the least unhappy accident or misfortune. . . . I said Mrs. Montagu intended being at St. James on Thursday next to pay her duty to his Majesty and to the Queen. He said he should be extremely pleased to see you and hoped we would stand near one another that he might have an opportunity of asking us a hundred questions which curiosity would prompt him to do. He asked after Mr. Montagu likewise hoping to see him. I told him that he was no great courtier, and was going to his corporation [Huntingdon] where he was chosen Mayor and at his return was to take a northern journey.

On the 7th of October Mr. and Mrs. Montagu set forth on their journey to Denton Hall, sending the coach and six and maid the day before; they followed their coach in a postchaise, "and overtook our more stately stepping equipage at Bugden, 62 miles from London and went on in it to Stilton, so that I made a journey of 77 miles that day."

Thomas Sherlock, Bishop of London, had died in 1761, leaving an inconsolable widow, to whom Mrs. Montagu was much attached.

Your Lordship knows I am not too wise, which you and Mrs. Carter attribute to my not understanding greek. However I have not perverted my understanding with punning nor puzzled it with Hebrew, but wise men and learned Women are apt to be arrogant and despise their neighbours. I don't name any names. I will finish my letter, my spirits are so low your lordship will hate ye sight of my hand. The poor spirits have been tried to day. I made a visit this morning to Mrs. Sherlock, and doubt if I shall find her at my return to Town. She made me a fine present of china, I cannot imagine why; but she gave me 6 fine plates which Queen Elizabeth used at her breakfast, and two fine cups that had belonged to King Charles; I should have had pleasure in this mark of her affection, but in ye way she is in, it had ye solemnity of a farewell, and shocked me extreamly. Poor Woman, why did not providence release her ye day she lost ye Bishop! . . . I sold her one of ye cobblers [James Woodhouse] books for 3 shillings, she gave me 3 guineas to day but said her name must not be mention'd, but she gave it to Daphne to make her sing again, so I shall send it to Mr. Dodsley with her very words. I do not wonder that people in health and at ease should delight to make even a shoemakers wife sing; but when ones own song is ended, to think of others singing is supream virtue. This struck me more deeply because I fear if accidents were to happen that render'd me unhappy I should not think of the unhappiness or happiness of others. I am always benevolent in the same degree that I am happy, so if ever I am miserable I shall be worthless; a dreadful thought which often haunts me, but I hope he who sees my weakness will strengthen or pardon it. I know most people are most tender in adversity; but by experience I am convinced of ye contrary in myself. However I will treasure up in my mind this generous instance of Mrs. Sherlocks virtue. May the joyous song of the Coblers Wife be a prayer for her recovery, for she is a most valuable Woman, very charitable and very rich! Her heir I fear is only ye latter. . . . You was infinitely good in writing after all your fatigue. I believe if you was ill you wd think of making ye Coblers Wife sing.

Mr. George Bowes, to whose daughter the next letter refers, was a friend of Mr. Montagu's and a northern neighbour, his place at Gibside near the Derwent being about six miles south-west of Newcastle and Denton. Here in the midst of a great wood of 400 acres he had laid out some remarkable grounds, with a column 140 feet high, a great Gothic Banqueting Room and other magnificent delights. He had died in 1760, and Mr. Montagu attended his "very pompous" funeral. Lord Lyttelton wrote almost prophetically at the time to Mrs. Montagu:

As his vanity descends with his estate to his daughter I don't wish to see her my daughter-in-law, though she would make my son one of the richest, and consequently, in our present ideas of greatness, one of the great peers of the realm. But she will probably be the prize of some needy Duke who will want her estate to repair the disasters of Newmarket and Arthur's, or if she marries for love of some ensign in the Guards.

She married the ninth Earl of Strathmore in 1767, and on his death in 1776 was wedded to Lieutenant Andrew Stoney, from whom she obtained a divorce in 1789, after years of brutal ill-treatment from an unmitigated blackguard. The poor lady's life indeed was a purgatory of violence. Having narrowly escaped abduction as a girl, she was actually and forcibly abducted by her husband, from whose brutality she had taken refuge in London, and carried off to Straithland Castle ; only to be rescued by friends and abducted back to town again. Her only peace was when Bowes was imprisoned in King's Bench.

To Lord Bath

NEWCASTLE, *Sunday the* 16 [*October*].

Here has been a most horrid plot to run away with Miss Bowes. A man who was a waiter at Arthurs came into this country and visited a footman of Miss Bowes, and then wrote a letter offering him ten thousand pounds if he wd decoy the girl into the walk at a good distance from the House. The footman gave information to Mrs. Bowes. Sr Thomas Clavering has sent the waiter of Arthurs to prison ; it is said he will not confess who set him on upon this business, some say it was a member of Parliament that employd him and there are a thousand different stories, but I have not yet heard any authentick account. Mrs. Bowes sent her Steward here yesterday with her compts. I was in bed and did not see him, and Mr. Montagu would not ask him any questions about this affair out of discretion. As soon as I can have a true account of it I will write it to your Lordship. The story shocks me extreamly, the wretch who could lay such a scheme must be the worst of villains, and I suppose is desperate both in his mind and fortunes. Several letters in cypher are found in the fellows pocket who is in prison. If Miss Bowes servant had appeard to give into the scheme the whole perhaps might have been discover'd, as it is, I imagine the agent in this affair is well instructed how to bear up against any menaces.

In a later letter she adds :

The affair of Miss Bowes is too true. A wretch who is a member of Parliament and calls himself a gentleman, sent a man who is a famous pimp at the Cardigan's Head into this country to ingratiate himself with Miss Bowe's footman, and to tell him he should have a reward of twenty thousand pounds if he would help to carry off the young lady ; that the person who was to marry her was a member of Parliament, and would make a great figure in the H. of Commons this sessions ; this footman, you must know, is lover to a woman who was nurse to the young lady, and now attends her as a servant. These two persons pondered on this proposal, why they did so I can not tell, but however five days after it had been made they acquainted Mrs. Bowes with it. She in a fright told her steward, her steward in a fright seized the man of the Cardigan's Head, and in a fright sent him to the justice, the justice in a fright sent him to the house of correction, which I hope may tend to the amendments of this wicked fellow's morals, but cannot serve any other purpose whatever, for he will not confess who sent him into the country nor what he was to do ; had the footman been ordered to appear to acquiesce, the whole design would have been unfolded now. All they learn from the letters in his pocket is that Mr. H. . . . is the person who sent him into this Country and the errand to run away with Miss Bowes by help of her footman, but whether by fraud or violence is not clear, and all that is certainly known is that the first letter of the member of Parliament's name is H.

It seems there is a Gentleman who is a sort of an adventurer who has been seen in London with this fellow whose name so begins and is also a member of Parliament. It is imagined the servants were to carry this young creature off by force, and that the adventurous lover would have so married her perhaps abroad, and have trusted to his agrémens and ways of making himself agreable for her submitting to be his wife, but she is a girl of sense and spirit, and I think he would probably have been hanged for his pains. Mrs. Bowes and Miss Bowes made me a visit since I came hither, she is realy a fine girl, lively, sensible, and very civil and good natured. I must go to Gibside to visit them if there is any mild weather.

Lord Bath's own passion for money has been generally, if perhaps a little unfairly, accepted as a ruling trait of his character, though strenuously denied, or generously minimised, by more than one of his friends, who have recorded various instances of his kindness and generosity. Mrs. Montagu meets a direct challenge from his lordship adroitly, if a little evasively.

To Lord Bath

My Lord—That I do honour and esteem my Lord Bath is most certain, and it is as certain I do not think him covetous; at the same time I may think he does not take as much care of his health as of his money. That a Man is Wise, that he is without an heir, that there is not a Man in Europe who so well deserves his Money, or could make so good an Use of it as himself, are not to me Arguments that prove he may like to spend his income, because how many instances to the contrary does history furnish? The most beautifull persons are liable to distempers, and the finest minds are liable to a love of Money, which too is a distemper. The passions do not reason, and the love of Money is as much instinctive as any other Affection. Man is designed by providence to hunt honours, and distinctions, and Wealth, as surely as other Animals are designed to hunt their prey; but Nature has set them their stint, Man is left unlimited, and will therefore run into extreams. If I thought your Lordship mean and covetous I should deplore it in silence, I should be Ashamed to speak on the subject, but if I thought your nature noble, but li costumi too economical in any period of your life, I might speak with the frankness of a friend, especially when not my observation but your own discourse gave occasion to it. I have always asserted that I never saw any mark of your loving Money, and I said it with pleasure, as it is the only thing envy ever objects to you. Your character is my pride and my glory, and I had rather the Sun were eclipsed than the least shade was cast upon it.

The Doctor need not have quoted Horace to prove he does not love fine furniture or fine cloaths, he is below moderation in point of foppery. His letter is a good one tho Melancholly. Erasmus recommends folly, folly recommends Monsey, his defects have their negligent grace, and I have often been puzzled to determine whether I loved him for his perfections or imperfections but I believe it is for the Chequer of both in his character. He is certainly the greatest fool of a witt, and the greatest Witt of a fool in the World.

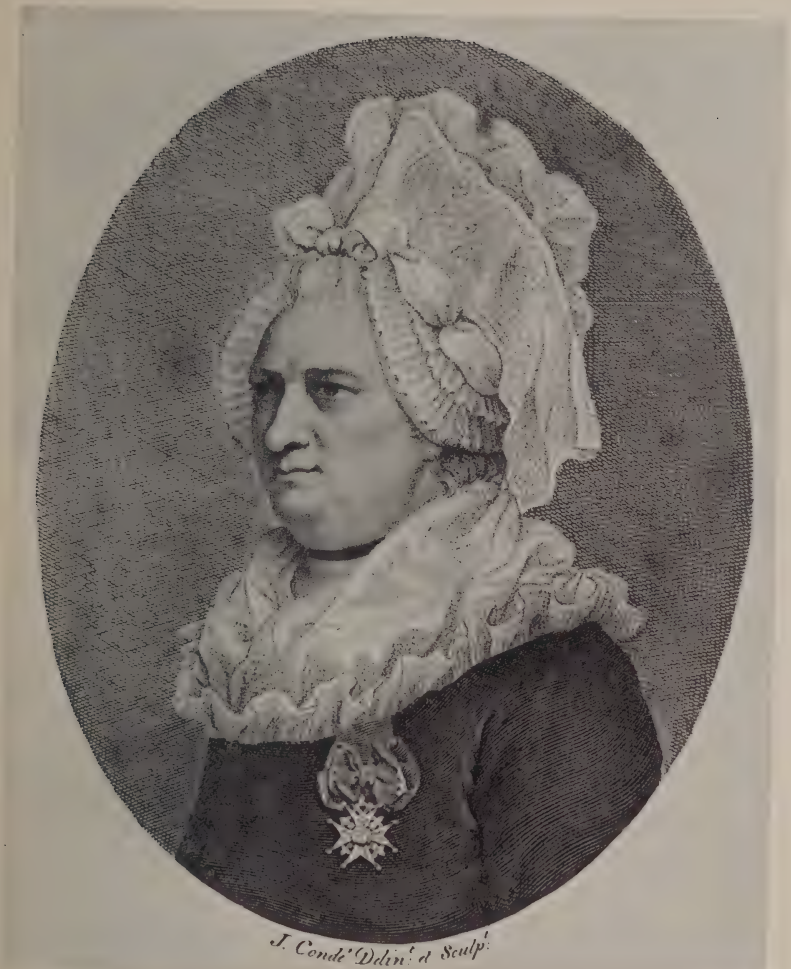
To Lord Bath

Newcastle, *ye 25 Oct.*

I was shocked to see in the news yesterday an account of Lord Hardwickes being dangerously ill. I shall lament him for Lord Lytteltons sake, who has a kind of filial respect and love for him, and he will certainly be a publick loss ; time and experience mature good sense into wisdom, and in these times of distemper the State wants wary physicians. I have always admired the steady star of Lord Hardwicke, and I hoped it would not set till it run a long course. There wanted nothing to complete his felicity but to attain to very old age. . . . I rejoyce for Lady Hardwicke, for whom I had a great respect, that her eyes closed before the extinction of what was to her the light of this world. I do not know so sad and pitiable an object as the widow of a great man. A woman who loses a tender and faithfull companion and a prudent Father of her children is very unfortunate, but her misfortune does not affect the beholder in the same manner, as that of these unhappy relicts of superior merit ; the sight of them shocks one like that of sacred temples laid in ruins by hostile hands.

The following letter recalls the curious history of the Chevalier D'Eon de Beaumont, whose sex was the subject of many bets and of a judicial decision by Lord Mansfield, which declared him a female !

He came to London as French minister plenipotentiary in 1762, but was shortly afterwards superseded by Count Guerchy, at the instigation (so he affirmed) of the Pompadour. D'Eon accused Guerchy of attempting to poison him, and the latter retaliated by an action for libel ; both suits succeeded, but Guerchy escaped trial by pleading privilege, and D'Eon was outlawed, but subsequently permitted to return to France on condition of his giving up certain state documents, and wearing the dress of a female, with which stipulations he complied. Twenty years later he returned to London, where he remained till his death in 1810, when a post-mortem examination finally established his sex. He was an expert fencer, and gave various public exhibitions during his term of exile, at Ranelagh and elsewhere.


J. Condé Delint. et Sculpt.

CHEVALIER D'EON DE BEAUMONT
By J. Condé

From Lord Bath

LONDON, *Saturday, Oct. 29th.*

I have heard the strangest story, of a Quarrel between the two french Ministers, but I cannot learn the whole truth, as yet. They were at dinner at Lord Halifax's; I suppose at first setting out, with a large company, but was reduced at last, to the two Secretarys of State, and George Grenville with the two french Ministers, Monr Guerchy, and Monr Y'on the Resident. Words arose, and it ended with very abusive language on both sides, between the french Men at last swords were drawn, but they were with difficulty parted. A Guard of soldiers were sent for to St. James's and without putting the Embassador into Custody, they were sent home, and all farther mischief was prevented. Prudence is endeavouring all she can to hush up this matter, but it is of such a nature that it must be enquired into, and the whole laid open, to have Justice done, by the Court of France, on the Delinquents, for surely so strange an affair, never happend before in any time, or in any part of the world.

John Wilkes naturally figures largely in the letters of the next few months. The rich distiller's son, having studied at Leyden and travelled the Continent, having got rid of an ill-matched wife, and plunged into and scrambled out of all the bestial orgies of Medmenham with Lord Sandwich and Sir Francis Dashwood, Thomas Potter, and the other bright particular stars of the Hell Fire Club, had entered Parliament as a devoted follower of Pitt in 1761, and had, in conjunction with that attractive scapegrace Charles Churchill, established the *North Briton* in bitter opposition to Bute and all his works. When the latter resigned on April 8, the issue of the paper was suspended, professedly in the hope that a change of ministry would mean a change of method; but a talk which he had with Temple and Pitt at the house of the former, where he was shown a draft of the King's Speech, convinced Wilkes that there was no warrant for any such expectation, and that the gentle shepherd George Grenville was to be little more than the mouth-piece of the old policy; and so Wilkes went home to write his attack on "the most abandoned instance of ministerial effrontery ever attempted to be imposed on mankind." The *North Briton No. 45* was published on April 23. The King was furious: the law officers of the Crown were asked their opinion, and gave what was required of them. Lord Halifax issued a general warrant "to search for authors, printers, and publishers," and a few days later Wilkes was lodged in the Tower; only, however, to be released a week later on the plea of privilege as a member of Parliament, and to turn the table on his enemies to the tune of £100,000 costs and damages awarded against the too impetuous promoters of the general warrant. This was the position of affairs when Lord Bath and the Montagus returned from Spa in the autumn.

When Wilkes was arrested, Churchill is said to have escaped by a clever ruse on the part of his friend. Whilst he was protesting privilege to the King's messengers who had found him at his house in Great George Street, Churchill actually walked in to see him. Wilkes — knowing that Churchill was certain to be wanted and could not plead privilege—immediately hailed him as Mr. Thompson, enquired after Mrs. Thompson, and asked if she was going to dine in the country. Churchill, with equal promptitude, took the hint, declared that Mrs. Thompson was that moment waiting for him, and that he had merely called to assure himself of Mr. Wilkes's health; bowed himself out, hurried home, secured his incriminating papers, and vanished into the country before the King's messengers, ignorant that they had had him in their hands, reached his lodgings.

From Lord Bath

Tuesday the 8th Novr.

. . . Your Father was yesterday most extreamly Witty, lively, and Gay, and we are all mighty cheerful and Joyous;

whilst the Desert stood upon the Table, in came Monsey, and finding us toasting your health, calld for a large Beer Glass, filled it up to the Brim with Champagne, then drank it off to your health. We wished you with us, and all agreed that if you did not come to us soon, the Frost would overtake you, and then you would be a lump of Ice, just like that Dish of Cream, that stood upon the Table. I hear that the measure is resolved on, for everybody to quit the service, who pretends to be of the opposition. S^r Joseph York is coming from the Hague, upon the same simple Errant, which I am heartily sorry for ; What poor creatures we men are ! a little pievish disappointmt turns the Wisest of us fools all at once, and a little time (that is Age) destroys the best understanding.

In my Airing I went yesterday, to see S^r John Barnard, and found that good and great Man, almost a Child, unable to speak much, remember anything, or help himself. I came from him very melancholy, loving the man, and thinking how near I was to his condition, for I am within a few months as old as he is. Lord Hardwicke is the other Instance of a great Mans losing his senses, when he desires to have all his family ruined, rather than not have the D. of Newcastle, once more at the head of this Country, and the Treasury, and yet I do not find, he has been anywhere at School since to learn a little more arithmetick, than he knew before. I never wrote so long a letter in my Life, and have scarce room to tell you how truly I am yrs.

From Lord Lyttelton

CURZON STREET, *Nov.* 8.

Ld Hardwicke is still in danger. If I lose him I shall lose not only a dear and honourd Friend, but the surest Guide of my Steps through the dark paths of that unpleasing political Labyrinth which lies before me. But God be thankd Ld Bath is well and jolly. I dined with him yesterday in company with your Father, and it is hard to say which seem'd youngest, except that his Lordship shewed some concern at the perilous state of his Country ; whereas your Father, like Prince Hall in Shakespear, *daffed the World aside and bid it pass.* Nay, he told us he was so happy that he could not make use of any form of Prayer except thanksgivings, having nothing to pray for. He made me a visit this morning, which I shall with great pleasure repay tomorrow. Besides the entertainment of his company, it delights me to think, that coming from such a Father you have an hereditary Right to juvenile spirits at threescore. But in the meanwhile pray take care that the Cold of Northumberland does not blast them in their Prime. Poor Domville ! I grieve for him—He loved You ; he loved Ld Bath ; he loved Mankind——

Matthew Robinson was a great coffee-house character ; a gay and thoroughly selfish old *bon vivant*, full of wit and tavern camaraderie, but caring not a whit for the misfortunes of others. He had long deputed all family cares to his eldest son, and amused himself with painting and club life, sedulously eschewing every thought of worry or discomfort.

Mrs. Montagu, whose devotion to Lord Bath sometimes got the better of her judgement, was moved by the political excitement of the times to urge his octogenarian Lordship to re-enter the active arena, in a long appeal, of which the finale may be quoted :

oh that I could throw papers into a certain window,

Pulteney, thou sleep'st, awake and see thyself ;
Shall Brittain . . . speak, write, redress.

This I would do, not to seduce him into conspiracy but that he might dash conspiracy ; not to incite to treason but to prevent rebellions ; not to invite him to meetings with men of such purposes that *they must hide their faces even from darkness*, but to disperse and defeat seditious cabals. I had rather the Duke of Marlborough's helmet had been made a housewifes skillet the morning of the battle of Blenheim, than a certain person should stay at home in his indolent night cap the first day of business in the H : of L——, and if he is there, with such powers in the field, to stand neuter during the important contention would be unpardonable. . . . Far happier is the task of defending a Peace that is just, honourable, and necessary, and to shew you that my Senator is not quite in the pitiable condition of Appius Claudius, I must transcribe part of a letter I received by the last post, from an old and intimate friend of mine, who had the honour of dining at the Hotel of a great man in Piccadilly. " I never saw such eyes in my life, I had never taken such notice of them till that time, owing to the situation he was in, being placed between the light and me, and I never saw any equal them in vivacity, and what is surprizing, with a lustre undiminished by age. So it is with his mind etc." I leave out what might appear compliment, but I will transcribe what may be exhortation, "Surely it is in his power to be a Father to his Country; if in the danger it is in, he does not exert himself, he will have much to answer for." These remarks were made by a man; your Lordship knows women never look you full in the face. *Speak, write, redress.* Pray in your next, answer as Brutus does. Am I entreated then to speak, etc.

Mr. Chace Pryses salmon was a tribute worthy to be offerd to the Lord Lieutenant. I fancy he has read the new play of le droit du Seigneur, and has a mind to gather the quit rents in your absence. I believe it would be a stewardship much to his taste. [Line obliterated.] I wonder which of our witts is well enough read in the Psalms to borrow a bon mot from them. Among the serious I have heard the lamentations and denunciations of all the sad and woefull Prophets on the same occasion.

But Lord Bath was not to be drawn, and begged, quite unheroically and prosaically, to be excused:

Fryday Noon, Nov^{r}. 11th.

Wilks's affair will certainly be brought on, in the House of Commons, and he will probably be expell'd; Objections are to be made in our House, to passages in the Kings Speech, where he mentions anything of Peace, or Publick measures, and these two points may very possibly keep us sitting til ten, or eleven at night. God be thanked I find myself as well able, as the strongest of them to resist the fatigue of such an attendance, but as I do not like anything we are doing, or likely to do; I shall take no public part, blaming in my heart, the violence, and virulence of the Opposition to our good K—— and not hoping for much good from the Abilities of our present set of Ministers. I own it is shameful to appear in such times as these, an inglorious Neuter, but at my time of day, and where there is so little probability of doing any good, one may be excused for not meddling, and for ought I know the Wisest way, may be to sitt stil, and see what time and events may produce. Nothing can save this Nation from sinking, but Schemes of Economy, and finding out some method of putting our enormous Debt, into a way of being gradually reduced. This is a point no one thinks of, and what is worse, I fear, no one understands.

To Lord Lyttelton

DENTON, *Nov. the* 22.

A good old Clergyman in this neighbourhood brought his Son, lately returned from the Havannah, to see me this afternoon ; who upon talking of Mr. Wilkes, told me, that the blasphemy he had heard repeated from the poem read in the House of Lords, was a translation of a most infamous poem he had seen in France, when it was burnt by the hands of the common hangman. What was said concerning the cross was borrow'd from the French, and also the abuse on the Virgin Mary. There are some few copies of this wretched French piece in London. What must a man be, who will steal blasphemy ? How poor a proportion does such a mans witt bear to his wickedness when he is forced to steal his trash ! But Mr. Wilkes is far from being the worst of our scribblers, some of his associates are more vile, as they endeavour to conceal themselves, some of our newspaper writers were strongly connected with him, and it is pleasant to see how they represent the proceedings against him. A paper I read yesterday, takes no notice of the poem, but attributes all the censure to what was said in the North Britton. Another says, a poem was read in the House of Lords, where it has incurred censure, as it abuses the fair sex in a manner hardly to be credited to a Nation where the Ladies are so amiable and so universally beloved. Both these papers represent the duel in a strange manner. . . . My Lord Bath sent me a charming account of what pass'd in the house of Lords and Commons, in his observations there is always the wisdom of age, but in his narrations the vivacity of youth. What compact has he made with time that he brings him the gifts of the latter season without taking away those of the earlier ?

Peg Wharton, to whom there are several references in these letters, eluded the editor's research for some time, till a tiny tract at the British Museum, *Three Wonderful Yorkshire Characters*, by W. Grainge, furnished some particulars ; from which it appears that this eccentric old lady was one of the Whartons of Skelton Castle in Cleveland, who lived chiefly at York and Scarborough, and latterly at Thirsk. She was short and stout, had a fortune of £200,000, was liberal in private charities, but set all conventional usage at defiance. From her habit of sending out for a pennyworth of cream, strawberries, or other delicacies, she became known as "Peg Pennyworth," under which title Foote drew her character in a farce, which she insisted on seeing, and declared, laughing, that they had done her justice. Many quaint stories are told of her parsimony and eccentric ways. Having made a pie which her footman and coachman both demurred to carrying to the bakehouse, she ordered them to bring her coach round, was driven there in state by both, handed the pie to the pastrycook, and then sent her carriage back to fetch it when baked, congratulating her servants on having "kept their places, to drive and to wait." As Mrs. Montagu records in the following letter, she gave her nephew half her fortune, and went to reside with the widow of a clergyman at Thirsk, recompensing the poor lady by treating her daughters to an occasional drive in her carriage. The widow, finding that Peg showed no signs of terminating her visit or supporting her expenses, appealed to the nephew, who begged her to let his aunt have her way, and he would pay her £200 a year while she remained, and also make her an annuity for life. And here Mrs. Wharton remained for the rest of her days, dying in 1791 at the age of 103.

To Mrs. Carter

I heard an anecdote of Peg Wharton the other day, which differring a good deal from those generally related of her, deserves mentioning, were it only for the sake of variety, but it has a better claim to be preserved from obscurity. I thought her dead, but find she is still pleine de vie. Last Autumn her Nephew made her a visit, which he seldom did ; "Young man, said she, I have not seen you a long time, I should be glad to see you oftener, however do not fail coming next new years day, I shall have something to say to you !" Not expecting much pleasure from anything she wou'd say, without going near her in the interim, he, however, with no great gout went on that day she had appointed, when to his infinite surprize she made him a present of the small sum of an hundred thousand pounds, that is she made over to him that sum in stock. I apprehend he is Son to her Neice Miss Stevenson, who you may perhaps remember with her at Bath in the year 40. His Mother I believe has been long dead.

From Charles Lyttelton, Bishop of Carlisle

OLD BURL. STREET, *Novr. 24th.*

You want to know how the World goes. I am neither Cabinet nor Privy Councillor, so can only tell you what every Bystander sees. *My good Friend and his Collegues* have a considerable majority in Parlt and I think verily will stand firm in their high offices this Session. this day the great question of *Parlty Privilege* is debated in the H. of Com. 'tis now Ten at night, and whether they are up or not I can't be certain. The Cyder Act is to be alter'd, and not repeal'd, and I find the moderate People of the Cyder Comp^{ys} in Parlt, declare themselves satisfied with the proposed alterations.

Our House has address'd the King to order a prosecution agst the Author or Authors of that most blasphemous obscene Tract, wch Wilkes was proved the Author of at the Bar of the House the first day of the Session. We only wait for his coming abroad to summon him before us (with the consent of the Commons if he be not expell'd their House first) and then to proceed agst him for breach of Privilege on behalf of the B of Gloster. . . .

The King has given poor Ld Effinghams fine Regiment to Ld Cantelupe, wch everybody approves as Cantelupe is the favourite of everybody and wants such an addition to his Income——

From Lord Bath

Dec. 5th.

The Hereditary Prince when he sees us will have a strange opinion of this Nation, which he now thinks so well of, but he is not to stay here long. He is to be in England the first week in Jany and to be married [to the King's sister, Princess Augusta] the day before the Queens Birthday which is the 17th of Jany. The House of Lords is summond this day to consider what measures are proper to take, to support the authority and dignity of Parlt, and to suppress such insolencies, but I fear a Jury in Westminster Hall will give Wilkes's cause in favour of him and the Messengers, and perhaps the Damages he demands, which is 5000*l*.

The public burning of *No. 45* by the common hangman in Cheapside was ordered for December 4, but resulted in a riotous fiasco, the condemned paper being rescued from the Sheriff's officers, and a boot and petticoat—scandalously emblematic of Lord Bute and the Princess Augusta—burnt in its place. Under-secretary Robert Wood had seized Wilkes's papers under Lord Halifax's general warrant, and was fined for trespass. Philip Carteret Webb, as joint-solicitor to the Treasury, had led the prosecution of Wilkes.

Lord Bath writes jocularly:

This day Mr. Wilkes' paper is to be burnt by the common hangman. I must tell a bon mot of the hangman who expressed an unwillingness to burn the paper. He said he had much rather hang twenty North Britons than burn one!

From Lord Lyttelton

Dec. 10.

I presume you have heard of the Riot in the City to prevent the burning of Wilkes's Papers, in which the Sheriff Harley behaved himself with as much intrepidity as the *Premier President Molé*, whom Cardinal de Ritz extolls so much. He has received the Thanks of the House of Lords, and we are endeavouring to discover who those *Gentlemen* were that encouraged and excited a *hired* Mob to this Outrage against the authority of both Houses of Parliament, out of the Balconies adjacent. The Cry of the Mob was *Wilkes and Liberty*, and *the Duke of Cumberland and Ld Temple*. Mr. Wood's Trial ended in a Verdict of £1000 Damages from him to Wilkes; and I am credibly informed that by a subscription rais'd for Wilkes his Debts are paid, and he will have about ten thousand pounds in his Pocket. Churchill is gone to France, but has left behind him many Satires, and will be also enrichd by his Works. Thus do these Men find that *Ungodliness is great Gain.* I hear Wilkes says, he would not take

£20000 for the Damages he shall get of all the different persons concernd in robbing his House. To say the truth, tho' one is sorry that any Reformation of a Grievance should turn to his benefitt, I can't but approve of the check given to the illegal and dangerous Practise of violating the safety of Men's Houses, and seizing their Papers, for Libels. Such a breach of the fundamental Laws of Society can only be warranted in cases of High Treason.

The Friend of mine who told you, that *I was nothing in Faction* gave a true character of me, and he may add, if he pleases, that I am *nothing in a Court.* What therefore have I to do in the Political World? Certainly *nothing*; but, like the Chorus in the Ancient Tragedies, give sober precepts of morality, which none of the Actors regard. However if *You* applaud I am content.

To this Mrs. Montagu replied:

I never could read twenty lines of Churchill's poetry at a time; it is all patchwork. There is hardly a complete sentence in his works, the second line is very rarely connected with the first. He has taken scraps from every English poet from Robert de Langland the predecessors of Chaucer, to the present times, but especially from the poets of the black letter and he has darkened, hardened, and stiffened his own compositions with a mixture of Persius and Juvenal. His admired picture of famine is stolen from Robert Sackville first Earl of Dorset, in the time of Queen Elizabeth. . . . I should only detest Churchill the more if I thought him a man of genius, but true genius never dwells with such base vices as he was tainted with. I take Churchill to be of the true serpent kind, and I do not wonder he stung the bosom that received and cherished him. You may hear a pittman swear an oath now and then, but blasphemy sedition and obscenity from members of Parliament and parsons is far more shocking. I have had a great contempt for mankind ever since the encouragement of Tristram Shandy.

The juvenile Lord Bath continued his puns and fun:

If you will admit me to your Table, I can dine with you; thus shall I spend the whole day agreably wth you, and in the Evening, perhaps I may take a *Hart*, or who can tell perhaps a *Hurt* some other way, but you hate a *pun* so I will say no more of that. But I must tell you a Comical Story happend, as I lay abed this morning. I call'd for a Footman, to send him w^th^ a message to Mrs. Carteret, to know how her Headach was, and by way of Humour I was at least six minutes teaching him to pronounce the word *Cephalalgy* (which I put into English Characters, that you may understand it). At length he learnt it pretty well, and as he repeated it, I found he smiled, which made me fancy he imagined there was some roguish conceit, concealed under that naughty word. My Discretion, therefore prevented my Civility, and I forbid his going, saying I should meet her at dinner, and then I should know how her Headach was; and so for fear of injuring her Character I would not enquire farther after her *Cephalalgy.*

To Mrs. Carter

Dec. 4th.

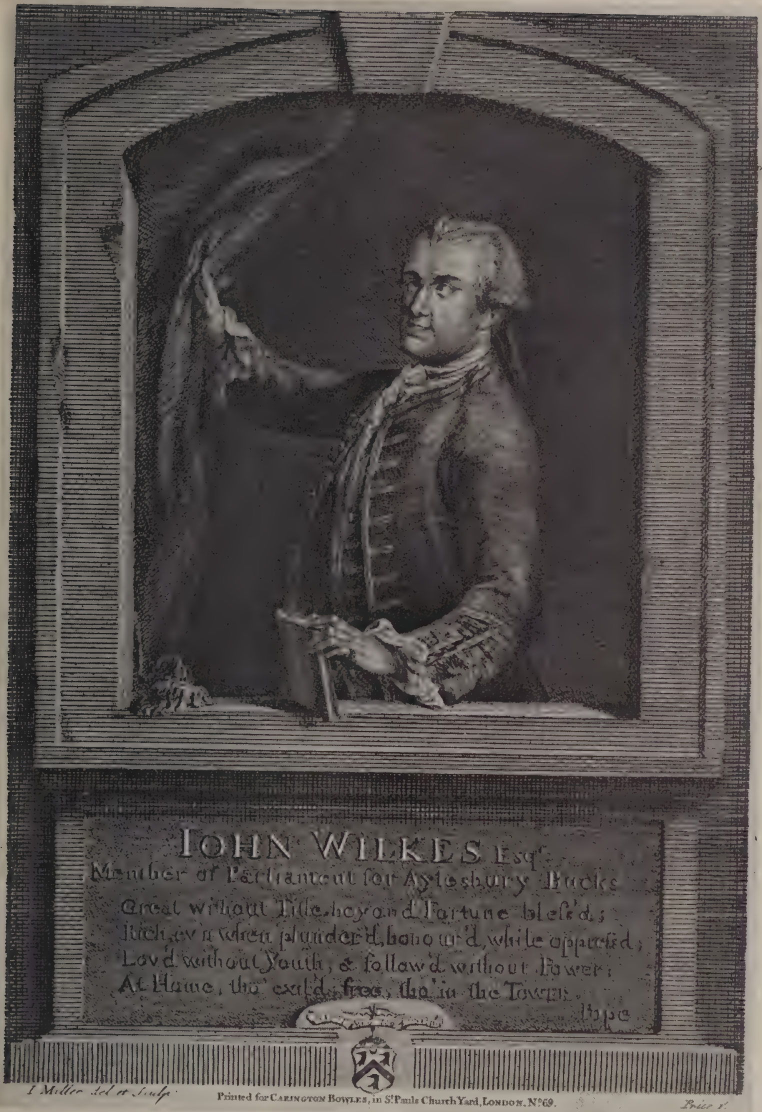
I had letters this morning from my L^{d} Bath and L^{d} Lyttelton, informing me the House of Lords had determined *privilege* did not extend to seditious libels, L^{d} Bath tells me L^{d} Lyttelton spoke most incomparably well and with great applause, he made a grave and noble remonstrance against the immorality and licentiousness, of the age. I hope the disgrace Wilkes will incur for his blasphemy and this last instance of Churchills wickedness in running away with the daughter of his benefactor, who has kept him from starving, will discountenance the ribbald freedom of writing and conversation for a time. Churchill is a married man, the poor girl is under 15 years of age whom he debauch'd; she is sent home to her unhappy father S^{r} Henry Cheere. Mr. Kidgells pamphlet shows one the horrid degree of blasphemy in the several forms and it intimates the obscene purposes to which it was applied. Wilkes's friends say he has done harm in exposing the blasphemy. Miss Blandy's trial put a wicked young woman on poisoning her aunt with arsenick, but must wickedness and crime be unpunished because it is dangerous to show its mode of acting? It is supposed many have had a hand in these infamous poems. Mr. Popes universal prayer is obscenely applied, and also the dying Xtians address to his soul and the sacred solemn words, Oh death where is thy sting, oh grave where is thy victory! What blasphemy and lewdness! I rejoice in this decision concerning privilege, the reins of government are too slack, and if sedition and blasphemy had had their assylums what had become of publick order and private decency? The majority was 3 to 1. Mr. Yorke has made a noble figure, shewn the deepest knowledge of the laws, and Lord Mansfield the same. Happy Lord Hardwicke who by living to this day is assured he leaves a son to defend the laws, and laws to defend his son! there is now a fence made round legal administration. The news paper still have Wilkes for their Hero; and also his ally Churchill.

Kidgell's Paper was "A Genuine Narrative of a scandalous libel entitled an Essay on Woman." Churchill backed the cause of Wilkes by a turgid flood of violent satires before escaping after him to Boulogne, where he soon afterwards died of fever. Lord Bath reported the *No. 45* episode as follows:

From Lord Bath

Dec. 5.

Yesterday when the Sheriff and other Officers of the City, were going to Burn the North Briton, in pursuance of the directions of both Houses of Parlt, a pretty large Mobb arose, insulted the Magistrates, threw about the faggots of the bon fire, broke the Sheriffs Coach to pieces, wounded him in the face, and told him they cared not a farthing for what the Houses ordered, but the Paper should not be burnt. What will be done to resent, and punish, this insolent usage of Parliament I know not, but such an insult on Government never was heard of before. It is little less than an act of Parlt the mob have resisted, for there was an unanimous consent of both Houses, to burn an infamous Paper, but our superior the Mobb, would not suffer it to be done. The thing ordered, in my opinion, is a very simple ridiculous thing; for the burning publickly of any Paper, only makes it more sought after, and the Par^t becomes the publishers, of the thing they mean to punish and suppress. On Tuesday Wilkes's tryal with the Secretarys of State and Mr. Wood, and Carteret Webb comes on, when I suppose a vast Mobb will attend likewise in Westminster Hall, and an endeavour will be made to get him acquitted by a Jury. What all these riotous proceedings may end in, I cannot say, but I fear we shall soon have many bloody noses, and great disturbances in this Kingdom.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Member of Parliament for Aylesbury Bucks
Great without Title, beyond Fortune bleſs'd;
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Lov'd without Youth, & follow'd without Power;
At Home, tho' exil'd, free, tho' in the Tower.
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JOHN WILKES
By J. Miller

From Lord Lyttelton

London, *Dec.* 10.

Ld Hardwicke is so much better, that there is hope of his Life. If he recovers, he will owe it to a Quack Medicine. But our *Body Politick* has been almost destroyd by Quacks, and wants a regular Physician to restore it to Health, which makes his Lordship's Recovery of great importance to the Publick, as well as to his Friends. It seems to me that he alone can apply the proper Remedies to our present Distempers ; and I am willing to hope that Providence saves him for that purpose.

Mrs. Montagu returned from Denton to London in the middle of December, leaving her husband in the north. Lord Bath was an inveterate card-player, though not a heavy gambler. Mrs. Montagu had steadfastly held out against card tables at her coteries and assemblies ; but her devotion to his Lordship was rapidly demoralising her, and it is evident from letters of this year that she had not only provided him with facilities for play, but had been learning the wicked pastime herself, upon which he now chaffs her thus :

Is it possible, you should realy have playd at Quadrille for twelve pence a Fish ? consider Madam poor Mr. Montagu, is labouring to encrease his Estate in the North, whilst you are squandering it away in Town, and at Quadrille for a shilling a Fish ; why at your rate of Play, you may lose an entire Colliery in a months time ; a good Woman ought not to be always amusing herself with the Devils books, and a great Genius is either above, or below gaming, I dont know which ; so that I am sure, you ought to leave it off.

To Mrs. Carter

Mr. Pitt is to be at the House on thursday next, and then there will be more debating about Mr. Wilkes. I do not hear who Sr Jacob Downing has left his money to. I am in hopes Mr. Benjamin Wright is now provided for. Mr. Virette who you saw in Holland and the young Duke of Pecquigny quarelld in the Opera House the other night, the

Duke not caring to pay Virette the money he had lost to him at play. This young french nobleman is son to the Duke de Chaulnes, who is governor of Picardy. he is not a young man of good character nor very brave. However they were both put under arrest for forms sake. I believe Ld Cardigans cause will be before the Council this day sennight. Lord Hardwicke is extreamly well again so there will not immediately be a vacancy of the treasurership. The mob are much vexd at the departure of the Prince of Brunswick for whom they had conceived a violent liking, and if he shd be lost they will be outrageous. I never thought I shd live to see German Princes the favorites of the Mob, but Mr. Pitt could make the Grand Seigneur or Sophi of Persia so.

To her Husband

Saturday the 31 (*Dec.* 1763 ?)

The holydays give a kind of political truce. The most intimate friends of Mr. W—kes say he will return by the 14th, and Lord Temple shews a letter from him to that purpose ; but as Mr. W—— did not to any one declare his purpose of going abroad, and caused it to be reported he was gone to Mr. Humphrey Coates in the Country, his going away has the air of a flight. Perhaps he thinks it safest to stay abroad unless his party here would promise to protect him, and I believe Mr. Pitt will hardly do that in any ouvert manner, as he has spoken of him with contempt. It was imagined there was a sort of schism among the Ministers on the subject of the Cyder Act, but Mr. Grenville, Ld Hallifax, and Ld Sandwich, are all gone amicably to Wooburn to spend, not a merry, but a political Christmas. I should rather wish myself of a party of the ancient plumb porridge days, when Christmas was celebrated by unmeaning mirth and idle gambols, than in the refined manner of these times, when there is suspicion, design, fear, and falsehood of the company. The Town is very empty, because it is the fashion to seem to be of too much importance in the political world to be out of Town but on holydays. The death of the elector of Saxony causes speculations, some think his brother Prince Xavier may be nominated by the Empress of Russia and France ; he has been in the french service and is more alert and military than the late elector ; who from infirmity, could not get on horse back ; a great defect in the opinion of the Poles, who love martial talents better then civil. The news papers talk of changes in our administration, but I do not hear of any such thing. While they can carry every vote by a great majority there is certainly no necessity for the Ministers to resign, and I believe you do not suspect them of so much publick spirit as to do it because they have not the opinion of the publick; and that government suffers in every part and limb by the want of publick confidence. The funds and commerce do not find the usual effects of a Peace. We do not flourish at home, we do not command abroad, in the manner we had reason to hope from such brilliant success and such extensive conquests. . . .

To her Husband

1763.

I shall not be at the wedding. I had a gown embroidering at a cheap rate. The Queen wish'd to see it, I thought it ungenerous to make the workwoman reserve it for me at a small price if she cd get a great one for it, so the Queen fell in love with it, gives an 130 guineas for it; in order to have it cheap I let the person have the advantage of working at leisure times, and it has been 3 years doing; it was the most beautifull thing I ever saw, and wd have been [remainder of this tragic letter is missing].

Wilkes slipped quietly off to Paris before Christmas 1763, having been enabled by his duel with Martin and his wound to postpone appearance in the House of Commons, to which he was cited to answer for the *North Briton No. 45* as a seditious libel.

The wedding responsible for the tragedy of the embroidered gown was that of the Princess Augusta, the King's sister, to Charles William, Hereditary Prince of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, which took place on January 17, 1764.

1764

LORD BATH'S DEATH—THE BRUNSWICK WEDDING

Lady Hervey. Hereditary Prince of Brunswick. George Selwyn. *No. 45.* The Royal Wedding. Mr. Finch and Lady Charlotte. Prudery. Queen's Birthday Court. Sir James Macdonald. General Conway. Lord Bath's chair. Lord Lyttelton's verses. Lord Bath at Shrewsbury. His return to London, illness, and death. Condolence. Winchester. Voltaire. Attacks on Lord Bath's character. His will. Duchess of Beaufort. Jemmy Twitcher. General Pulteney. A lecture on heads. Churchill's death. The Primate of Ireland. Tom Lyttelton's engagement.

From Lord Bath

Jany. 4th.

I SHALL not be able to get out, this fine morning, til after one a clock ; then I will call on you (if you like it) in my Chariot to take the Air in Hyde Park, and bring you back to dinner at my House, and you may if you please send to Lord Lyttelton to meet you.

I sent this morning my excuses to Lady Hervey, for having taken no notice of her Message ; and if a certain Person of my acquaintance saw the letter her Jealousy would wish it burn't by the hands of the Common Hang Man ; to say truth there is Fire enough in it, to sett it all in a Blaize, without any additional Fagots ; I tell her Ladyship that she must excuse, the unusual warmth of Love, since the Waters at Spa, had sett me all on fire, and instead of a happy New year which she wished me, I desired but one happy minute, which she had it in her power to give me, whenever she pleased.

Mrs. Montagu responded to this commatic note :

I could almost forgive your Lordship's disloyalty for the sake of your witt. I see if you were to write North Brittons none but the Goddess of dullness could deliver them to jack Ketch. I thought your Lordship in a scrape, from which you could not get out with all your wisdom ; but your witt has deliver'd you, and I suppose you will be more in favour than ever with Lady Hervey. In the whole compass of human language there was but the words happy minute that could have brought your Lordship off. . . . I was very happy yesterday, I shall be very happy to day, the destinies are very good humoured and are certainly spinning silk for me. I am delighted with your note to Lady Hervey, but your Lordship is certainly the most abominable Coquette upon Earth.

Lady Hervey rallied Lord Bath gaily on his love for Mrs. Montagu :

"I shall meet you at dinner," he writes. "I have enclosed Lady Herveys card to remind me. Is it resignation or burning Jealousy that has dictated the note ? There is one cant word in it that I must explain — Burlacne is another word for a Lover in the Dialect of the late queens maids of Honour."

This letter of Lord Bath's, written in his eightieth year to a lady-love of sixty-four, stirs many old memories. For Mary Lepell, who shared the honours for wit and beauty at court with Edith Bellenden and Mary Pierrepont, afterwards Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, was an early admiration and a very constant friend of William Pulteney's, though her husband and he had fought a much-celebrated duel in 1731, in the Green Park, over a reply, attributed to Hervey, to Pulteney's *Craftsman* attacks on Walpole. Hervey has written many harsh things of Pulteney in the *Memoirs*, yet he admitted his powers, and wished him better success than he did to any other man who put in for the reversion of Sir Robert Walpole's power ; and he adds that " Lady Hervey wished him still better than her lord, and with whom, whenever they met in third places, he used to talk with great friendship, familiarity and confidence." Lord Hervey died in 1743, and his widow remained to the end Lord

Bath's attached and valued old friend; indeed, she seems to have been beloved by every one who knew her.

On January 13 the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick, who had been detained by contrary winds, arrived in England. Writing to her husband at Denton on the 14th, Mrs. Montagu says:

> The Hereditary Prince arrived yesterday. Lord Bath is gone to Somerset House today to pay his devoirs to him; the King keeps a table for his serene Highness, but as our nobility are numerous and all could not be entertained at it, to avoid distinctions none are invited except the nobility of the King's Household, except Lord Bath, whom the King desires to dine with his serene Highness every day. . . . I imagine there will be a vast drawingroom tomorrow as people have a great desire to see this young hero. . . . The bets concerning Wilkes' return grow very brisk, some imagine he went away on purpose to give occasion to bets that he would not return, and go halves with them who lay'd on the side that he would, but it is a new kind of finesse and I hardly give credit to it. When faction carries such a man on its shoulders he becomes eminent; when he serves their purposes no longer he drops into his original littleness and insignificance.

In the next letter she says:

> It is supposed Wilkes will pretend his wound prevents his return, but probably he will be expelled.

On January 17 Mrs. Montagu writes to her husband:

> I have been in the greatest and most brilliant crowd today that I ever saw. The Courtiers were there for the King, the war kettle in honour of the Prince of Brunswick, the beauties to show themselves, and the rest of the world to see what was to be seen. I never beheld such a drawingroom and probably may never again see such another, for I love not these crowds, but I could not avoid going as the Prince had made the kindest enquiries after me.

In a letter of Lord Bath's at this period, to Mrs.

Montagu, is mention of Mr. George Selwyn, the famous wit:

When I got home last night I found a card from Mr. Selwyn to let me know that he would dine with me this day. I send you notice of it that you may have it in your option, to come or not; for my part I see no impropriety in it; do what you chuse only let me say it will be a great honour and pleasure to me if you come, and you will likewise be greatly entertained by George Selwyn who has much drollery belonging to him which I think may be better defined by that vulgar expression *Funn* rather than the more refined one of Witt.

To Mr. Montagu

I could not get a full and perfect account of the proceedings of the House of Commons till last night. As the House sat till near 3 o clock on Thursday night neither the members of the House, nor those who went to hear them, were visiting about in the morning. The persons who exerted themselves in favour of Mr. Wilkes were Mr. Onslow, Mr. Fitzherbert, Serjeant Hewitt, Mr. James Grenvile, and three or four other young men whose names were unknown to me and I have forgotten them. The speaker desired to know if he sh^{d} read the letter he had received from Wilkes, and the certificates from his surgeons at Paris; then much time was taken up in the proofs of his having wrote the North Britton no 45, Mr. Beckford divided the House every minute to gain time, and said he w^{d} hinder their proceeding by that means; but at last Wilkes's party grew tired or ashamed of that method, and would not divide. The printers produced a letter from Wilkes concerning this North Britton, ordering it to be printed on two whole sheets of paper, ordering an advertisement relative to a disbanded soldier to be printed in it, and then a letter following this advertisement; all these circumstances related, and could relate only to the famous no 45, all other North Brittons being examined in the House, and none answering to this description but the one in question; besides that the compositor shew^{d} where he had corrected it with his own hand, and his letter says to the printer, he thinks he has fill'd it with combustibles; the expression of an incendiary rather than a patriot. Other letters appear in which he presses the publication of his Essay on Woman. In one of his letters he says he is angry with Hogarth for having ridiculed his friends *Temple* and *Pitt*. All the House of Commons except Mr. Fitzherbert were convinced of the North Britton 45 being written by Wilkes, so did not divide about his expulsion, but Mr. Fitzherbert declared he was not convinced. Lord Temple stood by, prompting him the whole time, and making him ask certain questions: this was thought irregular in a Peer, but not taken notice of. On Tuesday the House of Lords is to meet on the affair of the essay on Woman. It appeared that Mr Wilkes reprinted all the North Britton, on the verdict given against the messengers, so his printing it could have been proved if the reprinting had not. The War Kettle people make great court to the Prince of Brunswick, and he seems rather pleased with it, and so does his Princess. The yatchts are orderd for Wensday, which is lucky, for this noble pair w^{d} be involved in our factions if they staid here. I cannot say but it gave me a double concern to see the people who had set on this Wilkes to abuse the K—— all making their court on the birthday; these wretches have a servility in their nature which makes them officious courtiers; they are void of that regard to the laws and constitution of their country which should make them respect the King as the first magistrate of a great and a free state. They will abuse him in print, and then lick the dust under his feet.

To Mrs. Vesey

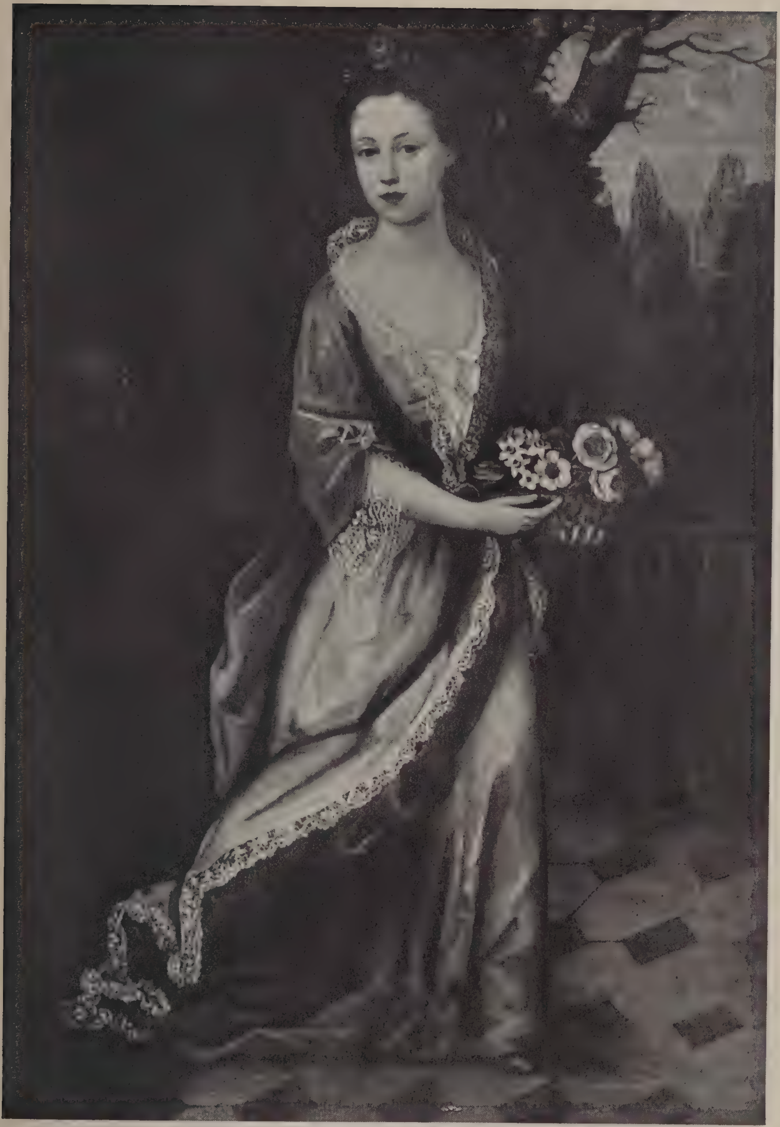
January 28th.

Just before Christmass I set out for London, and thought I would write to you on the road, and send you a winters pastoral in imitation of the great German genius Mr. Gesner. But alas the Hawthorns were all under water; the newborn lamb was drown'd; the robin red breast would not sing his christmass carrol; all nature was drooping and forlorn; no isicles glisten'd on the trees, no christalized lake or river reflected the sunbeams. We were envelloped in misty rain and in a melancholly coach and six, with only my own maid; I pass'd eight days in the dreary journey: the roads hardly practicable, the waters hardly passable. Imagine whether at the end of such days journeys, the sight of the red nosed landlord, and the fat landlady at the Blue Boar or Green Dragon could revive my spirits enough to make me a correspondent worthy Mrs. Vesey! When I return'd to London after so long an absence my friends visited me with assiduity, my acquaintance with curiosity, they wanted to see whether I was germanized at Spa, Dutchified at the Hague, or frenchified by lodging two nights at the Lion d'argent at Calais. By this time my friends find I am not improved, and my acquaintance that I am not metamorphosed, and there is not any great demand for me, so I shall have it in my power to write often to you, and be assured that as far as extent of paper and numbers of letters can go towards it, I will discharge my debt very soon. I suppose you had rather have an account of the health, les dits et gestes of Mrs. Carter, Lord Lyttelton, and our other friends than of the fine cloaths at the Prince of Brunswicks wedding. Mrs. Carter has all the greek, all the headach, and all the humility she used to have. . . . Lord Lyttelton had acquired all he wanted, health, and a surtout of flesh, but he had a little fever lately which has for the present impaired his health and worn his surtout a little threadbare. His speech on Privilege, in the House of Lords two months ago, did him great honour, and the cause of virtue, decency, and order, great service. Lord Bath at these nuptials "has been finest at every fine shew and frolick'd it all the long day." There was a noble and magnificent table kept at Sommerset house by the Green cloth for the P. of Brunswick before he was married, to this only the Lords of the Household and the great state of officers were invited, except Lord Bath, whom the King orderd to be put on the list as having known and entertaind his Highness abroad. Great dinners, crowded drawing rooms, and a very long day at the House of Lords on Tuesday, after Leicester House, have in fine given his Lordship a cold. Mr. Thos Pitt has gain'd great reputation by two speeches in the House of Commons. To morrow Mrs. Carter, Ld Lyttelton, Sr James Macdonald, and Mr. Stillingfleet are to dine with me, but alas ! Mr. and Mrs. Vesey, and Mr. Burke will not dine with me ! . . . How often do we all lament your absence ! It will be quite unfashionable not to say something of our Princely wedding. All the world was fine, the courtiers were fine because the Kings sister was married, the War Kettle because a German hero, one who fought in our wars and did not negotiate in our Peace was to be complimented. He made a visit to Hayes where he was received by a patriot in flannels. He made a visit at Newcastle House, where he was hugg'd and kiss'd by an old courtier, tout paitri of courtesy. This visit was indeed owing to a personal acquaintance with the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle when they were in Germany. However it was thought in general that the Prince coquetted with the opposition ; that party wish'd him to stay longer in hopes of getting him to intrigue with them, but his Highness w^{d} have been more prudent, for the brother in law (besides being the most amiable man in the World) is of a condition more fix'd and settled than Ministers or favorites of the people, who are the gilded insects of a summers day. Lady Harvey has had the gout severely. . . . Of all the figures in the drawing room on the wedding, the most conspicuous was our friend Monsey ; he was unhouzel'd, disappointed, unaneal'd, he look'd like a felo de se corpse in the Highway ; there was a dispute whether he got his wig off a gibbet or took it from a cherry tree. But most surely he was neither in soft raiment, purple, fine linnen nor in such apparel as men in kings houses. The post bell rings, so for the present adieu my dear Madam! at the feast of shells the musick of your voice, the gentle vivacity of your witt will be wanted. We will raise the song in your praise.

Leicester House, which stood on the north side of Leicester Square, was "the pouting place of princes," whither George II. and his son Frederick both went, when Prince of Wales, on quarrelling with their Sires. Frederick's widow (the Princess Augusta's mother) was at this time resident there.

Mr. Thomas Pitt, Chatham's nephew and opponent, M.P. for Old Sarum, and Walpole's neighbour at Twickenham, afterwards became the first Lord Camelford.

Sir James Macdonald, descendant of the Lords of the Isles, elder brother of Sir Archibald, solicitor-general, was a very attractive and promising youth and a favoured protégé of Mrs. Montagu's. He died at Rome in the prime of youth after travelling thither with Sterne, a few years later on ; no individual since Edward King, Milton's Lycidas, says Wraxall, more bewailed by men of genius for his premature end. Benjamin Stillingfleet was the botanist and author whose unconventional blue stockings are supposed to have led Admiral Boscawen to give their title to Mrs. Boscawen's and Mrs. Vesey's assemblies. The



MARY LEPELL, LADY HERVEY
After Largilliac

"patriot in flannels" is, of course, the gouty William Pitt; Mrs. Pitt, his sister Ann. Lady Primrose, widow of the third Viscount, was an old friend of Mrs. Montagu's. Lady Hervey (widow of John, Lord Hervey, whom Pope satirised as Sporus, and who wrote the Memoirs of George II.'s reign) has already been alluded to. She was one of Horace Walpole's best correspondents, and the lady of whom Lord Chesterfield wrote so high a commendation to his natural son: "She has been bred all her life at courts, of which she has acquired all the easy good breeding and politeness without the frivolousness. She has all the reading that a woman should have, and more than any woman need have, for she understands Latin perfectly well, though she wisely conceals it. No woman ever had more than she has le ton de la parfaitement bonne compagnie les manieres engageantes et le je ne sais quoi qui plait. Desire her to reprove and correct any and every the least error and inaccuracy in your manners, air, address, &c. No woman in Europe can do it so well; none will do it more willingly or in a more proper and obliging manner." James Macpherson had instituted the feast of shells at Mrs. Montagu's house in Hill Street in 1761, when they drank out of a nautilus to the immortal memory of Ossian, whom "Bard Macpherson" was supposed to have translated, but whom in reality he had very largely created. Though their faith was shaken, the *bas bleus* continued the pious rite, and Mrs. Montagu was active in getting Macpherson's book subscribed, declaring, when the Bishop of Ossory told her that he was getting an £100 per annum in the Highlands for translating the poems, "If he is writing them, he should have a thousand at least."

To her Husband

Thursday night.

I was at Court this morning for the first time since I came to Town. The Prince of Brunswick askd after you very obligingly. . . .

You will see by the papers our Colonies are in a sort of rebellion. It is not yet known when Mr. Pitt will be in Town, his gout not being quite off. The drawing room was pretty full to day. Ld Cardigan was there and glad to hear you are so well. . . .

It is said there will be no business in the House of Commons till the Ministers are selected. But it is imagined there will be some warm work in the H of Lords about the stamps and resistance of the Colonies.

I saw a very odd scene at the Prince of Wales drawing room, Mr. Finch, partly mad, had beat his Wife Lady Charlotte and thrown her down stairs, upon which they were separated by articles, notwithstanding this he was talking to her as she sat in the drawing room with the youngest Prince in her lap. All people were afraid he shd wait till the room was empty to do her a mischief, but whether he insulted her or not I know not, but she must be extreamly shocked to be a subject of amazement to every one ; he is certainly the first man who ever talkd in publick to a Wife from whom he was separated. If she retains any love for him she must be extreamly hurt. Ld Winchelsea askd after you, he looks better than he did 25 years ago.

William Finch, brother of the eighth Earl of Winchilsea, had married (secondly) Charlotte, daughter of the Earl of Pomfret. She was governess to the King's children. Mr. Finch died two years after this; his and Lady Charlotte's son George became later the ninth Earl of Winchilsea.

To Lord Bath

Your Lordship had the vivacity and legerèté d'esprit of a rake, you kept the hours of a rake, and there was a rakish kind of sparkling in your eyes ; these are strong indications, as to your conversation it was extreamly moral and decent, I must confess, besides a great deal of dignity in your behaviour more than belongs to a rake, so I dont absolutely decide that you are such, but I think you could be a very agreable one if you pleased. I will bring yr little Miss with me, or any other fair one that is not above two feet high, your Lordship cannot reasonably expect more of your most faithfull H^{ble} Serv^{t}

I should have wish'd to have gone to Lady Hervey to night, I don't know that I durst have done it, but as it happens Mr. Drumgold is to be with me, so it is not in my power to commit an indiscretion, and in that case one is discreet.

To Lord Bath

Thursday night.

I left, out of prudence, the only comfort to which my mind is now sensible, but that I would not purchase at ye price of a moments uneasiness to you. As to prudery it had no share in my resolution. I should pity and despise the wretches, if such there could be, who could slander the friendship which it is the greatest honour of my life to receive and to give. I am ready to declare to the whole world I never saw anything in it, that I could love, esteem, and honour even to veneration as I do my Lord Bath; if they can prove it to be sin or shame, to love the most amiable and admire the most noble virtues and talents let them put as much of sin and shame to my account as they please. I am not of the number of those intrepid Ladies who, conscious of their innocence, have no regard to appearances; I think they make a part of female virtue, and would not do anything that rigid reason and scrupulous delicacy could condemn. My actions should always be open and with the approbation of the person who next to myself is most interested, but I should no more suppose I could offend the Prudes in visiting your Lordship at Ives Place, than by speaking to you in an Assembly. Mr. Montagu begs his most sincere, and if you permit him the familiarity of the phrase his most affectionate respects to your Lordship, he expressed himself deeply sensible of the honour your friendship does me, which indeed has long among many advantages raised me in his opinion.

This "discreet" flirtation with Lord Bath evidently proceeded merrily through the early months of 1764, and indeed right up to the sudden end which the summer was to bring.

Mrs. Montagu, by way, as he suggests, of stimulating his ardour, sent him a long and affectionate letter from her much more juvenile admirer, Sir James Macdonald, at Paris. Lord Bath protested that this was keeping up his passion by blisters, and that he needed no Macdonalds to expatiate on her perfections:

> "Sr James at length," he goes on, "for the Climax of his Commendation, mentions several fine witty french Ladys, and then compares them with you, and shews how far you exceed them all, this is like the Artifice of a Jew Jeweller, who brings you a parcel of stones, made of a french Paste and shews them first, to sett of the lustre, of the finest Brilliant in the world and of the first water which wanted no foil whatever. But I forgive him, and so, when you write, to him, you may tell him from me, and that if he had not so much worth and merit, I believe I should realy love him. As it is, I send him my cold compliments, which are like those he hears daily, from his new french acquaintance, very polite, but not very sincere; for how is it possible to love a dangerous Rival."

Though no one can read the almost daily letters which passed between these two without realising that there was a real and strong attachment on both sides, their potent sense of humour saved them—except for momentary lapses—from the pitfalls of sentiment which would have rendered them ridiculous. So the "Nymph" of four-and-forty replies to her swain of eighty:

> I wish you had more love, and more jealousy, and less wit. I was in great hopes of making your Lordship *very Uneasy* and instead of that you are only *very Witty*. If I was as young as the oldest of your Rivals I would make your heart Ache, I promise you; you should not laugh this week, nor pun this fortnight, I can tell you. Pray go out about two, and stay out till about four, get a good appetite to your dinner, and come and make me quite well in the evening, for I am but indifferent well, as Mrs. Carter's Kentish friends express it. . . . Heroick verse becomes the occasion better than Witty prose, pray go

to Mr. Powell and learn to act Othello. I am not like the Gentle Desdemona ; I would have thee jealous, and I grieve *that the Sun when you was born drew all such humours from you.* I have lost 20 handkerchiefs, some mark'd with strawberries, and you have not raved or ranted. I have recommended and commended whole Regiments of Young Men, and you have not cared ; You have equally despised the heroick verse of rhyming Peers, and the wise and learn'd dissertations of ragged philosophers, and so, as I cannot vex you I will try if I can please you, and will receive you this evening with most thankful courtesy tho' your Lordship will come so late as to show your reluctance to make the Visit, and go so early as will prove your impatience to finish it. However I have Sr James's letter, and some Antidotes against Mortification, which preserve me from the sad dejected air with which Ariadne and some other sorrowful dames are painted, and so I rest neither sick nor well, nor vain nor humble Your Lordships Neglected but not despairing NYMPH.

To her Husband

I never saw anything equal to the Court on Wednesday the Queens birthday. There was hardly a gentleman or gentlewoman in London who was not expiring under a load of finery. Indeed I was one of the fools myself, and so had less cause to laugh than if I had not been of the party, but I should not have been of it if accident had not made me acquainted with the Prince of Brunswick, and the civil messages he sent me made it impossible for me to avoid going, for there is a kind of respect they have a sort of right to, but there were some hundreds there who had not the same inducement. I should have been quite wrong without intending it, if I had seen the Prince so as to make him my complim^{ts} on the Tuesday, for then I did not intend going on the Queens birthday, but I find every living creature who went on the first day went on the second, and I have not any ambition to distinguish myself, so I am glad I did like the rest. I wish her Majesty many happy birthdays, but I shall never go again on the day to St. James's, for such a croud, heat and fatigue is too great a burthen for the independant, amongst whom Heaven in its infinite bounty has placed me. I am far from thinking happiness and content depend on degrees of wealth, but I am sure independency is a great blessing, and I rejoyce that both by disposition and fortune you are in that situation.

From Sir James Macdonald's long letter from France some portions must be extracted:

PARIS, *April* 11*th* 1764.

. . . I have seen several very agreable and very sensible women since I have been in this country; but as they seem not to know what diffidence and modesty mean, and force from everyone such a torrent of praise and compliments that they leave nothing behind to think upon and admire, there are few of them who have appeared to me very amiable. It is certainly a mistake to think they can have real admirers when they force them to let all their enthusiasm evaporate in quaint speeches and idle flattery. There is no time for a sentiment of approbation to warm into real admiration, when it must immediately get vent in the form of a witty sentence. For which reason I am apt to think that in France women are more flattered and less esteemed than in other countries—For I cannot think that a man who converses with a woman in order to keep his wit in practise, and prevent it from growing rusty, has always the same admiration for her that it is necessary he should pretend to in order to exercise his talents—The most amiable woman I have met with in Paris is Mde de Rochefort, a friend of the Duc de Nivernois: she has, joined to many other good qualities, the singular graces of simplicity, elegance and modesty; I like her house because I am sometimes tempted when I am there to think I am in Hillstreet, which is saying enough of her society.

You would certainly be much entertained with a jaunt to this country—though I should be sorry you were to unlearn here anything you have learnt at home. . . . You would amuse yourself—You would carry much useful knowledge home; but you would unlearn nothing, leave nothing behind in your own country, nor soften in the least degree what is already the perfection of Delicacy. I should be very glad you paid a visit to this country, not to correct prejudices but to satisfy a rational curiosity, and to learn to think better of yourself and of your own Country than perhaps you do at present.

You desire to know something about the Philosophers of this country, whom you have severely censured—I do not pretend to vindicate them, though perhaps I do not think so hardly of them. If President Montesquieu had never wrote, there would have been fewer systems and more sense among the philosophers of the present age. It is necessary to analyse, and extract the essence of everything, in order to make a system, and perhaps if he had not shewn the example, men's thoughts would have taken another turn. You must have remarked that one man who greatly excells in anything, always spoils a thousand who attempt to rival him. You may see at present in London one of the most remarkable writers of the age M. Helvetius : whom I recommend it to you to see, in order to be convinced how different a man may be from what his writing announces him. He is a man of great simplicity, void of affectation, very respectable in private life, remarkably friendly and hospitable ; I need not tell you what judgment one readily forms from his Book—Diderot is noisy and talkative, and somewhat fond of a Dispute ; he is certainly very learned, and very conscious of his own knowledge—he would be a better philosopher and a more agreable companion if he did not make philosophy a matter of Party, and treat subjects of the gravest nature and which require a cool examination too much like the head of an opposition—D'Alembert is dry and decisive—very quick and clever ; but arrogant and self conceited : His merit is however so great, that people easily forget his blemishes—Marmontel (the author of Contes Moraux) is one of the most agreable of the whole society—not deep, but at the same time not ignorant—He speaks much in the manner of his Book, narrates remarkably well : and has nothing disagreable but an appearance of gravity and severity which I believe is not really in his character. I have not seen Buffon, who is universally said to be superior to them all ; and I am affraid I shall not have an opportunity of seeing him, as he is gone to the country for some months—I am acquainted with several others who have considerable literary merit, but as I believe their names have not reached our country I shall not trouble you with any account of them—I am perhaps mistaken in my opinion of those I have mentioned, but I have told you fairly how they appear to me—I fancy the worst of them is better than their sceptered leader.

We have lately had a new Tragedy of Voltaire. It is not indeed absolutely new, but it had never been represented here—I mean Olympie. It seems to me to be a very bad play ; founded on an improbable story, full of inconsistencies, without one good Character ; and yet it was so well acted that it has had a remarkable success : as there is a great deal of shew and several stage tricks, this has compensated with the audience, weak verses, uninteresting characters, and an absurd story.

They have two actresses Melle. Clairon and Melle. Dumenil who are greatly superior to any upon any stage—The former the perfection of art ; the latter very unequal, but when she is good the very mouth of nature—

The people of this great City are greatly interested in the question about the Inoculation of the Smallpox : It is at present discussed with as much heat as if the practise had been yesterday imported from Circassia—there have been many violent attacks lately made on one Gatti, an Italian physician who has practised it with the greatest success—and he has replied in a small treatise which is written with great spirit in answer to his opponents, great pers[pi]cuity in explaining the nature of the disorder as far as it can be known, a great candour in avowing his ignorance where it cannot. He has effectually removed every prejudice against the practise, and yet I dare say he will convince not one physician ; as it is long ago become a party matter, and consequently put out of the reach of reason and demonstration. The book is worth reading if it comes to London.

Stern's book has struck everyone with the utmost astonishment and horror—I have not yet seen it—I never believe anything I hear quoted out of a book till I see it, but I hope with all my heart for the sake of some of my friends that people have invented the things I hear cited from their letters. I should be very sorry ingratitude and could be joined to so many agreeable qualities : But I believe nothing till I see it. . . .

To her Husband

15 *April.*

The Town is at present very empty, all the World is at Newmarket. The French and Spanish Ambassadors are there. Ld Granby entertains them at his house. I heard yesterday that there was an account from Newmarket that Mr. Shafto had won considerably. These riches that come on the rapid wing of fortune as rapidly fly away, and I shall not be sorry to hear you have fixd their mercury in Mr. Hudsons payment. The sum Mr. Shafto is said to have won is £2000. Lord Grosvenor and Sr James Lowther have playd very deep. It is said there is £50,000 depending in betts. Madme Pompadour dyed possessd of 3 millions sterling, of which 50,000 Louis d'ors were in her house, the rest consists of jewels plate, etc etc. The King of France has owned a natural Son by another mistress. Madme Pompadour sent to ask her Husbands pardon and the Queens, and then received that her confessor offerd her, and so dyed contented. It is thought the D: of Choiseul and the D: of Praslin may lose their power, but what is much worse the Jesuits may recover theirs as they were driven away by Mdme Pompadour. I believe her intrigue with the King was her great fault, in other respects she was not of a bad character, and in this Country where such crimes are less countenanced, perhaps had remained an honest Woman.

Towards the end of April in a letter to her husband Mrs. Montagu comments on the dismissal of General Conway :

They have just turned General Conway out of all employment civil and military, on account of his having constantly voted with the minority, and have given his military posts to Lord Pembroke which does not edify the lovers of decency.

General Conway was brother of the first Marquis of Hertford, who was then Ambassador in France. The dismissal of such an able and upright man as the General was much commented on at the time, but within little more than a year he became Secretary of State and leader of the House of Commons. His temporary downfall was attributed to his opposition to the taxation of colonies and his objection to the legality of general warrants.

Garrick sent Lord Bath the King's Stage Box at Drury Lane.

From Lord Bath

Lady Hervey is come to Town, but stays in it but one day, I fancy she is going to Dicky Batemans for a fortnight. Last night I went to the play, it was as full as it could hold, tho' the King went to the other house in Covent Garden. the play, was an old one of Beaumont and Fletchers, alterd by Colman, no otherwise than by leaving out several Indecencys were in it, and which the present age will not suffer on the Stage, and by writing a new Prologue and bringing on a new Actor, who playd the part of Philaster exceedingly well, and

Mrs. Yates in boys cloaths acted the Page, both looking, and acting, most extreamly well.

I went yesterday to make a visit to Lord Hardwicke but could not see him, as he was a little out of order wth his journey.

From Lord Bath

There was last night a crouded assembly at Pandemonium of Witches, but I got from them by ten a clock, and with your sweet sour Remedy, and a few roasted Apples with some warm punch I went to bed, coughd but little, slept well, and am now in good Spirits, as you may percieve by my hand writing, which by the help of a good Pen, seems to me to be much better than usual.

I had a most comical accident happen to me last night, in going from Bath House, to St. James's Square, the Hasp, that shuts the Door of my Chair was frozen so hard, that when they came to let me out, none of the Chairmen or Servants could open it, I satt in the Hall a full quarter of an hour, freezing like a quart of cream, in an Ice Pail, til they brought a Hammer and Chizell to knock me out, and all the Witches came about me, and lamented me, as they would have done at the Millenium or the reception of a new Monster.

To her Husband

LONDON, *May the 10th.*

The enlargement of London must have a good effect on the coal trade, I know not what it will have on the Nation in general. The demand for houses is astonishing. Mrs. Stanleys was sold in less than a week after her death; in the same period after Sr Jacob Downings, Lady Downing sold his for £8000, and it is not by any means so good as ours; she sold it unfurnished. So you made a good purchase when you bought this. There is a great square and a vast number of streets going to be built near Lady Foleys, almost another Great City, and people are all ready to buy houses there too.

About the middle of May, our Lady went down to Sandleford, her husband remaining in Hill Street:

All the powder is combed out of my hair, all the vanities are vanished out of my head. I am meek in my Manners and humble in my apparel but rather more clean than is usual for a female Philosopher.

On the 21st of May Lord Lyttelton addressed some verses to her Sandleford solitude :

APOLLO DISAPPOINTED

A Tale

When on Olympus it was known
That charming Montagu had gone
Into the Country all alone,
Now is my time Apollo said !
With greenest Bays he decked his head
His face he washed in morning Dew
And swift to Sandleford he flew
Thinking to have as sure as fate
With this fair nymph a *tête à tête*.
But Gods themselves may now and then
Conceive false hopes, like mortal men,
For not alone Dan Phœbus found her,
The Dame had all the muses round her.

Horace Walpole, whose penful of gall no one could escape, contrived, with the help of a lackey, a laughable bit of scandal about these two :

Mrs. Montagu's postilion of sixteen, he reported as declaring : " I am not such a child but I can guess something ; whenever my Lord —— comes to my Lady she orders her porter to let in nobody else, and then they call for a pen and ink and say they are going to write history."

From Lord Lyttelton

May 1764.

. . . The evening I past at General Conway's[1] was the finest we had this spring and he has made his place most delightful. Charles Townsend was of the party and added much to the pleasure of it by all the charms of witt and eloquence, with perfect good humour. Mr. Conway is much graver and Lady Ailesbury seems to think that after the glorious dangers of war are over, the quiet enjoyment of a regiment of Horse is a much better thing than such grinning honour !

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[1] At Park Place near Henley-on-Thames.

From Lord Bath

SHREWSBURY, *25th of May.*

I am plagued with regal Honours, ceremonious Civilitys, and most profound respect, which I detest most sincerely; You can describe better than anyone the pleasures you now enjoy, nay you can build castles on earth, or in the Air, without the help of Stewart, Adams or Brown, and be happy with the contemplation of the variety of benefits you have conferrd on numbers of your own Species.

I will now endeavour to give you, some little notion of the Life I lead, through an ostentatious Pomp of Grandeur, and ridiculous Ceremony, I got up yesterday morning before seven a Clock, went in my Coach to the field of Battle, where the Army was drawn up to recieve me; at my first Entrance into the field, I was saluted with the fire of the whole Regiment, drawn up in terrible Array. I then drove before their Ranks, commending the Men, and approving everything I saw; after which they performd their exercise, with the most exact military Discipline. then six hundred Men, with their Officers at the head of them, marched by me, saluting as they went, with their Colours, and Drums beating, Musick playing, and Pipes whistling with exact time, to the kicking up of the Soldiers Heels. This lasted til 2 a clock, I got a mouthful of dinner, and at six at night, went through a much worse fatigue; In the morning six hundred Men saluted me, in the Evening I was forced to salute two hundred Women, I never heard that Hercules himself went farther than fifty, and for ought I know it was one of the greatest of all his Labours; if so, I have done four times as much as Hercules, and am, I confess, most prodigiously tired. Remond himself, who is just recovered from a Fever, laughs at me, and tells me, that I look as flimsy as an old Rag. He wishes me to pluck up a little Spirit before I go, or I shall leave a woful character, behind me. . . .

I have just recieved a Compliment from Mr. Beauclerck and Lady Catherine, Lord Besboroughs Daughters, who are both at present, at a Seat in this neighbourhood, belonging to that good Woman, Lady Betty Germain. I shall visit them before I leave this place; the young Lady I was acquainted with at her Fathers, when she was scarce twelve years old, and old Lady Betty, I knew when she was not above fiveteen, and we stil have many disputes, about which of us, is the Oldest.

for in that point, *complaisance* does not require you to give it up even to a Lady and I was not seven years old when I first knew her. [Lady Betty was four years older than Lord Bath.] We came yesterday, God knows how many miles, thro' Avenues, beautifully planted by the Duke of Montagu ; and wished to meet one of the family, sauntering in those woods. How charming such a Rencounter would have been ! you must know I have a right, by the means of Purlieu's, to several *Deer*, from his forest. I would have given them all up to have met the only *Dear* I wished to see, and this is a Pun you may likewise communicate to Mrs. Carter.

Topham Beauclerk, Dr. Johnson's devoted friend, was the son of Lord Sidney Beauclerk, a great fortune-hunter, who very nearly succeeded in marrying Lady Betty Germain in her well-dowered old age. Lady Catherine Ponsonby, the daughter of the second Earl of Bessborough, afterwards married the fifth Duke of St. Albans.

These letters of Lord Bath's, even at eighty, are full of a Falstaffian jolliness and incorrigible fun which is rather engaging, and of which a couple of samples must be found room for here, before his tales were abruptly closed by death.

From Lord Bath

For my part I have made but two Acquaintances of the female Sex, since I have been in Shrewsbury, the first is an honest Gardiners wife, of about 75 years old, who brings me every morning a fresh nosegay, with a round head, as big as a new Mopp. Her compliment is constantly the same, that my Honour looks as fresh as a Rose, and then wishes me all Health, and Prosperation, and making a Curtesy takes her leave. The other Lady is younger, but the most slovenly dirty, masculine Creature, I ever saw. She came to me with a long Petition, begging I would pardon a Man in my Regt who was condemnd by a Court Martial to recieve an hundred Lashes ; I asked her who she was, and she told me that she was the Wife of the Ostler, at the Inn where my Horses stood. I then enquired, what Kin the Man was to her, who was to suffer; she smiled a little, and cry'd no great matter of Kin, but she valued him much; I then asked her for what, and she fairly said there was not a better Man in the Regiment, and that she had tryd most of them. Well said I, for your sake, I will mitigate the Punishment; *Mitigate*, what is that, said She, why I will reduce it from an hundred lashes, to thirty, and as he is tryd for a Robbery, if he was committed to Jayle, to be tryed by the Law, he would certainly be transported, and then you would loose your Lover, for good and all. Well says she, dropping a Curtesy, I think your Honour, it is better staying a fortnight or so, til his back is well, than loosing him for ever, and so good bye to you; the frankness of the Ladys confession, pleased me greatly, and I hope will not displease you.

From Lord Bath

I got to my Inn time enough to get to bed in good time; when poor Remond fell sick, being seised with a shivering Fit. He went to bed in the same room I lay in, which was so small that our beds lay close together where he had not been an hour before he was seised with a violent Fever, and a head Ach, that made him groan, and roar, all night long. I was two hours trying to persuade him to send for an Apothecary or a Surgeon, and take away a little blood, but he was so obstinate that I could not prevail; at last the violence of the pain in his head engaged him to consent, so at two a clock in the morning I raised the whole house, and would have got a person to bleed him, but the People of the House told me that there was no one could do it, but a Man that lived three miles off, who was a good Physician bled every Man, and Calf, in the neighbourhood, and was a pretty good Surgeon, for he had been originally a Sowgelder. I sent for this Man who came to us a little before four a clock in the morning. When He came to our bedside, he desired with great formality to feel my Pulse. I told him I was not his Patient, but the Gentleman in the next bed. I cry you mercy Sir said He, my Lord I mean, pray Sir favour me with your hand, said he turning to Remond and having felt his Pulse four or five minutes, He cryd out to me S^{r} I apprehend, my Lord I mean, Phlebotomy may be of great service to the gentleman and twelve or fourteen ounces may very well be taken from him. Upon which I desired him to do it immediately, for neither he nor I could sleep a wink til it was done. He performed the operation exceedingly well, but Remond recieved no benefit by it, nor did I get the least rest the whole night. However the next morning Remond got up, and tho' in excessive torture from the pain in his Head, He insisted upon going on his Journey, and said he believed he was more likely to sleep in the Post Chaise than in his Bed, so we lapp'd him up in Blanketts and swaddling him up very warm, put the Fat Cooke into the Chaise wth him to serve him by way of pillow, to lean his head upon, and try to sleep. He got by this means to Shrewsbury, and is now rather easyer, but stil groans most dreadfully; Mrs. Ann has now the Care of him, and I doubt not but in a few days he will be quite well.

Sir James Macdonald, writing again from Paris in June, says:

I imagine you have seen Voltaire's New volume of tales under the name of Guillaume Vade; in which you will certainly remark the abundance of his imagination at his great age and the same inequality which has always reigned in his productions; there are however some excellent things in that volume and His treatise on toleration has not yet fallen into my hands. I hear it much abused in this Country. A translation of Mr. Bourks Book [Edmund Burke's on *The Sublime and Beautiful*, Pub. 1756 in England] will very soon appear in this country. I have seen the Manuscript and have rendered him the service of correcting some egregious blunders of the translator, though I do not pretend to have rectified all his mistakes.

To Mrs. Carter

HILL STREET, *June the 14th.*

By some strange blunder of mine or of the weather, I passed almost a fortnight in the Country by my fireside; I am now panting with heat in Hillstreet, and by shutting the jalousies of my dressing room I am making as if I was in an arbor. The gales waft on their dusky wings the smoak of sea coal and the smell of Brick kilns, and when the lark in spite of sorrow, should at my window bid good morrow, comes the small coal man and brick dust moll; to them succeeds the cry of old cloaths, and this is the life of people of taste, while the awkward Rustick we despise, is breathing fragrance, hearing musick, and looking on the gay fresh green livery of the fields. Nature laughs at the fools of artificial pleasure, and says we shall not be happy, nor enjoy real delight, without her assistance and assent. The evenings have made me amends for the heat and labour of the day, I have often taken airings with my Lord Bath to Kew and Richmond, we have saunterd in the chaise by the River side, and sometimes stopp'd to hear the nightingale in the hedges. His Lordship is returnd from Shrewsbury looking very well, and Punning with the utmost energy ; he has flown as high, and sunk as low, as the Region of punning will admit, which cannot be done, without health and genius are in their vigour. His Lordship often laments that his greek is en pure perte during your absence. He has made a thousand kind enquiries after you, and sends many a greek invocation in the manner of Hesiod, Homer and other bards, to call you, his muse to Tunbridge. His Lordship has got a whole piece of blue ribbon for you which he bought at Coventry. I am delighted to see him so lively and well after such great fatigues.

Mrs. Montagu, like many invalidish women, had a weakness for cosseting, nursing, and prescribing for friends whom she thought ailing. If Lord Bath had a cold or a bad night, he was inundated with pills or draughts or admirable advice ; if he hadn't, he was enjoined to dumb-bell exercise and early airings. Sometimes he flatly rebelled, but on the whole he was (or professed himself) an obedient, if reluctant patient. " You are," he says in one of his letters, " continually doing me good. You preserve my life by your care and your Viper salts. By your Lavender drops you keep me from dizziness in my head and paralytick disorders. By your Eye water you preserve my sight." . . . " Your Physick has done me a vast deal of good, I am as light as a feather, and shall come in to you at seven, dancing a Minuet step to shew my activity and perhaps be inclined to Romp a little with Mrs. Carter. I have sent her my Coach, where it may carry her God knows but I hope not to matrimony without our leave and the Bishops License."

At the end of a long letter written from Wolverhampton early in June 1764, Lord Bath had said :

You may perceive by this little sketch of my affairs, how much trouble, and anxiety of mind, I must have had, and add to all this my military operations, and my Gallantrys amg such a number and variety of Ladys, and how many Hogsheads of Port and Barrels of strong Beer I have been the Cause of emptying, as Falstaff said of Wit, by other Men, and then wonder if you please how I am got of so well, for I am at this time in as good health as I ever was in my Life, can walk I think better than I could, and with your good company, and the Tunbridge Waters, I doubt not but I shall grow young again, and for ought I know continue ten years longer.

This, however, was asking rather too much of the Fates, and within a month of its receipt Lord Bath was dead. He had returned to London on June 11 and Mrs. Montagu reached Hill Street a week later; during the next ten days they spent much of their time together going for drives to Kew and Richmond in his chaise, and enjoying the midsummer beauty of the riverside. Dining at Lord Bessborough's house at Roehampton about the 25th, and sitting out in the gardens afterwards, Lord Bath caught a chill with violent fever. He was brought back to his house in Piccadilly, "blooded, blistered and purged," and rallied wonderfully for a few days under treatment by Drs. Hebberden, Warren, and Crane. Lord Lyttelton, alarmed by a newspaper report, wrote: "I can take pleasure in nothing while I am in fear for Lord Bath. I should if he were to die be as much afflicted at your loss as at my own. God preserve him and you"; and Lady Hervey, to whom Mrs. Montagu was sending frequent bulletins, wrote to her, after the first encouraging rally, to chide him for so rash an indiscretion in our fickle climate, which had cost the late Duke of Richmond his life, though a much younger man. But the exhaustion following the fever was too great even for so fine a constitution as Lord Bath's; relapse followed within a week, and he died on July 7. An envelope at the bottom of this bundle of correspondence is endorsed by Mrs.

Montagu: "This note written by the great and good Earl of Bath when delirious in his last illness is kept sacred to sorrow, and eternal regret of the best, sincerest and most amiable of friends." Within is a scrap of paper scrawled almost illegibly: "Madam, It is a great comfort to me to think that I begin to flatter myself of dying where I hope(d) allways to do it. . . ."

So ended the greatest attachment of Elizabeth Montagu's life.

Though Dr. Doran's statement that "there is no letter in the unpublished collection which bears any reference to Lord Bath's death" is quite incorrect, it is true that Mrs. Montagu did not write much at the moment on the subject. His final illness was only of a few days' duration, and he seems to have been unconscious almost from the first. The illness of her friends always evoked the most anxious solicitude from Mrs. Montagu, and when she first heard of Lord Bath's, lying alone among strangers and dependents, her concern had been great indeed:

> "Can anything," she wrote to him, "be so cruel as your Lordships carelessness of your health is to your friends? If you will not send to Dr. Hebberden, let Monsey talk nonsense and physick and wit about your cold, but for God sake do not neglect your illness in this manner. Perhaps your Lordship will be angry with me for teizing you, but I cannot help it. I can only vex you, but you grieve me. Your Lordship is not to answer this; all your eloquence cannot charm away my apprehensions, a little of the barbarous Latin of Dr. Hebberden would soothe them better. . . . I will not be your nurse, for we should quarrel every hour about the care to be taken of the patient. Pray God bless you and give you better health! Adieu!
>
> *P.S.*—All nurses order sick people to eat broth and in colds a great deal of warm deluting liquor, and not to swallow any solid meat.

When the end came, Mrs. Carter, at her friend's entreaty, at once came up to stay with her; together they went for a few days to Mrs. Boscawen's at Hatchlands, and thence a little later to Sandleford. Lord Bath's body was embalmed, and on July 18 was laid with those of his wife and son in the vault he had purchased in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Montagu, who had been engaged at Hill Street through the summer since his return from the north in sorting colliery documents, remained there deeply—perhaps discreetly—immersed in his papers. His wife was well in health, but felt "forlorn and annihilated, her joyous spirits fled"; she wrote regularly and dutifully to him, hoping he would be free to join her soon, and he regularly replied that he was still engaged amongst his "chaos of papers," and added a little drily: "Against low spirits I know of nothing so efficacious as Diversions or intense application to difficult Studys or business."

Mrs. Carter stayed on at Sandleford all through August, and "Diversions" in the shape of expeditions to Lord Portsmouth's and to Winchester (her favourite Cathedral) were duly made. Letters of condolence came from many friends, and Lord Lyttelton pressed her to go to Hagley; but she could not face a country house party. His own grief was only less deep than hers.

"You know that I have scarce another friend in the world whose loss would grieve me so much," he had written on the news of his illness. On the 7th—the day of Lord Bath's death—he wrote:

> Your letter[1] has spoilt all my pleasure at Hagley. What a loss to you and to me! I am glad you have sent for Mrs. Carter. Such a friend is necessary on such an occasion. Why am I not in London? Let me hear from you often, for I am in great anxiety about your health.

And on the 14th:

> You did very wisely to bleed [the universal panacea!] and no Cordial is so good for you as Mrs. Carter's company.

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[1] Not in the collection.

My health has not been hurt by this shock, though I have felt it very painfully.

A month earlier Lord Lyttelton had been chaffing Mrs. Montagu about an uncommon distemper to which (most unjustly) she had declared herself liable, the *Dread of Ink*. " In my younger days," he went on, " I had the talent of trifling agreably not only with the Loves but also with the Muses. Grey hairs and grave thoughts have almost taken it from me ; but you who have revived all the gayety of witt that Mr. Pulteney possest at five and twenty in Ld. Bath at fourscore may well be able to awaken in my imagination whatever vivacity remains in it at fifty five." Now she wrote begging him to come and see her at Sandleford, as soon as his Hagley guests relieved him.

To Lord Lyttelton

Sandleford, *Aug. the* 8*th*.

I am much better than I was when I first came down, but I cannot make all the use I ought to do of the argument of my poor friends great age. The vigour and vivacity of his mind, the sportive gayety of his witt, the energy of his sentiments, the bright serene of his temper, made me hope, however the body externally appeard hurt by time, the fine springs of life were yet unimpaired. I thought myself in no danger of losing him till the mind began to droop, and spirits to decay. I love to converse with an extensive genius as I do to look at an extensive prospect, not that either my mental or corporal eye can take in a great horizon, but in conversation as in a landskip I desire a prospect a perte de vue. However it is not my dear Lord Baths great understanding and genius which I regret, but that sweet composition in which the elements were so finely mix'd. In his society I found the delight one has in a summer evening ; the heat and light of his meridian day were mitigated but not obscured ; whatever of fervour was lost, was made up by sweetness and gentleness, and an animated tranquillity. The setting day of a great man is indeed like that of the summer sun, the warmth and activity he put into the general system of his life remains in a degree when the busy bustling noon tide hour is declined, and the hemisphere is still tinged with the brightness of its beams. I have the misfortune to outlive my friends ; they dye to me, but I am not dead to them. I feel myself now as tenderly concernd for my Lord Baths fame as I used to be for his health ; I have the same fear of malignant blasts for the one as I had for the other ; and the greatest pleasure imaginable would it give me, to see that Country, in which he long kept awake the generous love of liberty, do his character the honour it deserves ; but it is the disposition of the present age rather to blame than commend ; or indeed, indifferent to virtue and to vice. Censure or praise is seldom utterd but by the mouth of faction to serve a party. This great man had not been eight and forty hours departed before he was abused in a vile epigram in the newspapers, so little of reverence and regard was there to one who was distinguished by all the talents, and adorn'd with all the manners that could grace and enoble a human being. . . .

Mrs. Carter has a great reverence for Gothick Architecture, so I carried her on tuesday to see Winchester Cathedral, which is 25 miles of bad road from hence, but by laying my own horses at proper stages, I perform'd the journey with my own postillions, whom I could better trust than to hired ones. We got to Winchester before twelve o'clock, paid due honours at the tombs of King Lucius, Canute the Great, and five Saxon Kings, We visited the place where Emma walk'd over the burning plow shares, and delighted ourselves with many brittish antiquities, and I believe amazed the Clerk with our learning, as we read all, and criticized most of the inscriptions. As he did not know our names, we were very ostentatious of our knowledge, and flatterd ourselves he would tell the Master of Winchester school that he had shewn the Church to two great female schollards. We gave him several anecdotes of his Saxon Kings with which he may edify the next persons to whom he shews the Cathedral, and I dare say he will not omit to do so, as he seemd to look upon us with great reverence. The perfect simplicity of Winchester Cathedral always pleases me extreamly : it is the most pure Gothick Architecture that I know, and we were the more delighted with it, as last summer we had visited the gaudy churches in Flanders. We got home early in the evening the better for our exercise and amusement. We shall make some excursion every fine day. There is great pleasure in travelling about with a friend of Mrs. Carters learning and tast. The beautifull scenes of nature she tastes with the divine enthusiasm of a Poet, and the venerable remains of antiquity with the information of a scholar. Has your Lordship read the flippant and frippery works of Voltaire under the title of Guill^me^ de Vade? He has made the most impertinent criticism on Pope that ever I saw. He translates a language he does not understand, and then criticises his own wretched translation. As our English authors are in such reputation that all nations are learning our language, he has a mind to discredit them, and wd represent the Brittish Apollo as un jacques Rost beef, coarse and inelegant, and whose strains are fit to amuse those who delight in a Bear garden. I will own that in this volume there are some pretty things; but his criticisms of Shakespear, Otway, and Pope are miserable. A man of witt will always pass for a man of judgment, and I dare say he will hurt the reputation of our Muses in foreign Lands; he has so apparently betray'd his ignorance of our language he cannot have great effect here.

No sooner was Lord Bath interred than the papers and quondam friends united in an outcry about his will. Lord Chesterfield wrote on July 20 (*Letter 344*):

The whole subject of conversation at present is the Death and Will of Lord Bath; he has left above twelve hundred thousand pounds in land and money, four hundred thousand pounds in cash, stocks and mortages; his own estate in land was improved to fifteen thousand pounds a year, and the Bradford estate . . . is as much; both which at only five and twenty years purchase amount to eight hundred thousand pounds; and all this he has left to his brother, General Pulteney, and in his own disposal, though he never loved him. The legacies he has left are trifling, for in truth he cared for nobody; the words *give* and *bequeath* were too shocking to him to repeat, and so he left all, in one word, to his brother.

This gives the keynote of the concerto of invective which was now performed on the deceased peer's passion for money and neglect of those whom he should have remembered. Mrs. Montagu was bitterly hurt, and said all she could of many acts of generosity from her friend, of which she had personal knowledge; but she could not gainsay altogether the truth of the general verdict ; and whilst to Dr. Stillingfleet she did what she could to defend his memory, to Lord Lyttelton she wrote frankly of her disappointment.

To Lord Lyttelton

SANDLEFORD *ye 25th of Aug.*

Your Lordship will not find me dejected. Spirits naturally lively, and a long acquaintance with affliction for the loss of friends, enable me to support myself under the present misfortune, but there has not yet pass'd an hour in which I have not thought of my poor friend. When I recollect that this great man, who had fill'd so important a place in the system of society, lay on his sick bed unattended by friends, ill attended by Doctors, more obliged to a faithfull Valet de Chambre [Remond] than to all the rest of mankind, my mind feels mortified as much as my heart is grieved. The tears of friends are the extreme unction on the death bed, but to have that kind viaticum one must have friends not followers, worthy companions not hungry dependants. One must be more distinguish'd for liberality than wealth. The gifts of nature and fortune, the lustre of an important reputation, the addition of titles, all conspired to adorn my friend, in this bright orb of so many collected excellencies there was one spot, too great love of money. The Will has obscured his fame ; the leaving such an unwieldy mass of wealth to a weak old man, set the world in an uproar. Some of it should have been sanctified to publick uses, his relations should all have been remembered, such of his friends as were in strait or unhappy circumstances should have tasted of his bounty. Care should have been taken to have transmitted his Memoirs into honest hands. What I say to your Lordship on this subject I would not say to any other person, but I am truly hurt that the last and solemn act was not such as was worthy of him. This will compared with the Wills of other rich Men may pass without very severe censure, but one should suppose so great, so good, so benevolent a mind as my friends would have exerted itself in acts of generosity on such an occasion. It is the duty of the rich to *justify the ways of God to Man*, by imparting to unendow'd merit some of their abundance ; in his life time he did generous things, but the objects of his bounty were all forgot in the final settling of his affairs. The Bishop of

Bristol should have had his papers and a considerable legacy; as Mrs. Carter was so much in his Lordships favour, and lived in such intimacy with him, it was pity for him as well as for her he did not leave her an annuity. It would have done him honour, as she is so distinguished by her virtues and talents. I believe many good people would blame my anxiety about the fame of my departed friend, but good fame is the virtue of the dead; by that they are still usefull to the World. The Will which has occasion'd so many censures was made just after Lord Pulteneys death, when his mind was disturbed, and loth certainly to dwell on subjects that recall'd his misfortune. Much excuse is to be made for a mind, *which ill at ease within itself, forgets its shews of love to other Men.*

From later correspondence with Mrs. Johnstone it would appear that Lord Bath had left certain papers and instructions of later date than the will, but these had not been executed, and were, it seems, destroyed by General Pulteney.

From Lord Lyttelton

HAGLEY, *Sept.* 1.

Your Anxiety for the Fame of our departed Friend is too well founded. I was afraid to touch before on so tender a thing, or else I would have told you, that of the numbers of Visitants I have seen at Hagley since his Death not one has spoke of his Will without great Reproach to his Memory. They say, a Man, who had so vast a Fortune to leave wherever he pleased to bestow it, must have been wholly void of all Feelings of Merit, Friendship, or Humanity, to bequeath nothing to the benefitt of any of these after the death of his Brother. There is a particular Indignation at his leaving no Legacy to Mrs. Carter, and so very small a one to his faithfull and affectionate *Valet de Chambre.* The only Answer I could make, either to them, or myself, was the natural Indolence of his Temper, which was probably encreas'd by a kind of sullen Despair on the death of his only Son; but, as he lived afterwards long enough to recover from that Blow, it is surprising he should chuse to let a Brother so inferior in Understanding to himself dispose of all the Wealth he had acquired or saved, and be sole Judge in what channels his Benevolence should flow, or perhaps entirely stop the course of it, according to his own humour. That he had Benevolence in his Heart You and I can hardly doubt, from what we have known of his Sentiments and Actions, which makes it the more wonderfull that the *Vis Inertiae* should so far prevail over it in that great Act, which might have diffused it more extensively than any other Man, in the course of many centuries, may have power to spread the streams of Bounty without reproach from near Relations. When one thinks of this one can't help exclaiming with Pope, " O Wealth ill-fated," etc.

Mrs. Carter's opinion of Lord Bath's character may be given here:[1]

None of his friends will remember him longer and very few with equal affection. Indeed there was something in his conversation and manners more engaging than can be described. With all those talents which had so long rendered him the object of popular admiration, he had not the least tincture of that vanity and importance which is too often the consequence of popular applause. He never took the lead in conversation nor ever assumed that superiority to which he had a claim and while he was blessed with an exemption from many of the pains and infirmities of old age he had none of its defects. For so many months as I passed continually in his company last year (1763) I do not recollect a single instance of peevishness the whole time. His temper always appeared equal, there was a perpetual flow of vivacity and good humour in his conversation, and the most attentive politeness in his behaviour. Nor was this the constrained effort of external and partial good breeding, but the natural turn of his mind operated so uniformly on all occasions, that I never heard him use a harsh or even an uncivil expression to any of his servants.

From the Duchess of Beaufort

H PARK, *the 29th Sept.*

I would not have my Dear Friend ever have any Scruples about Writing to me, as I know so well how un*apt* one is to write even when leisure is favourable, how much more then when Company and other Avocations make it really difficult; I love to hear from You, that's certain but I do not love to torment You ; therefore I am willing to commit my Self entirely to yr mercy. I *do* wish you here and now I go long Airings I long for you to make Them pleasanter, for pleasant they are to me after so long a Confinement : You give me no hope and now my next Wish is that You would not stay long at Sandleford. Yr spirits are alter'd, do not let them be depress'd. As to yr Bath journey, les beaux Esprits se rencontrent, it was not a Week before I had yours that I wrote Mrs. Southwell I believ'd I shou'd go to Bath not having a place to set my foot in in London and being disqualify'd for my November Employmt here wch is planting and without which I should be too dreary, after so long a sickness, and amidst such painfull Remembrances : Anniversarys and returning Seasons the Heart never parts with.

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[1] From *Mrs. Carter's Memoirs of her Life*, by the Rev. Montagu Pennington, her nephew.

I suppose Bath Waters wou'd do me good but those I shou'd not rashly venture on without l'Avis des Docteurs : but if I am able to take such a Journey I think it will be better for me than staying here till December or going into Audley Street, all over painted and whitewash'd and new hung, consequently Abounding in many Stinks, All unwholesome as well as unpleasant ; but whether I have seen my Bath Journey quite in so favourable a light till since I reced yr kind Letter, I leave You to guess ; certainly you fix'd that wch was before en l'air and nam'd only to Mrs. Southwell as a Scheme wch I thought She might help realise, She is no farther off than Ks Weston. I cannot engage in any mix'd Society at Bath, but if I cou'd have That of a Friend doubtless it wou'd do me good, I have liv'd long alone car la Jeunesse quoiqu'aimable n'est pas justement le Fait d'une Vieille, d'une Malade, d'une Vapeureuse (I believe the french have no Word to express low Spirits). I have not Eyes or head to read much, My Girls read to me, and if You were to hear Bess I think You wou'd not abate of that Favour You always had towards Her. Fanny gets hoarse in a Minute so that the reading devolves upon her Sister who acquits herself en charme. They are fine Girls I thank God.

I like yr Friend the Bishop and his Wife exceedingly. They are very good to Me : I have not made a Visit this whole Year, (not once to Ld Onslow my nearest Neighbour) so they see it is not laziness, and they have been so good to come and dine with me, wch I hope They will do again. Bess charm'd the Bishop with her Musick, nay and I made her Sing to Him, chose, que sa Modestie ne lui permet jamais de faire, no, not to her Bro^{r} who is often angry with her upon the Subject.

I am glad You have seen Ld Lyttelton again, I heard t'other day (and the Story came from Bath) that the Marriage between Miss War: and Mr. Lytt: was by the latter declar'd *off*. I don't believe it, knowing how many lies are positively asserted upon Such Subjects. I shou'd be excessively sorry for this, because I think it wou'd vex My Lord extremely.

Yr Description of yr little Nephew refreshes ones Imagination, what a pretty Kid! My Son is among the Goats and the Mountains of Wales and has been sailing the Salt Seas with Sr Thos Stepney from Llanelly to Minehead, back again to Llanelly, from whence by Land to Milford Haven, whither Sr Thos Yacht was order'd round in order to shew him that Harbour in perfection, his Friend Mr. Stepney (an oxonian of Ch Ch:) is his very agreeable Companion in this Tour, but staid behind at home during the Voyage for wch he has not the Appetite My Son inherits.

I cou'd almost find in my heart to send You a long Lettr of yr *favourite* and *Admirer* my William giving me an Acct of a Christening where He and his *Aunt* Falmouth were Gossips (at Dulwich); tis a droll dog! but do you know I have complaints that his Honour don't mind his Mathematicks; tell me how one shall contrive de fourrer le bon homme Euclid into that Volatile pate of his. an idle cur believe Me.

Elizabeth, widow of the fourth Duke of Beaufort, was daughter of John Berkeley of Stoke Gifford and sister of Lord Bottetourt. The son Henry mentioned above married Elizabeth, Admiral Boscawen's daughter, and became fifth Duke in 1756. William Boscawen, the "idle cur," was Elizabeth's cousin, and nephew of the second Viscountess Falmouth.

When the Duchess married in 1740, our Miss Robinson wrote: "Everybody is content except those who would have liked the gentleman for themselves."

To her Husband

7 Nov.

A chaise was robbed in Maidenhead Thicket yesterday but I passed unmolested; but I imagine there is much robbery, for the machines have four men to guard them and gentlemen's equipages have often a great number armed to the teeth. It makes the roads look military. . . . I suppose you know poor Jemmy Twitcher is sadly twitch'd at Cambridge. He has lost the affair of the Vice Chanceller and so I suppose his Lordship will be expell'd the university. I arrived at Sandleford just as it grew dark.

Maidenhead Thicket was a notorious haunt of highwaymen. It was near the junction of the Oxford and Bath roads to London, two miles west of Maidenhead.

Jemmy Twitcher was the nickname given to John Montagu, fourth Earl of Sandwich, taken from Macheath's last scene in *The Beggar's Opera* : " That Jemmy Twitcher should peach me I own surprised me," in reference to Lord Sandwich's too energetic activities in suborning some of Wilkes's people to obtain a copy of the notorious *Essay on Woman* for production before the House of Lords as a breach of privilege, it being addressed to him, and he having been, as was believed, one of the select company to whom it was originally given.

From Sandleford Mrs. Montagu went on for a visit to Bath in the middle of November.

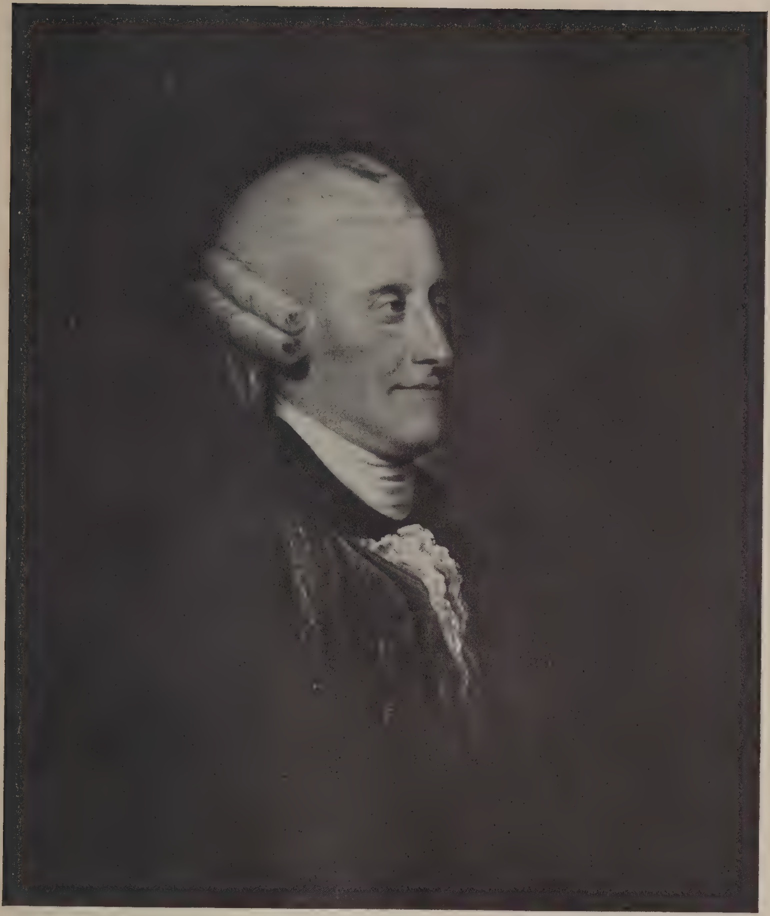
GAY STREET, BATH, *ye 16th of Nov.*

Mrs. Boscawen is here in pretty good spirits and health, I dined with her to-day. I found my sister quite recoverd, she and Lady Bab are full of the kindest attentions. All Ireland, but Mrs. Vesey, oh what a But is there ! is now assembled at Bath. Nay there are Veseys too, but beware of counterfeits. However for our consolation Mrs. Delany writes me that the Sylph will be in Town this winter.

To Mrs. Carter

December.

Mrs. Johnstone I saw this morning, the waters have done her great service, and the General [Pulteney, Lord Bath's brother] seems in good humour with her. He calld on me to night by appointment, behaved with great regard to me, talk'd of his Brothers papers and whatever might affect his



JOHN MONTAGU, FOURTH EARL OF SANDWICH
By John Zoffany

future political fame with prudence and tenderness. He tells me he is vastly delighted with my letters, but will give them into my own hands as soon as I come to Town. He is not so happy as before the great access of fortune. He says he is new to such cases; oh that he wd let Bounty shere ye superfluity away, but he is more fond of money than ever. In many things he told me to night of his conduct in various parts of life he seems to have acted with strict honour, therefore I am inclined to think he has made some blunder about ye—and has not yet look'd into it. How I grieve that our poor friend did not take care his last act shd have sanctified and dignified all the rest of his life. . . . The Genl told me he never was one moment sensible after he was taken ill, and I really believe it. . . . My mind feels a thousand pains as often as I have time to think on this subject. As you observe there is a good lesson to be learnt from it, but it is sad to learn it of a dear friend.

Later, however, she adds:

The noble General has withdrawn the care our poor Friend had over a helpless orphan whom Ld P: put to school, and he maintain'd there. He has made a most hard bargain with poor Remond concerning the House Mr. Daniel Pulteney left him. Remond hoped to have hired it at an £100 a year on lease, and to have lett it again at advantage, but the Genl hoisted the rent £20 pr annum, and forced some old furniture upon him, however I hope we shall get it lett in such a manner that Remond will not be a loser. Indeed all goes ill with poor Lord Baths dependants, and to his memory no regard is shewn The books are to be sold by auction in Jany. I will own to you the handsome figure which our friend made in his domestick economy, the kind and charitable things I had seen him do, the great professions he made of not caring for money, made me not imagine Covetousness was so predominant as I find it was in his character, or I would have begg'd of him to have left his charities an obligation on his Heir, and as to poor Remond, I thought him secure of a plentiful provision, and he has hardly bread, and Mrs. Remond is breeding. I accuse myself of too timid complaisance in not having pressed these testamentory duties upon him. My great esteem for him cheated me, and made me a less useful friend than I might have been. I had a filial affection for him to which I fear I sacrificed some of that bold and frank zeal with which one should set the duties before the eyes of a friend.

To her Husband

Dec. the 5th.

I was yesterday morning at a very singular entertainment calld a lecture upon heads. I found all people had been much entertaind with it, but I expected little better than a drole kind of buffoonery; but on the contrary, it was a witty well bred satire. The man who exhibits this amusement was a player, he has a fine voice and gracefull elocution, and he ran through the follies of some professions and characters with admirable humour. He gave us a law pleading, a medical dissertation, a politicians discourse, a presbyterian sermon with great humour, a very elegant allegory of genius, jests on fashions, and in short an hour of the best theatrical entertainment I have seen. He is infinitely beyond Mr. Foote, whose excellence is mere personal mimickry. Poor Lord Granville gives the publick much amusement; he is not void of understanding so much as absurd. I could never make a fool or madman my sport, so his prate makes me melancholly; tho he paints out his Sisters with some humour; he has quarelld with all of them but Lady Sophia Carteret. He drinks hard, and has a swelld leg, and looks heated, so perhaps he may not long be a disgrace to a very noble and antient family.

In a letter to Lord Lyttelton of November 25 Mrs. Montagu says:

I find by the death of Mr. Churchill there is one scribbler less than there was, but there are so many scribblers and so many scoundrels left that I see not much reason why virtue should rejoice or malice regret the disaster. . . .

Pray when you see Lady Hervey say everything for me that can express my regard. Lady Frances Coningsby is in Town. Pray tell Lady Hervey that I believe Lord Chesterfield is very well, for he utters an hundred bons mots a day, which would be impossible, even for him, if he was not in health and spirits. I saw him once in the rooms and he look'd well.

To her Husband

Thursday the 20 Dec.

The Primate of Ireland is dead. The Church will lament him less than the Court; he had every vice but hypocrisy, took every shape but that of a man of virtue and Religion.

Polite, insinuating, generous, the pimp of pleasure and the spy of state, a slave to one vice, but the other vices, especially the most natural one, he made to serve his purposes. Had he been galant he could have obliged but one Lady at a time, but from his own Seraglio he obliged many. He govern'd private families by providing the Ladies with Lovers of his own educating. They were taught by his Lordship to spell the love letters they wrote. This Prelate was much such a Successor to St Patrick as Pope Sixtus to St Peter. It is said Dr. Newton will succeed him as Primate, but I know not that there is any foundation for the report. The Primate for many years was Viceroy of Ireland in fact ; what will happen in that Kingdom now it is difficult to guess. Ministers cast out Devils by the Prince of Devils, such a Primate is therefore of great importance to them, and I do not know where they will find a head and heart so fit for all the black art of Cabal as the late Primates. He wd have been one of the first characters in Catherine de Medicis Court, but in ours he was a prodigy, and wonderfully esteemd by inferior fourbes.

Letters from Lord Lyttelton at the close of the year reveal his anxiety about his son's escapades in Italy, where he was "detained by the Circes and Syrens of the coast about Genoa." Miss Warburton had broken off her engagement with young Lyttelton for reasons she would not tell, and could not even be persuaded to postpone the breach till the prodigal's return, which his much-vexed father was now trying to accelerate by stopping his credit in Italy.

Miss Warburton's reasons were doubtless ample enough, for young Lyttelton was sowing his wild oats broadcast abroad.

1765

BULSTRODE, BADMINTON, AND SANDLEFORD— THE ROCKINGHAM MINISTRY

Mrs. Montagu's cousin becomes Primate of Ireland. Denton coal. The Czarina and Voltaire. Visit to Bulstrode. A weak Ministry. James Woodhouse. Count Bruhl. A Lyttelton for ever. Lord Shelburne. Country visits. Adam at Sandleford. Death of Duke of Cumberland. Pitt at Burton Pynsent. General Pulteney's Dream. The Duke's papers. The Stamp Act. Mr. Bateman. Mr. Finch. Mrs. Anne Pitt. Mr. Walpole. Mr. Pitt at Bath. Duke of Cumberland's Funeral. Dr. Lowth and Bishop Warburton.

The beginning of the year 1765 found Mrs. Montagu studying Johnson's *Shakespeare* and working upon her own Essay. Early letters record General Pulteney's gift to her of Sir Godfrey Kneller's portrait of Lord Bath; Sir William Pynsent's bequest to Mr. Pitt, valued at £60,000; the visit of her cousin Laurence Sterne to Bath; and the elevation of another but very different clerical cousin, Sir Richard Robinson, then Bishop of Kildare, to the Primacy of Ireland. Sir Richard, who was, like his brother, "long Sir Thomas," immensely tall, portly, and handsome, was a great favourite in the family and particularly with Mrs. Montagu, with whom he kept up a regular correspondence till his death. He became later on the first Baron Rokeby. The correspondence from and about Sterne will be given later as a separate paper. In June a fresh edition of Lord Lyttelton's *Dialogues of the Dead*—to which Mrs. Montagu had contributed Nos. 26, 27, and 28—was issued. In this month Mrs. Vesey, with whom Sterne had been philandering at Bath, left London for Ireland, carrying with her four nightingales which she hoped to acclimatise at Lucan. Mr. Montagu while in town took his walks in the grounds of Holland House, of which his wife writes : " Mr. Hamilton of Cobham, who has the finest taste perhaps of any man in gardens, etc., laid out the grounds ; wealth inexhaustible executed his plans with rapidity, and it is become within a short time the finest villa in England. There is an air of grandeur in it beyond what the extent should seem to allow." At the end of the month the first shipload of coal from the Denton collieries arrived in the Thames, and Mr. Montagu feasted the Billingsgate crimps, while the coals underwent a fiery trial with great satisfaction to all concerned.

Work on the Shakespeare Essay led to study of Voltaire's critical writings, against which his attacks on our Bard had helped to predispose her judgement.

To Lord Lyttelton

SANDLEFORD, *June* 10.

I brought, in my post chaise, to read in my journey, Mr. Voltaires philosophie de l'histoire ; it is la petite piece to Ld Bolingbrokes first philosophy, of which the frenchman has taken pieces to make him a Harlequin Coat ; but the dazzling eloquence of Ld Bolingbroke gave lustre to his work, which the sparkling witt of the other does not enoble, tho it enlivens ; and like a players dress, there is nothing to recommend it but a few spangles. I was much provoked at his flattery of the present Empress of Russia, which he concludes : *et enfin, on a vu en un demi siécle la Cour de Scithie plus eclairée qui ne l'ont jamais été la Grece et Rome.* Why this affront to Greece and Rome ? Peter was certainly a great man, and establishd a polishd and regulated, in the room of an ignorant and barbarous despotism. Had he constituted a good government, I should have had a better opinion of his talents, as well as virtues ; but for want of this, he was obliged to murder his son, knowing all his regulations depended on the Will of the Successor. His Empress was a Woman of great genius. Elizabeth was sunk in beastly sensuality. This Empress is a Monster with talents. Has Russia yet produced in any of its subjects a statesman? a Warrior? a Poet? an Orator? a philosopher? This State la plus eclairé, like polyphemus, has but one Eye to guide its vast bulk, and that is in the head of its Despote. I should have had a much higher opinion of the Empress if she had sought an able Politician for a Preceptor for her Son rather than a Mathematician; an Emperor is not to make Almanacks. But the choice of a French Academician, and a vast present to Mr. Voltaire, have procured a compliment which dishonours a Man of Genius.

On June 30 Lord Lyttelton writes:

No ministry is yet settled. All I can acquaint you with is, that in consequence of two conversations with the King Mr. Pitt had consented to be Secretary of State on Condition that Lord Temple would accept of the Treasury; which his Lordship declined and went last night to Stowe. Mr. Pitt I understand is going to Somersetshire, and I shall begin tomorrow my parties of pleasure with my good daughter who is very glad to hear you are to be of that with the Duchess of Portland.

Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Carter were reading Tacitus at the same time "so as to always have a subject to correspond upon": she writes to Lord Lyttelton:

We are quarrelling prodigiously upon the subject of Augustus who she will not let me admire because he was not a good Christian; but neither was her favourite Plato, yet he was a good Philosopher in his time.

To Lord Lyttelton

July the 4th.

I assure your Lordship the coal fires which Mr. Montagu mention'd, were to me, feux de joye. I believe we have open'd a noble source of future plenty, but it is present poverty. We are at present the poorer a great deal, for a Mine at first opening has a prodigious swallow; when it begins to disgorge it makes noble amends. Indeed everything is very encouraging to the coal trade; Wood is every day decreasing, so that all the Counties which have not Inland Coal are to be supplied from the North ; the Increase of London is a prodigious advantage to the trade, the improvement of mechanicks has made our business more easy and more sure, and all the people of fortune who have worked mines, have grown rich ; witness the Bower's, Ld Ravensworth, My cousin Wortley, and many others. Some who have begun without a fund have by the malice of their fellow traders been obliged to lay aside their project before the time that the profits were to come in, but as we are not in any danger of bankruptcy, we can hardly fail of being very great gainers. . . .

I expect to find Bullstrode much embellish'd, if it could see me how different would be its reflection on the effect of time ! However I can look back without regret, as the years that have robb'd me of what might give me a sort of general admiration have paid me by giving me sincere and faithfull friends, whose regard, not depending on the transient roses of the youthfull season, is above the reach of sickness, age, and small pox, at the thought of which I used to tremble in my vain Empire. I have seen tragical descriptions of the fears of a Tyrant ; I am sure I could give a very comical one of the fears of a beauty, and one misery is, one dare not impart either the joys or the sorrows that belong to that state. I remember one day to amuse my eldest Brother, when he was not well, I gave him the inventory of my felicities and cares, at which he laugh'd till he fairly fell off his chair. If your Lordship should see me fall into a reverie now and then at Bullstrode you must not be surprized ; *the remembrance of youth is a sigh*, says the Oriental proverb.

From Mrs. Hervey

OLD WINDSOR, *the* 8*th of July.*

Pray Madam what say you to all the extraordinary events and non-events that have happen'd of late ? We seem neither to have administration or Government at present ; all men do what seemeth good in their own eyes ; can any people wish for more ? Popular discontents must be at an end, they being always occasioned by, or levell'd at the one or the other. I hear the foreign Ministers are greatly at a loss when any mails come in, not knowing in the least who to address themselves to for their business. A friend of mine being told the other day that Mon^{r} de Guerchy complained " Qu'il ne pouvoit pas trouver a qui parler," made answer "Que si Mon^{r} Pitt entroit il trouveroit bien a qui parler." I think you will easily guess that this answer was made at Blackheath.

"Mrs." Elizabeth Hervey, who became in later years a frequent correspondent from Lady Ailesbury's at Park Place, was a grand-daughter of the first and niece of the second, third, and fourth Earls of Bristol. Her letters to Mrs. Montagu are charged with compliment and adulation; but Fanny Burney, archly malicious, quotes Dr. Johnson as saying that Mrs. Hervey told him she could remember Mrs. Montagu when she was "*trying* for" the air and manner of a distinguished woman of great parts.

To her Husband

BATH.

The Duchess of Beaufort will carry me to dine there on tuesday then I shall lye that night at Badminton which is in the way to Lady Talbots, where I intend to go on wensday and return to Bath on saturday. Comte Bruhl had been at Hagley, Ld Lyttelton carried him to a Seat of his at Arly, which was the original family Seat, in the way to it they pass'd through Bewdley, the people of the Town hearing his Lordship was coming to the number of two thousand came to meet him, crying a Lyttelton for ever, which I think seems an invitation to his Lordship to put his Son up as a Candidate at the next election. This mob was an extraordinary sight to Comte Bruhl and much pleased him. He says he left Ld Lyttelton well but I imagine he must have been since greatly shockd about Ld F—cue who both shot and stabbd himself, but is still living.[1] It is said jealousy was his motive, and that he first attempted to murder his Wife. He has been always a Man of violent temper and a bad Husband to a very pretty engaging Woman, if she has been guilty of any indiscretion I am sorry for it, worse than indiscretion I think she is incapable of. but she must be very miserable if the least levity however innocent has given occasion to such a tragedy. They have four fine boys and a child just born, all these are involved in this catastrophe. The Ladys Parents and Brother who are worthy people are much to be pittied for this disgrace thrown on them all. It is strange a Man shd use a Woman so ill whose affections were so necessary to his happiness that on suspicion he had lost them he thought it best to shoot himself. Ld Berkely of Strattons brother in this County drownd himself a few months ago which with the Duke of B——s suicide wd make one think it was the consequence of a dry season.

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[1] Lord Lyttelton's wife, Lucy, was sister of the second Baron Fortescue, who was, says Lady Sarah Lennox, stark staring mad, and had attempted to kill his wife and children (August 23).

The Duchess of Beaufort conveyed Mrs. Montagu whilst with her at Badminton to dine with Lord and Lady Shelburne, with whom she became afterwards so intimate ; writing to Mr. Montagu, she says :

The place is now not fine but between Mr. Adam and Mr. Browne there will a fair creation rise. Mr. Adam has fitted up some fine chimney pieces and cielings. The ceilings are stucco from patterns taken from Palmyra, the chimney pieces of fine white marble are highly wrought and expensive. Lord Shelburne seems a young man of excellent parts, great vivacity, desirous of information either by men or books, and I imagine will be a man of considerable consequence. . . . Lord Botetour writes to the Duchess of Beaufort that he had been at Mr. Pitts, he found him confined to his great chair with a pretty smart fit of the gout but in very good spirits. He sent very polite compliments to the Duchess and to me. I hear he has built two fine rooms already at Burton Pynsent.

The September letters from Mrs. Montagu contain long accounts of these visits to the Duchess of Beaufort at Badminton, to Lord and Lady Shelburne, to Lord and Lady Talbot at Barrington, and to Lord Bathurst at Oakley Park, Cirencester ; and we have the inevitable descriptions of vistas ending in steeples, of rivers meandering to the order of Capability Brown, of temples and buildings of fancy, and all the other artificialities demanded by the well-bred taste of the time. Mrs. Montagu paid her due tributes of admiration, but shows symptoms of boredom.

I own I think for the pleasure of living a few large rooms infinitely preferable to passing thro a dozen doors before one is to sit down. . . . These fanciful buildings and little pert edifices are too small for a great scene, and are like *concetti* in an Epic poem ; imagination is not affected by them, they are merely objects of sight. . . . Lord Cobham made his Gardens [at Stowe] like the frontispieces to Ovid's metamorphosis, but being a wit and a patron of arts, no one durst say they were absurd.

Pitt's 140 ft. memorial column to his benefactor at Burton Pynsent and its inscription are satirically alluded to, and the " collosial greatness of ostentatious phraseology " in which the great commoner delighted.

It is said the K— of Prussia is gone mad. Heroes as well as witts are very near mad. I believe it will be a benefit to mankind in general if this be true. I hate that a man who has been the destruction of above an 100,000 of his own species sh^d call himself le Philosophe sans soucis ; that ease and indifference belongs rather to indolence and innocence. The butcher who has killd as many sheep ought to feel some compunction.

Having concluded her tour with a visit to her sister at Bath, Mrs. Montagu returned at the end of September to Sandleford. Though she had very sensibly criticised much of the architectural freaks and the perversions of natural beauty which she had seen during her west country visits of this summer, she had not, it seems, entirely escaped infection ; for shortly after her arrival at Sandleford we find the great Mr. Adam paying her a visit there, and forming a plan for its enlargement.

Mrs. Montagu writes to her husband :

He has contrived to the new apartment so that it communicates with the others as well as if it had been one original plan in the new. There are below two handsome rooms and a dressing room for you [a sop to Cerberus, this] ; above stairs two good bed chambers and a dressing room. The Hall by adding pillars at each end and making it oval will be odd and pretty.

Writing to Mrs. Carter about the alterations, she says :

I have a scheme to enlarge the river. I am not fond of large pieces of standing water but nothing adds so sweet and so placid an air to a place as a winding river.

The kitchen garden and outbuildings were to be removed to another part, and walls and hedges taken away to enlarge the prospect.

Lady Frances Conyngsby, it seems, had suggested to Mrs. Montagu that Mrs. Chapone might consent to go as companion to the Duchess of Beaufort and to improve Lady Harriot in her studies ; but Mrs. Montagu had more discernment :

1765.

Her Graces good nature politeness, etc. would have made a state of dependance as easy as a state of dependance can be, but I imagine Mrs. Chapone would not accept of service on any terms whatever. Her brother who is very fond of her is in very good business, her uncle is Bishop of Winchester, and tho she has a very small income of her own yet leisure and liberty are of infinite value to such a person. . . . The Duchess of Beaufort would make any one very happy who was in her service but bad health and a certain turn of mind unfits a person for a condition, in which, if they do not converse with Ladies women (the most unlike in the world to Mrs. Chapone and the people she has conversed with) they would be reckond proud and impertinent. The dapper butler, the spruce groom of the chambers, the House Steward and the friends of all these people must be her future companions, and one had rather live on bread and water than in the tittle tattle and gossipry of that set of people. . . . I must own I should as soon keep a person to blow my nose as to amuse me ; connections of friendship are different things.

Coming up to Hill Street at the beginning of November before her husband, Mrs. Montagu writes to tell him of the death of the Duke of Cumberland, the King's uncle, the Butcher of Culloden:

He had been at Court in the morning and was to appearance quite well and was drinking Coffee in company when in one instant he was struck dead.

In the next letter of November 4 she states :

He lived three hours after he was seized with his giddiness, and was blooded 30 ounces, but not being relieved by it as he used to be he said "*this is my worst fit and will be my last.*" The Duke has died in great debt to his tradespeople; to his butcher it is said he owed a thousand pounds. It is said he died without a will. He is greatly lamented at Windsor where he kept an 100 men at work the whole winter and gave them their dinner at the end of their day's work.

On November 5 Mrs. Montagu went to Mrs. Boscawen's at Hatchlands on a visit; writing next day she says:

To her Husband

HATCHLANDS, *Tuesday night*
the 6th of Nov.

Mr. Pitt has unfurnish'd his House at Hayes, but it is not yet disposed of; perhaps the great event that has happend lately may bring him from Sommersetshire. He is erecting an Obelisk to the memory of Sr W: Pinsent; the emblems are to be a Lupine and a Pelican; whether they are in emblematical language significant of gratitude is more than my learning informs me. Sr W: Pinsent had a very extraordinary affection for his offspring, but not like that which is attributed to the Pelican. I saw Mr. Ramsay in Town, who has been at Geneva and made a visit to Voltaire; he says he is not so meagre and extenuated as he expected. He lives nobly, but his table is disgraced by Sycophants who are continually offering him the grossest flattery which he receives with great pleasure. I had not time in my last to tell you Dr. Maty is very desirous of being Secretary to the Royal Society.

. . . General Pulteney has been put into a terrible fright by a dream in which Lord Bath appeared to him and repeated some verses importing he must prepare to die tomorrow. The General repeats the verses and says they cannot be his for he never made a rhyme in his life. Mrs. Johnstone [née Pulteney, his cousin and eventually heiress] repeated three of the four lines and I think they are rather such as I should have expected from the General than his brother. I wish he would take any warning to do good before "the night cometh when no man can work."

To her Husband

Nov. the 14.

The Duke it is said, dyed without a will, so his lease in Windsor Forest, which was for his own life and that of Princess Amelia, must be sold for the benefit of his Heirs, and the payment of debts; it is imagined the King will buy it. His Majesty did a generous thing as a man, and a wise one as a King the other day, when Ld Albemarle, who acts as Executor for the Duke, brought his Majesty a casket in which he told him were the most secret papers of his Royal Highness. The King said if they were so, they ought to be seen only by his most near and intimate friend, and desired Ld Albemarle wd read them, burn all that he thought the Duke wd have wishd destroyd, and if he found any that cd be of use to the publick those he might bring to him. As the K—— and the D—— were not always upon good terms, it is probable there might be in these papers some caballing, and the parties who had been engaged therein must have been in a horrid fright; but the King was in the right not to pry into these matters. Pompey got great honour by burning unread the papers of Sertorius and not informing himself who had been leaguing with Sertorius.

Matthew Maty—the "little black dog" whom Johnson wanted to throw into the Thames—got his Secretaryship of the Royal Society this year, and was afterwards principal Librarian at the British Museum. He published Lord Chesterfield's Memoirs.

To her Husband

Nov. 16.

The affair of the stamps will embarass the Ministry because they are weak, and the opposition will not join in any support of the interest of their Country with men whom they wish to displace; but this attempt of the Colonies to assert an independancy on the Parliament of England is of a dangerous nature; . . . However the outs will do anything to thrust themselves in. The Ministers think they are sure of a majority which may be the case at the opening of the Sessions, but I dare say they will be very hard run before the end of it; if they mean well they have not credit and authority to do any good. The discarded Ministers are all at Bath, Ld Sandwich and Ld Hinchingbroke are there, Mr. Pitt I hear is going to Bath. The opinion people have of him makes him necessary at this time, so I wish he was in power, otherwise I should never have any wish of that kind, for I know not who of all mankind is most able or most willing to serve this poor Country at this very critical time when we are beggard by conquests and know not how to reap any advantage from them equal to what they have cost us.

Space can only be spared here for a few extracts from a long letter of gossip to Mrs. Vesey dated from Hill Street, November 19:

I had the pleasure of hearing the night before last of Mr. Bateman, that day arrived from Windsor, that Lady Primrose is extreamly well. She had been a little indisposed, but was then perfectly recovered. Now my dear Madam there is no man whose opinion I would take of old Women, and old china, sooner than Mr. Batemans. The toast of the year, and the last manufactory at Dresden, Vincennes, and Chelsea, may be better understood by some of your young gentlemen lately return'd from their travels, but you must allow Mr. Bateman has attentively surveyed every curious cabinet of old china, and civily visited the Ruelle of every old lady of note for these twenty years last past, so that he is a perfect connoisseur in these two subjects. . . .

Mr. Adam and Mr. Brown are adorning Beauwood, and in time will make it a fine place. You have heard, I presume that Lady Charlotte Finch is obliged to separate in form from Mr. Finch. He is grown by age something between mad and foolish, and has, it is said, been guilty of the most cruel outrages to Lady Charlotte and his daughters, even to put them in fear of their lives.

. . . Mrs. Ann Pitt is grown plump, and is in great health; she has been fitting up a little place at Knightsbridge as a Country seat, she cannot bear to retire to those desolate places, "Where the gilt chariot never mark'd the way"; she loves the track of ministerial wheels. Lady Betty Germain is in good health, but has lost her memory; she is now I presume preserved by the prayers of those who live on her bounty. Lord Foley is in a deplorable way. I am told he is the picture of caducity and almost blind. Mr. Pitt is at his newly acquired seat in Sommersetshire; . . .

Mr. Walpole is laid up with the gout at Paris, and is in an ill state of health. Whether this finds you in sequester'd bower, in all the sublimity of poetick melancholly, or in the hurry of the gay city at Dublin, may it find you well and happy ; I recommend frequent changes from society to solitude, and from solitude to society ; to be always in the livery of gayety and pleasure, or for ever " O'er laid with black staid wisdoms hue " would wear one set of ideas thread bare ; " Motley is the only wear," it fits the human mind, let the proud and the vain say what they will.

The great age of Lady Dorothea Primrose—whom Malone declared to have been well acquainted with Steele, and to have confirmed the story of Addison's loan to him, " reclaimed by an execution "—is denied by Croker, who says she could not have been more than sixty-five at her death ; but the above reference hardly bears this out. She was the youngest daughter of the first Earl of Rosebery.

On November 21, in a letter to her husband, Mrs. Montagu says :

I can tell you as a secret and as a certain truth the Great Commoner has had an express from a person still greater inviting him again into power but know not what answer he has given, but I believe not a favourable one. The news ridiculously says Mr. Pitt's baggage is brought to his house in Jermyn Street where by the bye he has not had a house these two years. It is said Mr. Pitt is fallen ill of the gout at the Bath. Lady Chatham and the children are at Burton Pynsent, for they could not get a house large enough to contain them and their numerous attendants. He has made the place (Burton Pynsent) already very fine ; the house is situated on an eminence and by cuts through his woods he has taken in a vast number of Steeples. He is sorry he has parted with his house at Bath and will probably build another.

To her Husband

30th Nov.

There is going to be a new square here at Marybone larger than Grosvenor Square, yet it does not diminish the price of houses. £18000 is now offerd for the House the D.

of Cumberland bought of the D. of Beaufort for £12000. . . . S^{r} George Rodney succeeds to Ad^{ml} Townshend at Greenwich, he obtaind this by his Brother in law L^{d} Egmont. I told you in my last that I delayd going to Mr. Kings till I could be assured poor Mr. Isaacson was buried. He will not give his bearers the same trouble the D. of Cumberland did, whose weight was such in his coffins, that the six and twenty beefeaters who carried him were in danger of being crush'd to death. His R. Highness memory is so popular in the City that the mob insult all the people who appear out of mourning, if they seem of a decent condition, and they calld out to the King at the play to know why he had not weepers on his coat, tho no one wears them for an Uncle. The good people of England are very foolish in their idolatry.

Mr. Montagu writes:

When Mr. Botham came here he brought Dr. Lowth's book which I like exceedingly, the Professor is very moderate if he abstains from bringing an action against the Bishop for an assault and battery. This Author of the "Divine Legation" is a scandal to Episcopacy and ought to be deprived of his orders and Bishoprick.

To this Mrs. Montagu thoroughly agreed, and in a letter of December 10 says:

I spent Sunday evening at the Archbishop of York's where we had a great deal of mirth about Dr. Lowth's book and I find his Grace is as much pleased with it as you and I are. I hear Warburton like all bullies is frightened at a brisk attack, and the menace to attack the divine legation has made him shrink in his shell.

To her Husband

the 25th of Dec. 1765.

Warburton is like a library which contains many volumes, but has a librarian without judgment, and without taste, who is vain, and insolent, arrogant, and obstinate, in the possession of so many books, from whence he can quote a page on any subject, but never yet extracted the spirit of any author. Unless a mans mind draws a sort of quintessence from what he reads, nicely perceives distinctions, and traces analogies, his head grows only a general dictionary, a meer encyclopedia, which one should consult only to give one the names of things, or intimations what authors have written on the subject from whence one may get information. Such a man may, as Prior says

display great learning
at least to men of small discerning.

but will always appear absurd and contemptible to those who have real knowledge and a judicious mind. In more formal times two divines who had disputed wd have playd St. Austin and St. Jerom on each other, but it is comical enough to see them making use of Rabelais in that manner. The old wag wd be delighted if he could know he helpd to roast a Bishop, and realy Dr. Lowths application of the passage of Rabelais is very humorous.

Bishop Warburton's *Divine Legation* plunged him into a sea of controversy, which lasted for nearly thirty years. In the sixth volume he attacked Robert Lowth, Bishop of London (after a previous skirmish), and Lowth replied by a *Letter to the Author of the Divine Legation by a late Professor of Oxford.* To add to the gaiety of nations Dr. John Brown must needs butt into the controversy, and get properly snubbed.

Mr. Wedderburn and Mr. Burke attackd the Ministry on Tuesday with great witt, eloquence, and spirit, these darts of opposition were all recieved by that broad brazen shield the unblushing face of Lord Clare without making any impression. Yesterday a gazette from Boston was read in the House, declared by the Grenville party as Rebellion, but therein they were not seconded by the Troops of Lord Rockingham, so the opposition will be most weak on the point of greatest importance. The Ministry will be mightily harassd by the Flying Squadrons, but there not being any General and Commander of the opposition they hope not [to] be vanquish'd tho they may be disgraced. The Duke of Bedford, tho blind, intends like old Appius Claudius to go to the Senate upon extraordinary occasions. I hope he will rather imitate that venerable Consular than Sampson bold and blind, who pull'd the Assembly down about his ears.

The Stamp Act was passed on March 22, 1765, and the Congress of delegates from the colonial assemblies in America met in October to protest and demand its repeal. The Rockingham Ministry was inert and discredited, and the seizure at Boston of the new excise stamps at once called Pitt to the front with a passionate disclaimer of all responsibility for the obnoxious act, which had been passed during his illness and absence from Westminster. "This kingdom has no right to lay a tax upon the colonies. Sir, I rejoice that America has resisted." The Act was repealed in 1766, but the little fire had been kindled. Pelham Holles, Lord Clare, was Privy Seal in the Rockingham Troop. John Russell, Duke of Bedford, was President of Council.

1766

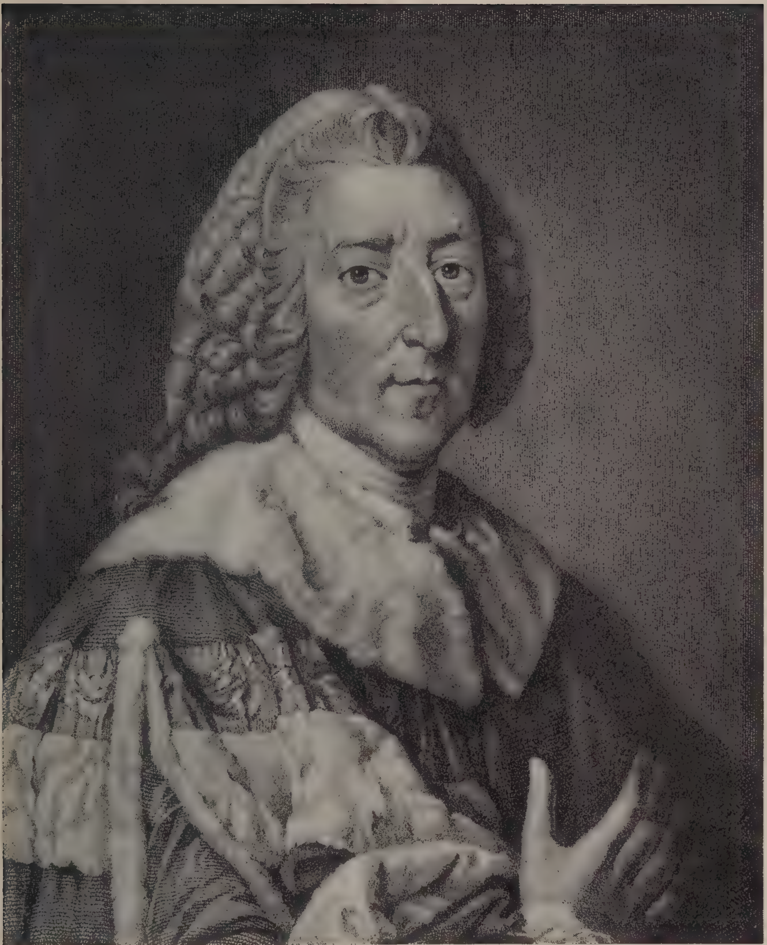
A TOUR IN SCOTLAND—THE STAMP ACT

The political situation. Repeal of the Stamp Act. Window tax. Champagne by the hogshead. The trip to Scotland. Alnwick. Edinburgh. Holyrood. Dalkeith. Glasgow. Loch Lomond. Glencoe. Inveraray. Blair Drummond. Rousseau and Hume. Mrs. Carter. The poet Gray. Mary Queen of Scots. Return from Denton.

The ill-advised and fatally irritating extension of the Stamp Act to the North American Colonies, which had been so lightheartedly carried through by Grenville's Administration, had blown the spark of disaffection in Boston, Virginia, and other assemblies into a blaze, which filled ministers at home with embarrassment. The King sent for Pitt and Temple, but their negotiations failed, and a confederacy of the great Whig houses was formed with Lord Rockingham, best known as a great landowner with a passion for horse-racing, as its head. Backed to some extent by Pitt, this Government repealed the Stamp Act, at the same time reasserting the supreme power of Parliament over the colonies. The qualified recantation came too late, and news that Congress had resolved on resistance awakened the country to some reality of danger and some indignation at its rulers, supported by the feeling that Pitt must be brought back to save the situation. Pitt was willing to return to power, provided he had freedom ; and his Ministry of the King's Friends (and his own) was patched together with this aim, and included Conway and Grafton, Portland and Bessborough, Camden and Shelburne, with the disastrous addition of Charles Townshend at the Exchequer. Pitt's acceptance of an earldom this summer, however, went far to extinguish the popularity of the Great Commoner.

A letter from Mrs. Montagu to Mrs. Vesey, dated February 3, gives a humorous view of the political situation at the beginning of the year :

> Before the meeting of parliament news came of a terrible hurley burley in America ; our young Ministers, qui ne s'etoient jamais trouvé a telle fête, were allarmd, they were sensible they were too young to manage things so difficult, our Major Ministers apprehended they were too old to contend with matters so violent. Some took hartshorn, some assafetida, but none took the grand specifick in such maladies *a firm resolution.* The Parliament met ; you know the Kings speech, which was not decisive but prudently equivoque, and they were to meet again. In the House of Lords Lord Temple and Lord Lyttelton spoke nobly of the authority of Parliaments, and the dignity of Government. Then they all went into the Country to eat their Christmas pies, some for the sake of present ease could have swallow'd with them the affronts from America, others were high stomached and could not digest them. Hollidays past, then came working days indeed. The Kings speech was firm, it pleased the hearts of oak and they praised it, and thank'd his Majesty for it, and expressed a desire to support the authority of Government. A day was named for taking this great affair into consideration ; on that day Mr. Pitt came up from Bath, He talk'd of liberty, of natural liberty, and he loved liberty and liberty loved him and I know not what, and people said that part of his speech was great, but they did not well understand it ; Mr. Grenville talk'd of laws, and quoted the statutes in support of the legality of the stamp act ; Mr. Pitt bid him not tell him of doggseared, doubled down acts of parliament, he was for natural liberty, and he was for repealing the stamp act, it appeared. This did not please, but his next appearance in the House was more violent ; he said we had broken the compact between England and America, and they were independant, or something of that sort ; he railed at Ministers past and present, and was



WILLIAM PITT, FIRST EARL OF CHATHAM
After Richard Brompton

violent against the D: of Newcastle. This last speech has totally ruined him in the City, he has lost his popularity here, but will find it rise as the Sun does with the Antipodes when it sets in this Hemisphere. It is amazing how the Tyde has turn'd. The last time he spoke in the House there was violent opposition to him, no applause of what he said, and when Sr F—— N—— said that in other times whoever had spoken such a language would have been sent to the Tower, no one resented it. Mr. C. Townshend has as yet been perfectly silent. Mr. Burke spoke extreamly well. The Ministers in the House of Commons were not at unison with those in the House of Lords, they want somebody to lead the Chorus. It is supposed this Ministry will not last long, but who the next will be composed of I know not. We do not look on Ireland as a Sister to America, but to England; America is our Child, and a very perverse one.

To Mrs. Vesey

Feb. 22.

The stamp act was repeal'd by a majority of one hundred and eight, and our friend Mr. Burke spoke divinely, yes divinely, dont misunderstand me, and report he spoke as well as mortal man could do, I tell you he spoke better. The great Commoner praised him highly in the Senate, and all people join in the chorus. Indeed Mr. Burke has every day acquired great praise but yesterday crown'd all. Mr. Pitt did not speak so well as he has done. He described the American planter sitting in his native innocence in his native woods, and how cruel to disturb him there with a stamp duty, but as this duty was not to be levied on men who under the shade of melancholly boughs lose and neglect the creeping hours of time, but affects the litigious man who goes to law, or the mercantile man who sends commodities out to Sea, the pastoral part of the speech, though adornd with quotations from the Georgics, did not greatly move the House. In the House of Lords there will be more opposition to the Ministry, but still the act will be repealed. I expect Lady Shelburne every moment, so must be laconick. Ld Lyttelton desires Ld Orrerys wretched letters on the English history may not be attributed to him, neither as to the matter or the manner. I enclose a letter Mr. Walpole wrote to Rousseau in the name of the K. of Prussia.

On April 21 Mrs. Montagu writes:

> There is a cruel tax going to be lain on Cottagers who are to pay the tax if they have seven windows, so these poor wretches must live without light and air; all this to please America. To please North America the duty is to be taken off Molasses and a heavier duty to be lain on wheels. I wish our ministers were shipped off to their friends in America. The Country gentleman is to pay £10 a year for his coach and 1s. 6d. a window. There is not a more oppressed creature in this nation than a Country gentleman, obliged to keep up an old mansion and an old name, ashamed to appear below every upstart in his parish. I grieve for the gouty Squires and their fat wives who will not be able to let the coach and old Dobbin and Whiteface tug them to church, or to visit a neighbour, while your American drives his gilded Car and 6 bays, tho' perhaps his Father was transported for felony.

In April Mr. Montagu set out on the long journey to Newcastle, whither his wife was to follow him later. Arrangements were being completed for their residence at Denton Hall, a Tudor mansion, built in 1503 by the Widdringtons, close to Hadrian's Wall, and subsequently in the occupation of the Errington family, whose Jacobite loyalty cost them their estates. These passed to a relative of the Earl of Sandwich, and on his death, partly by inheritance and partly by purchase, became the property of Mr. Montagu. The fine old Hall, now in the possession of Mr. I'Anson, boasts a beneficent ghost, "Old Silky," who gives warning to the miners of coal damp, and is celebrated in local song. The Montagus were at this time furnishing the house from London.

Replying to Mrs. Montagu's American criticisms her husband, writing from Northumberland, reminds her of Lord Bolingbroke's prophecy that the time would come when six or seven millions of people would not be hewers of wood and drawers of water for two hundred thousand.

Mrs. Montagu set out to join her husband on the

20th of May, and writes to Mrs. Carter from Stilton to extol the new chaise:

> Hermes Trismegisthus was a perfect fool and coxcomb compared to Jethro Tull, Gent., the inventor of post chaises. Here I am in perfect health and nothing weary at the end of 71 miles.

The lumbering coach with six horses and six servants had started two days earlier.

A letter from Lady Hervey, dated June 21, announces the purchase for the Montagus of a hogshead "piece" of champagne for home bottling. The hogshead cost £13 : 2 : 6, duty and conveyance £16 : 19s., working out at under 3s. per bottle.

Some accounts of the working of the colliery and the lives of the miners must be relegated to a separate paper, though of interest as showing the impressions of a woman coming fresh to a new type of industry and a new class of workers, and their gradual effect on her attitude and conduct.

From Lord Lyttelton

SUNNING HILL, *July* 18.

MADAM—Will you deign to receive a Letter from a meer Country Gentleman at a Farmhouse on Sunning Hill, when the News Papers, and no improbable Reasonings on the circumstances of Things, may have made you expect one from the Ld President of the Council, or the Ld Privy Seal? The History of this event will not be long. The King sent for Mr. Pitt last Wenesday was sennight to form a Ministry for him, thinking that which he had too weak and inefficient. On their first Conference by the advice of Mr. Pitt he sent for Lord Temple with an Intention to putt him at the head of his Treasury; but it not having pleas'd Mr. Pitt that any of his Lordship's and his Brother's Friends should be of the Cabinet, not excepting even me; and his Lordship not chusing to be there without them, the Negociation soon ended; Ld Temple went to Stowe, and I return'd hither. His Lordship thought that he made no small Concession in setting aside his Brother, and taking the office he had filled with so much reputation, for the sake of accommodation with Mr. Pitt, without also dishonouring him, and making him quite incapable of assisting the government *out of office*, by leaving out all his Friends, and putting himself at the head of a Ministry composed only of those who had distinguished themselves by repealing a Law, in which his Lordship thought the Sovereignty of the Kingdom concern'd. He therefore proposed Ld Gower to be Secretary of State, Mr. Pitt naming the other; but the Great Man chose to name *both*, and gave a Negative to Ld Gower, as he did also to me for any Cabinet Office, but was so gracious as to admitt that I might have some lower Place and be *call'd to the Cabinet*, as a Supernumerary. This Ld Temple rejected without having seen me, declaring it was not for my sake, but for his own; that I was *his right arm*; and that though he knew I would wish to give every Facility to any Arrangement between them two, he would not consult me about it, but insisted on my having a Cabinet Office. Pitt not agreeing to this or the other of his Lordship's Demands before-mention'd, and proposing Conway and Grafton for Secretaries of State and Ld Shelburne and others for Cabinet Counsellors in other great Offices, Ld Temple did not care (to use his own Expression) *to be a Great Cypher at the head of many small Cyphers, under the sole Direction of Mr. Pitt.* I therefore found it useless to propose any accommodation with regard to myself, as I could not possibly blame his Lordship's determination on other accounts. But I think it astonishing that Mr. Pitt should chuse to send for him from Stowe in order to propose to him what he must be morally sure he could not and would not accept. How he will now form his Ministry a short time will shew; so I will not trouble you with any Conjectures about it. When I left London he was at Hampstead a good deal indisposed with a Feverish Disorder. It behooves him to be well both now and hereafter, considering what he has done and what he has to do. Probably this Letter will be read before it comes to your hands; but the curious Inspector is welcome to all the Intelligence it contains. That you are *perfectly well* is the best News I can hear, and I thank you for giving it me by your last Letter. My Heart is much more at ease about my Daughter, and I think my Son's necessities will soon compell him to a Submission. You shall hear more from me soon on both those Points. With your Friendship and a Consciousness of my own Integrity to support me I am as unconcern'd at all these Cross Events in the Political World, as a Monk in his Cloyster or a Hermitt in his Cell. My Domestick Misfortunes go nearer to my Heart; but against them too I find a powerfull Cordial in your sympathising Goodness and most prudent Counsels. While the Love of Virtue or Sense of Gratitude remain in my Heart you will always find me your most devoted and most faithfull humble Servant

LYTTELTON.

My best complimts to Mr. Montagu, to whom I would have you communicate this Letter.

On August 1 Dr. Gregory and his daughter Dorothea who had been paying a visit to the Montagus at Denton, started northward with Mrs. Montagu as her "knight errant and escort" round Scotland. On the way they paid a visit to Alnwick, where the first night was spent.

Writing to Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Montagu tells her:

I am now preparing for a trip to Scotland with Dr. Gregory and his daughter who are with us here at present.

On their way north they interviewed Lord Northumberland about working a colliery that he and Mr. Montagu had an interest in.

Writing to her husband on August 5 from Edinburgh Mrs. Montagu says:

Lord Northumberland was extremely polite and obliging, he showed me the Castle and the garden himself and a most noble place it is. The flag was flying on the top of the Castle to inform the country round it was a public day

When the poor fill their bellies,
The rich receive honour,
So good and so great is the Lord of the Manor.

I must own this noble kind of hospitality seems to be suited to the rank and fortune of our great nobility, who must degenerate from the figure of their Ancestors when they creep into little villas near London and entertain only 2 or 3 He or She toad eaters. I was greatly pressed to stay dinner both by the Lord and Lady of the Castle but it was inconsistent with my journey. There is something in Lord Northumberland's manner very striking, dignity, ease and freedom and perfect good breeding. Lord Warkworth came and sat with me, he is very obliging and sensible. Alnwick Castle is a very noble building, Lord N. has restored the parts to their perfect integrity on the outside ; the inside is laid out in most princely rooms, the prospect it commands is not very rich but the features are such as suit the character of the Castle better than meer agriculture would do.

To Mrs. Scott her sister writes :

Lord Northumberland has been careful to employ the same stones, so that the outside is of the same form as when it was in the revolution of the Percy. . . . They keep 2 public days a week.

Resuming Mrs. Montagu's letter to her husband she says :

From Alnwick to Tweedmouth we passed through a well cultivated Country finely planted. We had all the way a noble prospect of the sea. . . . There are vast plantations about all the gentlemen's seats. At the Duke of Roxburgh's there are fine trees quite on the sea shore. It was just dusk when we got to Edinburgh ; the height of the houses to the street is 7 stories to the fall of the hill some are 9 or 10 stories high, some 14, it is said. I have got a very good lodging and perfectly clean, indeed I never saw a neater at Bath nor better furnished. I look to the Forth and have a charming prospect. At night the streets are in a filthy pickle but as I shall never go out on foot it will not affect me. I am up but one pair of stairs from the entrance but there are 8 families below me and 4 above. I am amazed to find Scotland as beautiful and rich a country I was ever in. . . . Your goddaughter is very handsome, the little boys were gone to bed but I saw the two younger girls, they are lovely children.

Lord Kaimes author of the Elements of Criticism supped with us last night. I am invited to sup at Sir Gilbert Elliots tonight. Tomorrow Lord Chief Baron Ord and his family carry me to see Hopton House.

Every one in Edinburgh of consequence vied in invitations to Mrs. Montagu to breakfast, dine, or lodge. She was magnificently and elegantly entertained to dinner by Lord Chief Baron Ord and taken to a concert afterwards. Dr. Gregory whose wife, now dead, was a daughter of Lord Forbes, was building himself a house, so he and his family were in what Mrs. Montagu called a "flatt," despite of which he gave excellent suppers with all the literati of Edinburgh as guests.

In a letter to her husband of August 9 she says:

> The Castle of Edinburgh is a most romantic thing and brings to ones mind the Castles of Tasso and Ariosto in which giants are lodged and captive knights imprisoned. On Wednesday I walked all over Holyrood House which is really a fine regular palace but most of it modern. The Chapel is extremely antique and a very fine Gothic building; there I saw well preserved the bodies of many of the Scottish Kings and Queens, and among them the Earl of Darnleys, husband to the unfortunate Mary. He was the handsomest man of the age and of an uncommon stature, his fatal end and the impressions death makes on mortal beauty make him now an object that preaches more forcibly than Solomon on the vanity of human things. I was in the little room where David Rizzio was murdered; I could not help sighing for the beauteous Mary, who forced from the gay and polite Court of France was obliged to live in the Austerities of Presbytery in a Kingdom at that time uncouth, and among subjects disposed to rebel, and Ministers accustomed to control their Monarch. I find the Society here very agreeable, the gentlemen are learned and the ladies more so than with us. Dr. Robertson the historian is a very agreeable lively man. The Scotch have a great deal of the French address and good breeding. . . . Dr. Gregory is much esteemed and beloved by every one here and indeed it would be hard if he was not, for no man can deserve it better. He has fine parts and amiable manners. The babes are lovely, your god daughter is a charming girl.

In the next letter of August 11 she says:

> On Friday I arrived at Dalkeith the seat of the Duke of Buccleugh's. The views from it are very fine, but not so striking and noble as those from Hopton House. I was yesterday at the Kirk and heard an admirable sermon from Dr. Robertson. The extempore manner of preaching used by a man of genius has a good effect but would not please from persons who were not masters of their subject and the language.

Mrs. Montagu attended a ball whilst in Edinburgh where she " saw many pretty women and much good dancing and the ladies and gentlemen were so polite as to dance reels on my account." . . . She continues :

> We cary Ossian's Poems with us as we shall see some of the Classic ground. I hear poor Sir James Macdonald is dying at Rome. What a pity ! Never was a parent more to be pittied than his mother.[1] His country will lose its first ornament and his little Island[2] relapse into the barbarism and poverty from whence he was raising it.

From Glasgow, whither Dr. Gregory and Mrs. Montagu now proceeded, she writes to her husband :

> Your vagrant wife is at present in the town of Glasgow a City ill suiting with Churchill's description of the poverty of Scotland. The access to it is beautiful and noble, and the town more regular and fine than any in England. . . . the streets are broad and open, the houses which are stone are regularly arranged ; the streets open cross Streets at right angles. I am now going to Hamilton about 8 miles from hence, I shall return hither to dinner and then visit the Cathedral and the painting academy.

From Glasgow the travellers went to Inveraray. In a letter to Mrs. Carter is this passage :

> I have been in Ossian's land. A gentleman at Inverary supped with us who had from his youth much of Fingal by heart. The people below are talking Ersh, there was a sermon preached in that language at Inverary yesterday.

Returned to Edinburgh on August 22, Mrs. Montagu writes to her husband :

> We were very obligingly entertaind at the Lord Provosts villa near Glasgow, we lay there on Friday night, on the Saturday we travelled many miles on the side of Loch Lomond, the most beautiful lake that can be imagined, it is adorned with many Islands of different bulk and figure . . . the lake is pure as crystal and the shore of white pebbles ; the banks

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[1] Lady Margaret Macdonald, daughter of ninth Earl of Eglinton.

[2] The Isle of Skye.

are all steep and adorned with wood, and here and there a mountain lifts its head, or rocks rise on the side of the lake. This water is in places 8 miles broad in others 3 or 4. We lay on Saturday night at a place called Luss, the next day about noon we entered the Highlands. It is not within the compass of prose, hardly of poetry, to describe the sublime beauties that here opened upon us. We travelled along a glen [Glencoe] encompassd by vast hoar mountains down whose wrinkled sides rushed impetuous streams which ended in the vale below. In a sort of proportion mountain rose above mountain, some from the steep declivity had had all the soil washed away and the rocks like the bones of a giant exhibited its strength without softness or mitigation, and made imagination tremble through all her powers. In this glen we stopped to dine, the post-chaise was the best habitation so there we were served by a bare legged highland nymph with the best herrings that ever were tasted, and it is a fish of a much superior excellence to any we have. The sharp air gave appetite, the day was warm, the sun can never pervade the glen but illuminates some parts of the mountains, while others appear deep and dark ; sheep and goats being on the sides, and here and there the hand of industry has reached high on the sides of the mountains and by the spade, cultivated spots of ground so that every kind of corn is to be seen in parts. . . . Winding through these mountains we rise to Inverary where there is another vast lake of salt water [Loch Fyne] ; just before the house of the Duke of Argyll sometimes sports the great Leviathan tho' it is 60 miles from the ocean but the whales come in search of the herrings. His grace's house has cost a great deal of money, but makes little figure, being surrounded by such immense objects. I must reserve for my next the account of what we saw at Glasgow and have seen since at Lord Kaimes where we were most kindly entertained.

Another long letter to Mrs. Scott of August 24 gives much the same account, but adds she is going to hear Mr. Blair preach, and "Tomorrow I am to lye at Sir Gilbert Elliots, the next night at the Bishop of Carlisle's and then I get back to grovelling cares and filthy lucre and dirty coal."

Dr. Gregory and his two daughters accompanied Mrs. Montagu back to Denton, and she persuaded him to leave the two girls with her for a time; the eldest, afterwards Mrs. Alison, was then eleven; the second was Mr. Montagu's godchild. Both were lovely children.

From Bill Hill, Berks, on October 16, Lady Hervey writes to acknowledge receipt of Mrs. Montagu's cheque for the champagne mentioned before, and alludes to the quarrel between Hume and Jean J. Rousseau:

From Lady Hervey

Jean Jaques has now proved himself to Mr. Hume what I long ago knew he was and warned that honest amiable dupe that he would find him. Rousseau is the most dangerous composition that can be, which is that of madness grafted on malignity. I never in my life knew anyone that had so many singularities about them, that was not either a knave, fool or a madman, and often two of the three joined, which is certainly Rousseau's case notwithstanding all Mr. Wedderburn has told you Madam. I am persuaded you will be surprised and shocked when you see the large absurd wicked accusation he has drawn up in 18 folio pages against his greatest benefactor and best friend, amidst which there are strokes of great genius intermixed and it ends by the most eloquent and pathetic apostrophe to Hume entreating him to justify himself and prove his innocence.

Rousseau had been lionised in London this year, alternately grumbling and delighting in the homage which he affected to dislike. Hume had done his utmost to secure for his friend the comfortable retreat which he professed to desire, and a great part of the *Confessions* was indeed written at Wootton in Derbyshire, where he had secured a lovely domicile for the sentimentalist "without a skin." Walpole's wicked letter from the King of Prussia, already alluded to, was among the worst of many spiteful achievements; but there was no sane excuse for the vituperative fury with which Rousseau turned upon David Hume, who had done his utmost to make his stay in England comfortable, though he had strangely and amusingly misjudged the character of the "modest, mild, well-bred, gentle-spirited, warm-hearted man," whom he compared to Socrates, and thought he could spend his life with in mutual friendship and esteem. But Jean Jacques was not sane, and therein lies the answer to it all, as Lady Hervey rightly divined.

Horace Walpole wrote vixenishly: "I suppose Mrs. Montagu, my Lord Lyttelton, . . . will be in raptures with Rousseau, especially as conducted by Mr. Hume," but he was greatly mistaken, as later letters show.

A long letter from Lord Lyttelton in September describes an extraordinary boating accident in the Severn, in which he and a party of eighteen friends were involved, all being thrown from their boat into one of the deepest parts of the river, but all rescued, though only five of them could swim. Other letters about this time lament the untimely death, at Rome, of young Sir James Macdonald, Mrs. Montagu's special favourite; and also of Lord Lyttelton's brother Sir Richard; and there are, of course, references to Anstey's *New Bath Guide*, which had just made its appearance; Christopher Anstey's sister having been a great friend of Mrs. Montagu's.

From Lady Hervey

October the 28th.

I must make my acknowledgments to dear Mrs. Montagu for her kind congratulations, and the obliging share she is so kind to take in Lord Bristol's new Situation, which is very agreable to him, and may be very advantageous to his brothers: I am to be the only sufferer by it: his three years residence cuts off all hopes from me of seeing him again—three years are more than the life of so old a woman as myself; but I may say on this occasion, as Aggripina did of a very different Son from mine, *lett him reign tho' I die.* If your travels were half so agreable to you, Madam, as you make them to others in the relation of them, you have passed your time most delightfully in Scotland; I am not unacquainted with the Hospitality, good sence and good breeding of the Scotch, but their good taste alone would suffice to make them endeavour to please you.

Two sentences from letters of this period throw fresh light on Elizabeth Carter's character and personality. In the first Mrs. Montagu tells her:

> To amuse myself I began to read Clarissa, but there is such a resemblance of character between you and Clarissa I believe I shall not be able to go on, her distresses affect me so deeply. I am sure Mr. Richardson knew you when you was a girl. I believe at thirteen you was exactly Clarissa Harlowe.

Elizabeth Carter and Hester Mulso (Mrs. Chapone) were the two literary ladies whom Richardson called his adopted daughters. Their attentions and affectionate assiduities, according to Miss Reynolds, made Dr. Johnson rather jealous and envious of the novelist, for whom he considered these ladies had deserted his own paternal affection.

In the second, writing again to her from Denton, Mrs. Montagu is a little bit annoyed with her good man, whom she always refers to as "his honour" when he is tiresome.

> If you want cash for immediate use I will send you any sum you please when I get to London. I wish I c^{d} tell you when that will be, this wet place sadly plagues my poor carcass, but whenever I desire to depart his honour frowns, and says it is all whim, and I am only tired because Mrs. Carter is not here, for his part her face makes him melancholly. I told him it was a jolly round face, and if he found any melancholly it was of his own bringing. At last I found he saw the sign of the cross in her face, her Xtian baptism still remains, and what zealous bigots are these freethinkers! With all their talk of toleration they w^{d} not tolerate any religion at all if they c^{d} help it. However I hope to get out of the house in a few days notwithstanding Mrs. Carters piety. . . .

Mr. Temple, in writing a warm eulogy of the poet Gray, was constrained to say that the defect of his character was "an affectation of delicacy, or rather effeminacy, and a visible fastidiousness or contempt and disdain of his inferiors in science; . . . he could not bear to be considered merely as a man of letters, his desire was to be looked upon as a private independent gentleman, who read for his amusement." Horace Walpole and others have referred to his shy and morose manner, and the following from Mrs. Montagu to the wife of her brother, William Robinson, who was amongst Gray's intimates, "the Reverend Billy," suggests something of the same impression:

> I was told Mr. Gray was rather reserved, when in Scotland, tho' they were disposed to pay him great respect. I agree perfectly with him that to endeavour to shine in conversation and to lay on for admiration is very paltry; at the same time when a man of celebrated talents disdains to mix in common conversation or refuses to talk on ordinary subjects it betrays a latent pride; there is a much higher character than that of a wit, a poet, or a savant, which is that of a rational sociable being, willing to carry on the commerce of life with all the sweetness and condescension, decency and virtue will permit. The great duty of conversation is to follow suit as you do at whist; if the eldest hand plays the deuce of diamonds let not his next neighbour cast down the King of Hearts because his hand is full of honours. I do not love to see a man of wit win all the tricks in conversation nor yet to see him sullenly pass. I speak not this of Mr. Gray in particular but it is the common failing of men of genius. I shall be very glad to see Mr. Gray whenever he will do me the favour. I think he is the first poet of the age, but if he comes to my fireside, I will teach him not to speak prose but to talk nonsense if occasion be. I would not have the poet always sit on the proud summit of the forked hill. I have a great admiration as well as respect for Mr. Gray.

To Lord Lyttelton

DENTON, *the* 18*th* [*Nov.* ?].

I have lately read again Mr. Robertson's History of Mary, and I quite Agree with you, that the Myrtle Wreath was properer for her brow than the Imperial Diadem. She was

Unfortunate in having her Education in Catherine de Medicis's Court and afterwards connections with our Elizabeth ; Persons who are strictly virtuous and honest, if they have common sense, will be secure against all the attempts of the deepest Politician, but if they quit the strait road, they will then be circumvented by an Antagonist of superior cunning. If Mary had not murther'd her Husband, and married the Assassin, our Virago might have plagued and teized, but could not have beheaded her. Dr. Robertson has managed her story very well ; by setting her beauty and Accomplishments before our Eyes, we are interested tenderly for her, and by painting her distresses very strongly we pity her till our Anger is disarm'd. It is a very just observation of Tacitus that an Unfair trial and the too rigourous punishment of a Criminal, give to him an Air of innocence. I am shock'd at the brutality of Elizabeth in the treatment of Mary in her Captivity. No state policy oblig'd her to starve her prisoner in a cold Apartment or to treat her with less respect than became her rank. In this, there was more of the envy and peevishness of a Woman, than the Apprehensions of a Politician. I cannot pass Elizabeth any female fault. I can allow her much male mischief, and masculine errors and even crimes. I had rather have seen her beat Burleigh or Walsingham than ogle Essex. The Tyrants or Politicians part became her.

Owing to the dismissal of their steward for the Northern properties and the installation of his successor, and the other delays occasioned by a very dilatory husband, the return from Northumberland was repeatedly postponed, and was only accomplished in a bitterly cold journey during the last days of December. During their absence Mr. Adam had been carrying out some improvements at Hill Street, including the decoration of Mrs. Montagu's dressing-room, which was known as the Silver Room, and for which Cipriani had just painted the panels of the doors. Mrs. Montagu had spent part of her enforced solitudes at Denton in completing the Essay on Shakespeare, which had been warmly commended by Dr. Gregory, her Edinburgh friend, to whom she had sent it for criticism.

1767

INOCULATION—LORD CHATHAM'S ILLNESS

The new dressing-room. The burletta. Henry Home. Inoculation. Lord Chatham's illness. Political congress. Miss Botham's wedding. Sarah Fielding. Death of Charles Townshend. The journey north. Hatfield. Mrs. Carter of Theakstone. Burmeston. Mr. Percy. General Pulteney's death. Duke of York. Lord Chatham repurchases Hayes. Return to town. December frost and gaiety.

Returning after the bitter winter journey from Northumberland Mrs. Montagu wrote to her sister:

From our Palace in Hillstreet, *Jany. the 8th.*

My dressing room is really wonderfully pretty. Mr. Adam has done his best, he has exerted much genius on the doors in emulation of his Rival Stewart. I assure you the dressing room is now just the female of the great room, for sweet attractive grace, for winning softness, for delicacy, for le je ne scai quoi it is incomparable; upon the whole I am really well lodged, but had the rooms been hung with mock flock paper, or even with Herods cruel face in vile tapestry I shd have been pleased to have got home after such a dismal cold journey. . . . The whole Town is in amazement at Lord Barry[mo]res having disappointed the fair Lady even when she was dressd for the Nuptials, the Parson waiting, friends assembled, and all things prepared; the expected Bridegroom sent word he was ill, refuses to admit her relations, and no one knows what is the cause of this sudden change.

From her Sister

I am just going to the Burletta; people are mad after them here. I believe the Duke and Duchess of Bedford came to enjoy them longer, for I can learn no other motive; they say they appear to much greater advantage here then at Covent Garden, the house and music is better suited to their voices; I own my raptures are many degrees below the fashion.

Amongst other friendships made during the tour in Scotland was, as we have seen, that of Henry Home, Lord Kames, the Lord of Session at Edinburgh, whose *Essays on the Principles of Morality* had involved him in the charge of heresy in earlier years, and who now became a rather voluminous correspondent, and a very devoted admirer of Mrs. Montagu. Their letters are many and lengthy, and hardly of sufficient interest for inclusion here, and we must be content to chronicle his Lordship's anxious desire that Mrs. Montagu should contribute an essay on "Ornament" to the new edition of his *Elements of Criticism*, an application which is gracefully declined in twelve closely written quarto pages dealing with the subject at length.

Readers of the earlier story of Mrs. Montagu's life will remember the extraordinary horror of small-pox to which she was always subject. She had undergone inoculation twenty years previously, after the birth of her child, without effect; but on her housekeeper at Hill Street developing the disease this spring she at once took refuge at the Bothams' at Ealing, and began preparations for re-inoculation by Mr. Sutton. The letters covering this period evince an anxiety, not only on her own part but amongst the large circle of her friends, which seems to-day incredible. She went into lodgings at Kensington, where the extremely drastic preparatory measures were put in hand, including a week's abstinence with mercurial treatment, etc., etc. The following extract from a letter to her husband shows that though the process was vastly more formidable than the vaccination of to-day, she was not inclined to be burked into any of the half measures which the old gentleman had suggested:

> Her friend must go at once to Kensington where she will talk to Mr. Sutton and settle how I am to proceed. If she cannot go at ten to Mr. Suttons she must go at five in the afternoon. I have written to her about the affair. If I take Mr. Sutton to inoculate me on account of his skill and experience, or indeed from a skill arising from his experience, it wd be very absurd in me to direct him or to vary from his method, so whatever disagreeableness may attend his preparation I must submit to it, else I have not the benefit of the experience of a man who has inoculated 21,000 persons, but am following my own imagination. Sutton has lost Patients by the small pox but never one by the preparation. I have undoubtedly reason to apprehend the physick will make me very sick but if I was to take but half his pill might I not suffer in the small pox for want of that physick and that diet on which his extraordinary success is founded? I never oppose my own reasonings to Experience; when it is a battle of logick I fancy I can reason as well as another. I propose to set out on saturday morning and to reach Ealing that night and on monday night to go to Kensington where I wd be settled a day before I take the physick, so on wensday I propose to swallow the formidable Pill.

Mrs. Carter came from Deal to be with her through the critical period; Sir John Pringle, M.D., consulted with Mr. Sutton on every circumstance of her constitution; the Duchess of Portland, Mrs. Boscawen, and other friends came up specially to visit her; Lord Lyttelton, Lord Kames, Dr. Monsey, and many others wrote letters full of direst solicitude; her lawyer brother Morris arranged all her affairs in case of her decease, and was at length constrained by this avalanche of anxiety to write from his office in Chancery Lane assuring her that Mr. Sutton had successfully inoculated thousands of people, and that the operation was no more terrible than ordinary blood letting. With a gasp of relief we surmount this appalling packet of letters (all strung gloomily together by some tremulous hand), and find that all has gone well, that she had not suffered in the least, and that the inoculation had again entirely failed to "take." Discarding this agonized bunch of correspondence, we find the next is from Sandleford, and breathe again.

To her Husband

SANDLEFORD, *the 11th of May.*

I askd at an Inn where Ld Chatham lay, what equipages he had? and was told two coaches, and three post chaises. I wonder what he will do with all this if he is to maintain it on his pension and Sr William Pynsents estate, which I am assured, was but £1200 pr annum, a great part of it he has already squanderd. Alas that such a man should be set to govern a nation renown'd for sober sense! Poor man I understand he is now as mad as any of his greatest admirers. At the Inns he orderd 14 dishes for his attendants supper before he was deemd non compos.

The extent of Lord Chatham's "incapacity" during this momentous period of the move towards American independence has been greatly canvassed. He had supported the embargo on corn in his first speech in the House of Lords, after the bad harvest of last autumn and the dearth which followed it, and had shortly afterwards been withdrawn from public business in a manner surrounded by some mystery; but it seems probable that the suppressed gout from which he suffered so severely had affected his brain, and that, as several references in these letters indicate, when the bodily ailment developed acutely, the brain was at once relieved and his mental faculties restored.

From her Husband

LONDON, *July 25th.*

I writ you in my last that the Congress ended in nothing. All that I can learn about it is that the Dukes of Bedford and Newcastle, Lord Temple, and Granville gave up all their pretensions, and only insisted on having their friends consider'd, but that Lord Rockingham insisted upon his being the 1st Lord of the Treasury and having Conway Secretary of State. This last was no ways agreable to the Duke of Bedford, who still was not against his promotion in the army, and that according to the highest of his wishes, and so there was an end of the treaty. If they could have agreed upon the Nomination of a Ministry as the King was to approve of it Q^ry^ if he would have come into one, or ever will without the liking of the Dowager Princess of Wales and Ld Bute, and if so how long things may go on in the way they are with the present Ministry.

"Things went on," indeed, but rather in the fashion of a coach whose driver has fallen off his seat in a fit, the various occupants of the box-seats plying the whip, jamming on the brake, and jerking the reins this way and that. Money had to be raised; and the landowners having defeated Townshend's four-shilling land tax, allowed the brilliant unballasted Chancellor to levy a customs duty at American ports on six articles, of which the last and only important item was tea.

In August the wedding of Mrs. Montagu's cousin, Kitty Botham, to Mr. Stewart took place. The bride's father performed the ceremony in great agitation, and as the groom was thought desirous of making a figure, Mrs. Montagu accompanied the wedding procession out of London in her coach and six, with three outriders all decked with favours in their hats. The favours were afterwards used as "pretty sleeve knots."

A few days later Mrs. Montagu again set out on her journey north to Denton, this time leaving her husband at Sandleford busy over their departing agent's accounts, previously to installing James Woodhouse, the cobbler poet, in his stead. She broke her northward journey at Hatfield, Stilton, Doncaster, Burrough Bridge, and Mr. Smelt's house at Leases, from which she visited Mr. Aislabie's seat at Hackfall, and also stayed at Burmeston in Yorkshire, of which her uncle, the Rev. Matthew Robinson, had been for forty-three years Vicar, and had founded almshouses there, to which she made pious visitation and suitable largess. At Durham she was met by her husband's cousin and agent, Mr. Archdeacon, and with an escort of three old Denton servants, mounted on the colliery horses, reached the Hall on August 29.

At this date comes a long and affectionate letter from Mrs. Sarah Fielding, sister of the novelist and of the blind Bow Street magistrate, and herself the author of *The Adventures of David Simple*, and other stories. Mrs. Montagu helped in the support of Mrs. Fielding by many kindly gifts sent through her sister Mrs. Scott, and the letter, though not of sufficient interest for quotation, is full of bashful gratitude.

To her Husband

STILTON, *Saturday night the 22nd* (*August*).

As we dined at Hatfield I walk'd to Lord Salisburys Seat. It is a great Gothick structure in the worst style of that kind of architecture, it is vast without being great, and melancholly without the august and sublime, the fate of the Cecil family affects one as disagreably as their Seat, one feels for it a pity mixd with contempt and loathing. To see the Heir of that Burleigh who so long held the reins of government now proud to drive a pair of coach horses is horrible. In this great Seat there are only two or three inhabitants. I observed a guitar lying in a window, and the maid, who shews the house, told me, it was play'd on by the *young Lady* who was Housekeeper, and I observed a dumb waiter with three bottles of wine, or gin perhaps, proposed for the same *young Ladys dinner*. Horses and Strumpets are the noble Earls noble delight. The Park is the only spot in all Hertfordshire that is not green, it betrays the carelessness and poverty of the owner. Thus alas terminates Burleighs wisdom, Elizabeths power, the pilfering of the Treasury, and the extortions of the Star Chamber. Ld Bacon, who was childless, takes notice with a sort of exultation, that the most distinguish'd men usually have left no posterity ;

Fortune, says he, not suffering them to be disgraced in Lineal posterity. His Father Sr Nicholas, who was also a wise man, has now several great Grand-children deprived of reason. Lord Bacon has left only the offspring of his brain, and a very honourable posterity it has proved. There are many fine pictures at Hatfield of eminent persons. The celebrated Laura appears less beautifull in her portrait than in Petrarchs verse. Mary Queen of Scotts portraits, one in her youth, the other when a Prisoner, express in the Countenance the difference of prosperity and adversity. Perhaps she was partly a sacrifice at last to the security of this wretched Race of Cecil. Ld Burleighs fear of her vengeance on his family if she succeeded his Mistress, might possibly make him more urgent for her death. Long schemes and distant views are not for this World, We see continually

Madmen buried in the heaps they raise.

There is a Portrait of Queen Elizabeth in every room. I wish her Ghost walk'd there, for I am sure she wd box the present Lords ears. She loved Lord Burleigh and protected him as Minerva is said to have done Ulysses ; he was the mortal and the most like to herself that she could find upon Earth, so on him she conferrd the assistance of those attributes the flattery and slavery of the times bestow'd on Regal Majesty. There is a great look of wisdom and penetration in Burleighs portraits, his pointed beard gives him a sager air than he wd have in the modern mode of dress. I could not help comparing his countenance with the placidness of our late, and the juvenile look of our present Treasurer. Our present Ministers fall long before they can raise a great Gothick Edifice. . . .

It is said in Huntingdonshire, that Ld C—— will now decline his pretensions there, and that Ld Charles Montagu will be put up in his room. The furniture at Elton was sold yesterday, it was first seized by a Butcher at London for a debt of only £219, but his credit has been so bad for a long time that the Butcher in the Country wd not trust him for a joynt of meat, nor bakers for a loaf of bread. All this has been brought upon him by an enormous expence in kept Women. He used to have one always within a few miles of his Country House. His Lady is much pittied, poor Woman she was far from extravagant. The Son is a fine boy, I hope Lady C—— will not be so kind a Wife as to forget she is a Mother. I was one of the persons of whom Lady Att—— enquired of this Gentlemans character before she gave him her Daughter.

I spoke truly what I had heard which was to his advantage. The great regard which Lady C—— has always shewn to me makes me still more concern'd for her. I remember this fine Gentleman was said to have spent £10000 upon a mistress some years ago. She went mad and squandered all the jewels and fine things he had given her. Since this misfortune of Ld C—— Ld Sandwich has taken the whole expence of the County upon himself, and they say it is enormous.

Elton Hall was the seat of Lord Carysfort, the Irish Baron.

To her sister Mrs. Montagu writes on Pitt's new earldom:

What do you say of the Earl of Chatham at Bath? I am angry that a comparison is made between him and my old departed friend. Poor Lord Bath did not forsake his friends but was forsaken of them, they ran into the King's closet and made their bargains before he accepted a peerage.

To her Husband

LEASES, *ye 28th of Aug.*

The night I got to Burrough Bridge I was so tired, I never thought of enquiring the order of the post, or I shd have written from thence. The night I lay at Doncaster I not only cd not get any sleep, but had not any rest. I was devoured by bugs, and the coal carts clattering by ye window every moment gave me such a night that I rose far more fatigued than I went to bed. The night following I got some rest at Burrough Bridge, but not much, for I lay in a room that had so many evil odours, the collected perspiration I suppose of ten thousand travellers, that I could not sleep any longer than my senses were subdued by fatigue. However the neatness and elegance of my present situation have made me amends for all ye disgust I sufferd on the road. . . . I was amazed to see the Town of Burmiston so improved, and most of all was pleased to hear of ye prosperity of the people. There is not one person in all the parish that takes alms, except on some extraordinary accident; one poor woman askd for some firing for ye winter; they gave her as much as came to eleven shillings, and Mrs. Carter says that is all that has been askd of the parish in this dear time. Your Tenants, even at this time of year, sell their fresh butter at 8½ [pence] a pound. I shall inform Mr.

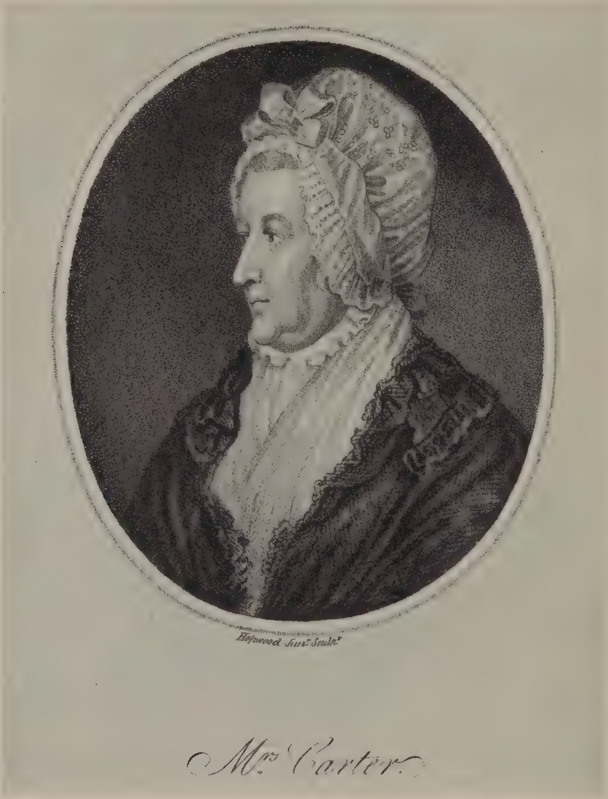
Black of these circumstances. This part of Yorkshire has a most happy aspect, no appearance of wretchedness in the Cottages, every door crouded by healthy jolly bairns, farm-houses tight and comfortable. I sent a guinea to my Uncles Almshouse, and as since meat has been dear the Feast on his Birthday had been lain aside, and ye money set apart for it given to ye poor Alms people, I ordered Mrs. Carter to get them a peice of beef, a sufficient quantity of bread, a pint of ale for each person at my expence, and that ye day shd be kept as usual. My Uncle was a Benefactor to me as well as to them, and shall not be forgotten in my time ; indeed one may say the feast on his Birthday does not now do him any good, however I am very scrupulous in articles of this kind, for if these sort of things make ye pleasure of the Living, it is an injury to Society to suffer the Will of the Dead to be neglected, since all will fear the same treatment when they shall be dead. My Uncles fortune furnished means for ye education my Father gave us, and the respectable figure in which he lived, so I love and reverence his memory, and to neglect it wd be ingratitude, and I am sure your noble mind will approve my sentiments on this subject. If I was in the neighbourhood I wd go myself to the Alms house in honour of the day when it was kept.

In a letter to Mrs. Vesey, who had just arrived at Scarborough, Mrs. Montagu, who had been to Alnwick on mining business with the Duke of Northumberland, first mentions Mr. Percy :

At Alnwick Castle I met with the Mr. Percy who published the Reliques of ancient poetry ; as there is you know a pre-established harmony between me and all poets, he showed me great attentions, and was my cicerone in visiting an old abbey the first in England dedicated to the Carmelite Order. Mr. Percy is a very agreeable well bred man, and will make a good addition to our sect of blue stocking Philosophers.

How far Mrs. Montagu knew of or approved her beloved Sylph's flirtation with her cousin Sterne there is no direct evidence to indicate. Their acquaintance had begun at least as early as 1761, and Sterne had written to Mrs. Montagu : "Never did I see anything so truly graceful as she is, nor had I an idea until I saw her that Grace could be so perfect in all its parts." They had met and philandered at Bath, they had perambulated together a deserted Ranelagh, they had confabulated in her "warm cabinet" at Bolton Row; she had even been his nurse and companion through a long night of illness in Bond Street, brewing his barley water and playing picquet so that he should not exert himself to talk. Now while she was at Scarborough he came over from Coxwold to see her, and also met Lady Anne Dawson there. Mrs. Vesey, writing to Mrs. Montagu on August 18 from Scarborough, says no word of Sterne, but she had then only been there a week. She tells her how, having been taken out in a "machine" to bathe, she had ordered her driver not to return for her till she signalled him; had fallen into a reverie about Mrs. Montagu and her sister, from which she was aroused by the unusual motion of the vessel, now almost afloat on the incoming tide; "on a prodigious vacarme my conductor at last returned with his horses head only above water; another second and your friend might have dated an Elegy from the Palace of Neptune." After describing her surroundings, she adds: "I have been but once in the Rooms and did not see a countenance that gave me any curiosity to enquire further. Ly Ann Dawson is my next door neighbour and the only society I have had any pleasure in yet. What the delights of Scarborough are I shall be better able to give you an account of a week hence. I have hitherto given up my time to riding bathing etc. Mr. Vesey is flirting with Comptesses at Spa. When he will leave his plump German ladies to take up a lean wife I don't know. How I love you my dear Mrs. Montagu. Adieu."

Unfortunately the letter of "a week hence" is missing, if it was ever written; but it seems clear from Sterne's letters that (with Eliza's miniature in his bosom, and a wife and daughter on their unwelcome


Hopwood Junr. Sculpt.
Mrs. Carter.

ELIZABETH CARTER
By James Hopwood, Junior

way back to the home he was rearranging for its future Bramine) he could not resist the call of that "system of harmonic vibrations," the Sylph; and that Mr. Vesey's better half contrived some sentimental consolation for his plump German ladies.

The good lady at Deal disapproved severely and did not hesitate to say so.

On September 8, writing to his wife, Mr. Montagu says:

> The death of Mr. C. Townshend is a very sudden and unexpected event. He died of a putrid feavour. He was thought to be upon the recovery, but relaps'd, When Dr. James was sent for, but it was too late. With all his great abilities it may be a Problem difficult to solve whether his Country will be a loser or gainer by his Death. It seems to me that the Present Ministry and People in power could not have had a greater shock, for he was a principal Piller and a Corner stone of that Fabrick. This cannot but be matter of joy to the Outs who want to have the pillaging and Plundering of the Country.

> HILLSTREET, *Thursday*.
>
> Woodhouse's Father came to Sandleford to visit him two days before we left it, I prevaild on ye Good Man to promise me to stay longer than he intended and so left the Butler also there. Old Woodhouse is a decent sensible plain man, was at first allarm'd at his Sons making verses when he shd have set a heel-peice on an old shoe, but is now proud of him in his heart. The good man they told me was silent and with tears of joy in his Eyes for an hour after he found himself with his two sons and his four grand children, and his daughter in law, who I believe is much such a character as Rebecca the daughter of Laban; all this honest heartfelt happiness below darted many rays of joy up into my dressing room. There is something so angelick in Paternal tenderness and filial piety that I shared inexpressible delight with this happy assembly. I left them all, begging old Mr. Woodhouse to stay at Sandleford to ye end of next week that I might have ye pleasure of thinking they were all happy. I have call'd the Parent of ye Woodhouses old, only by comparison, he is only 60, and looks quite fresh and young. I ask'd him if he was a Poet in his youth, he told me he cd not boast much that way, but his Mother wrote

many verses and herself made his Fathers epitaph. Tenderer relations than even that of Son, made my Poet bear with sober joy and placid content ye arrival of his Father, but the other Brother seemd quite overcome, and said with tears in his eyes, he wishd his Mother cd have been with them, The Reverence with which they behaved to the Father was really fine.

Mrs. Montagu worked hard through these autumn months over colliery business and accounts, and knocked herself up to such an extent as to alarm her really affectionate but very indolent husband, to whom she faithfully reported all her doings with every expression of wifely devotion and obedience ; and under her very capable management the colliery began to thrive exceedingly. One of her last acts before leaving for the South at the end of October was "to arrange with a schoolmaster to teach 50 boys to read and write next year, and, please God I live, I will get a dame to teach as many girls the arts and mysteries of knitting and spinning."

About this time General Pulteney, Lord Bath's brother, died, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone as his heirs, who now took the name of Pulteney, and made the belated settlement of £100 a year on Mrs. Carter which Lord Bath was believed to have intended.

Soon after reaching London again Mrs. Montagu went down to her husband at Sandleford, where "Mr. Stewart has painted me some of the sweetest Zephyrs and Zephirettes in my bed chamber that ever I beheld." This was "Athenian" Stuart, the painter and architect who later built her Portman Square mansion. Unkind people declared they were wanton Cupids.

To Lord Lyttelton

HILLSTREET, *Tuesday Nov. the 2d.*

The Duke of York is to be buried tomorrow, not only in the Vault of the Abby, but in the dark abyss of Oblivion, where great titles without great characters are soon swallow'd up. I imagine by next week he will be as much forgot as any of the blood royal of the Heptarchy. There was an appearance of good nature and humanity, join'd with fortitude, in his behaviour on his death bed, that makes one wish he had lived in times of more seriousness and dignity. In former days the Great, by certain restraints and constraints, acted above themselves, above their natural character.

Edward Augustus, Duke of York and Albany, the King's eldest brother, had died, unmarried, on September 17.

To Lord Lyttelton

Nov.

I imagine that even in the Elysian Fields at Stowe your Lordship heard a great deal of politicks. Dr Monseys mackrel upon a gravel walk does not seem to me more improperly situated than an ambitious Politician by the side of a gentle murmuring rill. Charles Townshends death seems to have done Lord Chathams nerves a great deal of good. I hear from Bath that he is in perfect health. He has sold the Pinsent estate to Sr Fludyer for £20,000, reserving to himself the House and garden and some little ground. I hope his next legacy will be in America, and then he will not mortgage or squander it, for he has great tenderness for American property.

Returned from Sandleford to Hill Street Mrs. Montagu in a letter to Mrs. Scott says:

Lord Chatham has bought Hayes again; he sold it for £16,000, he gives £20,000, Mr. Walpole having laid out money upon it.

In a letter to Mrs. Carter Mrs. Montagu mentions:

Mr. and Mrs. Pulteney will soon remove to Bath House. Their conduct to you is a noble pledge to the public that they will be worthy of their great fortune.

Mrs. Montagu doubtless felt that her wearisome autumn at Denton had entitled her to a bout of London gaiety, and December letters tell of visits to the Opera, inspection of Mrs. Wright's marvellously embroidered royal cradle, assemblies at Northumberland House, at Egremont House, and at Almack's, and a great dinner at Bath House given by its new possessors. The cold this winter was intense, and she sends her husband at Sandleford elaborate instructions for the making and supply of broth for relief distribution ; Christmas-tide finds her settling an annuity on Sarah Fielding, and inviting to dinner " pour chasser l'ennui, savants beaux esprits le beau monde and all the sorts and kinds of things that make up society," whilst Mr. Montagu sticks fast to Sandleford and gets frozen up there, in spite of huge fires and extra raiment.

1768

MOIRA MASQUE AND MONSEY—THE WILKES ELECTION

Mr. Lyttelton's election. A gazette to Mrs. Vesey. Wilkes Riots. *History of Hindostan*. Lady Moira's Masque. Alterations at Stowe. Lord Chesterfield's wit. Lord Chatham. Gray. Domeniceti. Courayer. Dr. Monsey and the King of Denmark. Lady Hervey's illness and death. Zinzendorf. Miss Chudleigh. Junius. Death of Duke of Newcastle. Royal christening. Wilkes in prison. Lord Sandwich. A wonderful clock.

The year 1768 opened with bitterly cold weather, and Mr. Montagu writes from Sandleford that there is no keeping warm without getting burnt, and his wife sends him a fur-lined leg-bag to help matters. Letters and references relating to the illness and death of Mrs. Montagu's cousin Laurence Sterne and his letters of this period will be found in the chapter relating to him. Lord Lyttelton's son Tom was returned member for Bewdley by a narrow majority after a lively contest. " The extraordinary expense in meat ale and cockades for our troops will be above fifty pounds," but Tom's conduct was at the moment " perfectly good," and his devoted father cheerfully paid for the " brave allies and confederates from Kidderminster and Aveley who made us quite masters of the field " and helped to win the poll. Ballots and Bribery Acts have made elections very dull and insipid affairs nowadays.

In April Mrs. Montagu visited her sister in her new home at Hitcham, towards the stocking of which she had sent fowls, pigs, vegetables, etc., from

Sandleford. "Mr. Pulteney tells me he has offered to build a bridge at Bath for the New Square," but the Corporation had not accepted his offer at the time of writing. Pulteney Bridge with houses on either side of it was completed about 1770.

To Mrs. Vesey

HILLSTREET, *Feb. the 2d.*

The Duchess of Montagu is come to Town much mended by the Bath waters. The Duchess of Buccleugh has the proper sloping kind of shape, which promises great joy to the noble family, and in a short time. Lady Primrose is much better than at the beginning of the winter, and Mrs. Carter, tho she had a bad summer, is now as well as ever I saw her; too much mauvaise honte and too much headach still, in all other respects as one could wish. Lady Anne Dawson seems placid and to wear her afflictions with angelick patience. I sent your letter to Brampton where she lodges. Yesterday Hymen joind the hands (Cupid before had united the hearts) of Sr Geo. Macartney and Lady Jane Stewart. A great deal of merit on both sides promises mutual happiness, and tho he has not a great estate his talents and her Friends are great enough to procure whatever they can wish. Our Friend Burke speaks better and better, but his Patron is not likely to be first Minister. Lord Bute is in a very bad state of health, eats only vegetables. Lord Bristol is grown a perfect Hercules, and looks as if he had lived on the roast beef of old England. Lady Hervey is very well. Lord Lyttelton is extreamly well, and seems to live and thrive, but his History will survive him many Centurys; the little opposition envy made to the history at first is subdued, and it is the fashion to admire it; many admire it who I believe cannot give any other reason. Mrs. Dunbar and Mrs. J. Pitt are well. Mrs. Anne Pitt is going to leave her House in Berkely Square to live at Kensington. Lady Louisa Clayton is very happy in her new state, and finds more felicity in retirement than she did at Court. . . . I am glad your gentleness was able to endure the rude frost we had this Xmass, it was horrible here. The Great Earl, erst the great Commoner, always the great Pensioner, has had the gout in his foot, but it had not the good effect on his spirits that was hoped. The D: of Bedford has recovered his sight (I mean his corporeal vision) so as to discern faces ; to discern minds is a more difficult talent. This Kingdom is all in bustle and confusion about Elections, and everybody will be leaving London early, in the Spring. The young Duchess of Portland is likely to encrease the noble family. The Dowager Duchess is very well. I have made my letter a perfect gazzette. The next I write, and I hope to write soon, shall be *mes pensees.*

Lady Anne Dawson, daughter of the first Earl of Pomfret and wife of Lord Cremorne, had lost both her children in their early years. Sir George Macartney, afterwards Governor at Madras, Pekin, and the Cape, was this year Chief Secretary for Ireland. Lord Bristol was George William, Lady Hervey's eldest son and the second Earl, who died unmarried six years later, when the title devolved upon his brother Augustus, Elizabeth Chudleigh's husband. Lady Louisa Clayton, *née* Fermor, was the sister of Lady Charlotte Finch, governess of the King's children, and often referred to in these letters. The young Duchess of Portland was Dorothy, the Duke of Devonshire's daughter, whom the third Duke of Portland, eldest son of Mrs. Montagu's girl friend and Prior's " noble lovely little Peggy," had married two or three years previously. " Our friend Burke's " patron was Lord Rockingham, whose private secretary he became in 1765.

The following relates to Wilkes' return from Paris after his four years of outlawry, and the Brentford election :

To her Sister, Mrs. Scott

April 4th.

We had strange doings with the mob on monday and tuesday last, they call'd us up at 2 in the morning and those who were not nimble enough to get their candles lighted had their windows broken tho they humbly supplicated their Majesties the Mob to give them time to obey them and they wd do it. At Hyde Park corner, and all through Piccadilly, the voters from Cook

> and Beauchamp were sadly pelted, their carriages broken. Mrs. Holford was so cut as to lose a vast deal of blood ; Mr. Townshends arm is much bruised. My brother Morris's chaise was broken and great stones thrown into the chaise, but he received no harm. Duke of Leeds narrowly missd a great stone thrown at him, whether he was in his House or carriage I know not. We were obliged to have servants sit up all night on tuesday with illuminations, and Mr. Wilkes was very merciful in his orders or it had been worse.

Wilkes having been defeated in the City (owing, said Burke, to the open voting) put up for Middlesex against Mr. George Cooke, the present Tory member, and Sir W. Beauchamp Procter, the Whig candidate. Horne, the Rector of Brentford, where the election was held, energetically supported Wilkes, for whom Lord Temple had supplied the necessary freehold qualification ; and he was triumphantly returned on March 28. The mob made a great night of it, having it all their own way till the police got back from Brentford. Lord Bute's and Lord Egremont's houses were besieged, the Duke of Northumberland had to toast Wilkes in a mug of ale, and the Austrian Ambassador, being taken for a Scotchman, was held upside down while the magic "45" was chalked on his boots.

Mrs. Montagu, meanwhile, was reading Alexander Dow's *History of Hindostan*. Commenting on the proverbs and sayings of that country she writes :

> Since I have read it I have abated my former admiration for Pythagoras. If I was not afraid of offending the Bishop of Carlisle I would petition his majesty to offer one of the wisest of the Brahmins the Deanery of Durham if he would come to England. I have always understood that there is not any necessity a Dean should be a Christian, he has no religious duties to perform, he should be grave indeed and learned, and keep an elegant table.

The Shakespeare Essay was now in the printer's hands and Dr. Stillingfleet was engaged in correcting the proofs for its anonymous authoress.

Here occurs a long letter from Mrs. Vesey describing Lady Moira's masked ball.

Amongst the characters mentioned were the Duke of Clarence, Cardinal Pole, Mary of Medici, the Spanish Infanta, and Lady Jane Seymour :

> Stiff bodice and farthingale with silver gauze beads and ermine made of black and white Persian, their robes could not have been better dressed from the Wardrobe. Ossian's Harp was hung in the Music Gallery. The Syren Liffey crowned with sedge her robe embroidered with water plants, an urn upon her head, a Bachanal wreathed with ivy a tigers skin across her shoulders a Thyrsis in her hand danced a cottilon with Comus and a witch. The witch was dressed in a high Crowned hat a night rail and apron, a broom and a pair of Spectacles fastened in her girdle, and as she was naturally very deformed one could not help believing she had come down the chimney. The Demons rewarded her good humour for as her shape seemed to be only part of her character she never pleased or looked so well in her life. Two beautiful children of Lady Moira's were Cupid and Thisbe [? Psyche] their wings contrived to look as the spotted network of a fly. Mrs. Percy was a charming Queen of Scots and my fair haired niece a Priestess of the Sun . . . there was a mixed crowd of Roman Soldiers Roman Matrons Cleopatra and Maids from the Greek Islands. Mr. Vesey your lover[1] was a Russian Boyard if you had been there I suppose he would rather have acted the Czar. Even the Countess of Desmond was allowed to be in the bloom of a hundred. She was dressed from the figure upon her tomb, a vest and petticoat and a long Cloke of two greens trimmed with Old point and Jane Shore's cap, a peaked Hood of green persian a ruff and crutch upon which hung a fan with a looking glass inserted in plumes of black feather fit for the Castle of Otranto.—many were the ancient tales which were told her Ladyship upon this occasion of the frolicks of her youth, that she was accustomed to receive her company in a booth strewed with rushes dressed in a kerchief in which there was 30 yards of linnen supposed to be for the accomodation of the benighted Stranger upon the said hospitable bed of rushes—that when she had dined she threw the offal to two wolf Dogs who waited behind a curtain

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[1] There was a great admiration on the part of Mr. Vesey for Mrs. Montagu, a standing joke in the *bas-bleu* circle.

—the manuscripts in the Cork family record that she had outlived the 99 years settlement of her jointure and went to his seat to prove herself alive, the carriage or wheelbarrow broke down and she walked the remaining 9 miles: but desired they would send for the child who proved to be a decrepit old woman; that by her account Richard 3rd was the handsomest man in England next to his brother and called Crook backed from an embroidered Cross Upon his back as he had been dedicated to the Holy ghost, but when her Ladyship walked to breakfast with the Earl of Strafford and rejoiced to him that Charles Brandon had been erected Duke of Suffolk I suppose either she or her historian must have been dosing or hid their heads in the rushes so many years.

The Countess of Desmond, second wife of the twelfth Earl of Desmond, is said to have lived 140 years! Her maiden name was Catherine Fitzgerald and she is reputed to have died at last from a fall from a cherry tree. This has been rashly disputed, as well as her age, but the Fitzmaurice family can show proof that it was so.

Lady Moira, *née* Elizabeth Hastings and daughter of the ninth Earl of Huntingdon and the great Selina, was a lady of literary tastes and a leader of Dublin society. Replying to this account, Mrs. Montagu writes to her Sylph:

> Though I have often the honour of meeting Mr. Walpole at Lady Hervey's I will not suffer him to infuse into my mind any historic doubts concerning the relation you give of Lady Moira's entertainment.

She goes on to report that Tom Lyttelton's maiden speech in the Commons had been highly commended by Mr. Burke, who had just purchased his place near Beaconsfield, afterwards known as Butler's Court.

Lord Lyttelton, writing from Woodstock, tells of his recent visit to Stowe, where:

> I found Lord Temple employed in making a new Helicon and a new hill for the Muses at the verge of the old Elysian Fields. The passage to it is through a beautiful Arch dedicated to Princess Amelia [spinster aunt of George III.] who was

expected to come thither a few days after we left the place. The Muses and Apollo are ranged on each side of the Arch upon the brow of the hill. In the Vale beneath it is a fountain set round with Bays.

Replying in June to a letter from Lord Lyttelton, who referred to some "Mémoires Littéraires de la Grande-Bretagne" written by a Frenchman in London, which had been strongly recommended by Lord Chesterfield, Mrs. Montagu writes:

To Lord Lyttelton

June the 2^d.

I am not surprized that Ld Chesterfield should admire a french Coxcomb; his Lordship has snipped his own witt into epigrams, and he always admires everyone who writes a kind of pert jargon. Some years ago, at the Bath, I took a particular course of study that he had recommended to a Lady; if I had continued it for six months, I should have been fit for nothing but playing at pictures and mottoes with boarding school Misses. I will allow that Ld C—— has a great deal of parts, but a continual aiming at bon mots will ruin any understanding. The french admire him for his dexterity in twisting their fashionable jargon, his address to the Academy of Belles Lettres was the strongest satire upon the Society that ever I read, as it was the quintessence of their affectation in style. The illustrious Academicians of Louis the fourteenth wd have expell'd him for it. I imagine the Author of Les Memoires Litteraires etc is a mere parrot muse, the words, *nous ne prodiguerons jamais à la grandeur la recompense des talens*, are borrow'd from a late writer on a different occasion, and I dare say every man in France who has wrote a petite piece has been calld by some friend, *le premier favori de Thalie.* Heaven preserve your Lordship from ever writing to the taste of these animals. My letter is already so long I will not enlarge upon the entertainment I have had from the Metaphysicians and philosophers on the Ganges. I wish our Sovereign would encourage the study of all the Oriental languages. What wars and devastations do we make to get a Country that produces Indigo Tobacco and such sort of trash? All Countries have in some ages perhaps produced wisdom, but I should be most desirous to recover the Philosophy and Laws of the East, from whence the Grecian Sages borrow'd their Legislation, morals, natural philosophy, etc. I wd give all my french and Italian for the Shanscritta Language. Perhaps the earliest writers may have given the original Revelation imparted to Adam, but Priests for gain, and Poets for amusement, are for ever adulterating truth by allegory. Since Mr. Dow has given us his translations from the Bedang I have abated my former admiration of the genius of Pythagoras.

The *Mémoires Littéraires* were edited by Michel de la Roche, a French Protestant refugee in Amsterdam and London. Colonel Alexander Dow, the Anglo-Indian, two of whose tragedies were acted about this time at Drury Lane, translated Ferishta's *History of Hindostan* in 1768.

To Mrs. Vesey

SANDLEFORD, *June* 8.

Lord Holland is come over in high health and spirits, and some say to seize the too slacken'd reins of Government, but the great beast will kick and wince under a Rider who it thinks will whip and spur through dirty roads. Now you want to know what Ld Chatham will do ; ask not me, consult some oracle dark and ambiguous as himself, or perhaps you had better still consult his nurse, or his apothecary. Whether his High Mightiness will call for the blood of Wilkes or for a Mess of water gruel in this exigency is more than I can determine, I know it will be one or the other. He has hitherto turnd his Woolsack into a pillow, and I believe he will recline upon it while there are such storms and tempests abroad. He has sold greatest part of the Pynsent estate, but I hope will always keep as much of the Land as will serve for the Basis of his Column of gratitude to his Wise and virtuous benefactor. Many men retain the gift and lose the gratitude, his great Soul will do the reverse.

The poet Gray spent this May and June with Mrs. Montagu's cleric brother, William Robinson, at Denton Hall, Kent (not to be confused with the Montagus' Northumberland residence). Taciturn and unsociable, he must in some ways have resembled his friend and host, who (though his sister Elizabeth had no partiality for him) must also have been a clever man, and was blest with a wife whom Gray found "very good humoured and cheerful," and who was further endowed with ten thousand pounds.

A July letter to Mrs. Carter gives us a glimpse of Mrs. Montagu's daily vocations:

> Between attending Mr. Montagu in his very infirm state, domestic Orders for the regulation of a family consisting of about thirty persons, letters of business, and my authorlike duties, I have sometimes a great hurry, and I have also some sick patients, for whom I am obliged to make up Medicines, that being in some cases not to be trusted to another; poor Shakespear is last served.

Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Montagu's sister, was almost as great a sufferer from perpetual headaches as Mrs. Carter, and was this August staying at Hill Street in order to undergo treatment at Chelsea under Dr. Domeniceti, the famous quack doctor of Cheyne Walk and Manor Street, of whose wonder-working vapour baths and fumigatories the present editor has given a detailed account in his volume *In Cheyne Walk and Thereabout*. On her way up to town to visit her sister, Mrs. Montagu called at Gunnersbury on Pierre François Courayer, "the little Père" whose defence of the ordinances of the English Church had led to his censure by the Pope and residence in England, and who was an old friend at Sandleford. She did not find him at home, and left word with his landlord that when he grew old she should expect to find him in, but was too much aware of the dissipation of young men of this age to be surprised he was jaunting about: "all this friskiness at 88 is charming . . . our little Courayer walked from Mr. Stewart's to Mr. Schultz and back that night—not much less than 8 miles, and said he had a mind to see whether 88 could do what 87 had done the summer before. Is he not a fine old Buck?"

The King of Denmark was at this time on a visit to England, but was not very warmly received at Court, owing to his treatment of his young Queen Caroline, who was the younger sister of George III. Mrs. Montagu writes on August 27 that he had never yet dined with our King and Queen, and that she would not be at the projected party at Bowood to meet him, nor at the *bal masqué* given in his honour at the Opera House on October 10, for which Lady Egremont had sent her a ticket. Still :

> I am charmed with the Royal Dane ; he has seen every thing that Prince Hamlet could have seen, except a ghost. . . . I am afraid the reception he has met at Court will confirm the opinion the world has of our being inhospitable islanders.

But one at least of His Danish Majesty's hosts appears to have erred on the side of a somewhat too intimate hospitality on this occasion :

> Dr. Monsey has lately done a thing worthy of himself and which both in itself and from the greatness of the Dramatis Personæ may be called High Comedy. The King of Denmark who came out of his own country to see Cities and men, has not seen such another man or such another sight as the great Monsey and the great Monsey's bedchamber. His Danish Majesty went to visit Chelsea College and the Dr. there explained to him a Mathematical instrument of singular construction ; but afterwards, I know not how or why, he carried his Majesty and his train into his own bedchamber. The condition of the atmosphere was such as to make them all look about them . . . on the table lay an old periwig which looked as if it had been the scalp of Tisiphone. on a chair with the bellows for its companion, a rusty black waiscoat, dirty stocks, stray stockings ; foul handkerchiefs in beautiful negliegence were scattered round the floor ; but what was worse was a basin of water in which the Doctor, to fit himself to appear before his guests, had washed his face and hands that morning . . . for till that fatal day since he receiv'd infant baptism never had his face known the touch of water ! . . .
>
> They say the dowager Lady Hervey is dangerously ill for which I am very sorry. She is one of the most agreeable

and amiable women I ever knew who belonged to the fine world. She has shown great constancy and fidelity in her friendships ; as many of the friends of her youth as are now alive still live in great union with her, she has most obliging and kind attentions to her friends, great zeal for their welfare, loves to praise those she thinks have merits, and is above scandal, tittle tattle and malice. Her House, her table, her manners are all elegant . . . there is not a house in London where I find such a pleasing turn of conversation ; I really love Lady Harvey and should be very ungrateful if I did not, for she behaves with a sort of tenderness to me which shows she loves me, and tho from being the only Women who have circles of beaux esprits, there might be supposed to be some envy, she takes pleasure in commending me beyond my deserts to everybody. If she has a party that she thinks may be peculiarly agreeable for any reason whatever she never omits asking me. She has preserved the agrémens of youth to old age and is even in her person pleasing. Her gouty complaints hinder her going out except in fine weather, in the evening one found her reading or with polite and agreeable people, and she had the art of leading the concert.

Lady Hervey died on September 2.

To Mrs. Carter

the 29 *Sept.*

I think our Nobility have nobly entertaind the Royal Dane, but does not your antient Gout for the Gothick ceremonies make you wish for Tilts and Tournaments? I wd have the two Monarchs only break a Lance, but it wd be pretty to see the Ministry and the opposition tilting à tout outrance. The late *great Commoner* and a certain *popular Gentleman* for one match wd do admirably well. All Arthurs and the Newmarket Heroes should be making betts the while. I hope the King of Denmark will spend his merry Christmas with us. I want to see some of these gallantee shows that are made for his amusement. I have a great loss in Lady Hervey. In her society one tasted the rare pleasure of general conversation ; polite and ingenious herself, she communicated those qualities to her company, every one appeard better there than in any other place. They were pleasing because they seemd pleased, and that reserve which makes the most sensible Nation in the World perhaps the least agreable in society was laid

> aside. No person at her table or by her fireside had the arrogant vanity of shining alone, nor the pitifull pride of being afraid to speak, least they should not shine. They forgot whether they were or were not accounted witts and genius's and rememberd only they were her Guests, and as such to endeavour to be agreable to her and the company.

Lord Chesterfield's eulogy of Lady Hervey will be recalled. "No woman," he wrote his son, "ever had, more than she has, le ton de la parfaitement bonne compagnie, les manières engageantes, et le je ne sais quoi qui plaît." It was at the Court Ball given in honour of the King of Denmark that George III., with Lady Mary Lowther for partner, danced "The Hempdresser" for two hours.

From an autumn budget of gossip to Mrs. Vesey we gather that Mrs. Montagu had spent the last six months almost entirely at Sandleford, nursing her husband. Lord and Lady Anglesea were the fondest of Turtles, which made Lord Lyttelton, her father, who remembered his own happy days of Turtleism, very happy.

> I am truly sorry Count Zinzendorffe and Mr. Dungean did not see you. One Canto of the Sylphiad would have been more worth than their whole Epick Poem. I am sure you grieved at the death of Lady Hervey; no one ever surely understood the difficult art de vieillir de bonne goute so well; so much cheerfulness without levity; always in society, never in a crowd. . . . Pray tell Mr. Vesey not to be jealous of Count Zinzendorffe for he is above 60 years short of the seducing age. I believe it will be 40 years before even his French companion grows dangerous. In less time Mr. Vesey and I may bring our Romance to a conclusion. . . . Pray are not you rejoyced that Mr. Gray has got a piece of preferment worth £400 pr. ann?

The Moravians had bought and renovated Lindsey House in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, and Count Zinzendorf, their chief, had, according to John Wesley, "a palace for a prince" there. He was co-executor of

Sir Hans Sloane's will with Horace Walpole, who irreverently declared his belief that Sir Hans had intended to buy Count Henry the XXVIIIth's skeleton for his museum.

To Mrs. Carter she wrote about the Chudleigh case, which was then pending :

> There is going to be an odd process for a divorce. Miss C——h is to attck Mr. H——y in Law for what is call'd jactatione of marriage, he is to support the audacious boast in such a manner as to be defeated. I suppose the damages will be small, as she does not appear to have lost anything by his allegation. Thus those who never were bound are to be set free each to marry as seems good. I suppose the Ladys noble Lover will marry her, and she will gravely tell her acquaintance it is lucky for an *old maid* to get such a match. I am afraid we shall adopt the Roman fashion of divorces ; they were an abomination in the Pagan World, but they are horrible among Christians.

Mrs. Montagu, after nursing her husband into a better state of health during October at Sandleford, came to town in November. On the 23rd she writes to Mr. Montagu :

> I hope you will find amusement in the pamphlet which Mr. Burke brought me this morning for you and put it into covers which he franked. Almon published another pamphlet today which I will send by the next basket which returns to Sandleford.

This was probably one of the first of the Junius letters dated November 21, 1768, in Woodfall's *Public Advertiser*.

After telling Mrs. Carter of Lord Temple's visit to Lord Chatham at Hayes, and deploring the *étourderie* of the administration over the Wilkes affair, she adds :

> A certain great D——ke will not be able to get a divorce as it is now reported. This summer on the marriage of some antiquated Virgin, Miss Chudleigh said to Mrs. Anne Pitt, "Well, Mrs. Pitt, I think now we old maids need not despair."

Mrs. Pitt for the first time in her life was unprovided with a repartie and only lookd amazement. Lord Chatham has such a gout in his toe as is to make his head capable of managing 3 kingdoms, as his friends assure us.

To Mrs. Carter

Nov. 17.

The Duke of Newcastle this morning finished his course. I believe time will be a Friend to his Fame, and future Ministrys a foil to his administration, which if not glorious was not infamous and if not wise was however discreet. I pity the poor Duchess who went to Bath very ill on condition she shd be sent for if the Duke grew worse, his Grace on being struck with the palsey immediately desired her by a short letter to come to Town and sent an express, her physician Dr. Charlton wd not suffer it to be deliver'd ; another express urging her return, she was acquainted with his danger, and then, but too late, set out. The Duke expressd a desire to see her, so that the Doctor by his care has perhaps made the poor Woman unhappy for the rest of her life. The Duke dyed much resignd ; surely an old Minister of State must quit this World with little regret, for treachery and ingratitude must have disgusted him ; to have so long so complicated an account for another World is perplexing to the mind. I was at Court this morning and I dined at [Ly.] Shelburne, where I saw Mrs. John Pitt fair and blooming ; Mr. Pitt and they are to be here tomorrow evening. Miss Finch and Miss Fraine were at Lady Shelburnes, they are very well. Mr. Cambridge inquired after you.

Time has perhaps on the whole justified Mrs. Montagu's prediction about the fame and good name of Thomas Pelham-Holles, Duke of Newcastle. Horace Walpole had said of his administration: " Mr. Pitt does everything, the duke gives everything " ; but credit is at least due to the statesman who, in an age of abounding political corruption, of which he was himself a master, left office £300,000 poorer than when he entered it.

On December 7, from Hill Street to Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Montagu writes:

The Royal Christening was performed last night; it was very brilliant; Lady Shelburne called on me after the ceremony and she was so illuminated with jewels and radiant with gold and silver she must have added splendour even to that magnificent assembly. . . . I don't hear that your sister Chudleigh has yet perfectly established her virginity, it is odd enough that while she sues Mr. Augustus Hervey for jactitatione of marriage Tom Hervey sues his wife in the same way, and tho' it is commonly most difficult to prove a negative Miss Chudleigh will triumph over her Hervey, the other must submit to be the husband of the Lady who claims him for she will prove herself his wife; she has not had so many children as Virgin C[hudleig]h but I believe has had 3 or four.

Miss Chudleigh was the celebrated Maid of Honour to the Princess of Wales, who had contracted a secret marriage with the Right Honble. Augustus John Hervey, afterwards Earl of Bristol, in 1744, and who, twenty-five years afterwards, married publicly Evelyn Pierrepont, second Duke of Kingston. Rumours of her first marriage had got about, and she said one day to Lord Chesterfield that she had been credited with having given birth to twins, to which he dryly replied he never believed more than one half of a report.

To Mrs. Carter

Thursday the 2nd [*June* ?].

I got safe and well to this town, which has been in a wonderfull ferment, and I find is not likely soon to settle into good order and tranquillity. The Judges desired time to search into their books before they determined on Mr. Wilkes's affairs so it will be undecided till next term; in the mean time he is a head to all the ill humours of the state, and great gathering of ill humours appears. The sailors have been very violent, two of them were admitted to the Kings presence; he told them he had no authority to interpose as to their affair, so they walkd off quietly, but he cannot answer in like manner to Mr. Wilkes's mob, for it is in his power to pardon. If the outlawry should be determined good and legal the poor man will be prisoner for life, a hard sentence upon him, and a dangerous one to the Government. The Duke of G . . . n, once his Patron and abettor, is turnd furiously against him, and made a flaming speech on the subject of the libels in the House of Lords the other day. The mob follow'd Lord Spencers coach the other day, crying, a Spencer and no Hallifax. Lord Weymouth is thought to urge on the measures against Wilkes, to make himself agreable to the C. . . . The temper of a Court is best judged of by the sentiments professd by such as are desirous to make themselves favourites. Wilkes has the stranguary in a terrible manner and is in very bad health. It is said that Lord Chatham, being ask'd what he thought advisable in regard to Wilkes, answerd vigour without rigour; he loves the darkness of oracular sentences. I imagine a certain great friend of Wilkes will struggle hard for him if the sentence should be severe. Most people think there is an intention beyond vigour even to rigour, but all this is but conjecture, for either the Ministry is very secret or what is more probable, they are undetermined.

To her Sister

Wensday night, 10 *o'clock.*

Dont vex yr poor heart for the people killd at Brentford etc, not an animal was killd on the occasion but such as are good to eat, fatal was the Election to many a goose, turkey and Capon, but of the two leggd animals without feathers, such as the Philosopher defines Man to be, not one was slain, nor any notable wound given. There was a Riot made by Sr W : B——ps Mob who it seems were to have been on the defensive but these Commanders not being Peace officers laid about them. I hope the Knight will find out that the Heroes of St Giles's are not the fittest people to keep peace and good order. Mr. Wilkes is to keep his merry Christmass on the Kings bench, he will have 45 minced pyes sent him on Xmas day and 45 plumb cakes on 12th night, and if he cannot find 45 Kings and queens, he may find the square of 45, of sluts and Varlets at his own lodgings. The Ministry design to keep him in prison till the meeting of Parliament after the holydays that they may make 45 blunders at the moderate [rate] of one per diem, so his business is not to come on till then. Our Ministry are more and more absurd and flounder on from blunder to blunder. The Lords and Commons have been quareling, and I believe the winds scatter dissension and discontent.

The chief result of Lord Weymouth's misguided zeal had been to increase enormously the popularity of Wilkes, who succeeded in obtaining a copy of his Lordship's letter to the magistrates, urging them to use the military and fire on the people in case of further riot. Wilkes sent the letter to the *St. James Chronicle* with one of his own, accusing the Ministry of planning a massacre. Lord Mansfield, while reversing the outlawry, had sentenced Wilkes to fine and imprisonment on the original charges ; and he was now in the King's Bench in spite of his admirers, who had rescued him on the way thither and whom he had with much difficulty escaped in order to surrender himself. Mrs. Montagu's forecast of his Christmas presents was probably more than realised ; for King's Bench prison became a place of devoted pilgrimage. Crowds waited for hours to get a glimpse of Wilkes' face at his window ; gifts were showered upon him ; the prison was illuminated and echoed with rejoicings. Number forty-five became the popular talisman, children were christened by his name, the sailors carried him salmon, and on one Sunday no less than 200 coaches were said to have brought him visitors.

To Mrs. Carter

the 22 Dec.

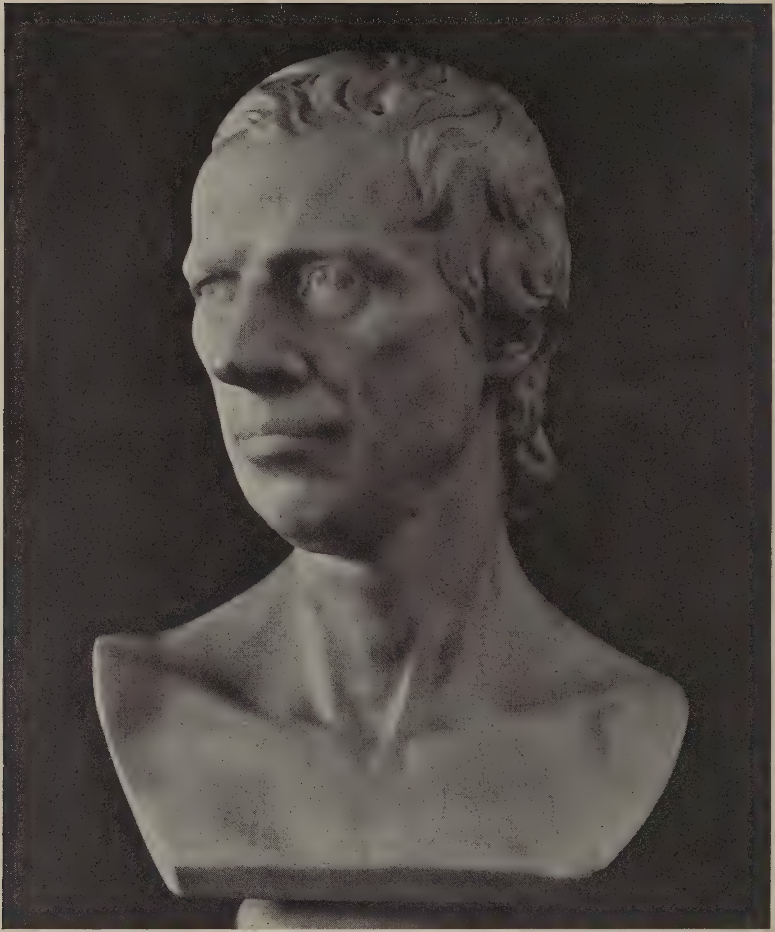
Mr. Montagu who calld on Ld Lyttelton this morning found him in sorrow, for that Lady Anglesey had again miscarried. There seems to me nothing tight about that Lady, I shd expect her ever and anon to drop a child or a garter. There are people who have no tensities or tensions or tensitiosities, which you please, and all moral and natural matters hang loose about them. . . . I have not time to describe to you a clock which is going to the East Indies, it exceeds anything in the arabian tales ; take with you this circumstance, Dragons flap their Emerald wings and spit pearls every second. But of what use is such a clock ? . . . It is not by pearls and diamonds we shd measure the value of time. [Prince Henry] tells Falstaffe, that if hours were Capons and minutes were

Cups of sack, they wd be worth his Enquiry. Nabobs to be sure consider hours as diamonds, and minutes as pearls, that is they value time only as it brings Riches on its Wings. I wish you had seen this piece of oriental Wealth set off by english ingenuity and art, it was indeed a wonderfull piece, Mr. John Pitt esteems the workmanship at £160,000 the materials are gold pearl gems of various sorts and diamonds, for 8 years 400 men were employd.

Lady Anglesey was Lord Lyttelton's daughter Lucy, whose husband, Viscount Valentia, claimed, unsuccessfully, the English Earldom of Anglesey, and was long afterwards created Earl of Mountnorris.

The chronicle of the year may be closed with an extract from a December letter to her husband:

> There were some good speeches in the House of Lords on the American affair. Mr. Pitt will come to Town when the Parlt meets after the holydays. I made my Father a visit to day; he is very well. I dont wonder you desire to escape the riot of the Club. Ld S[andwich]: in his speech in the House of Lords the other day paid some complimt to the D: of Grafton who returnd by saying he was the more pleased with it because he knew what that Lord said, *always came from his heart*, on which the Peers, forgetting the gravity of the place, burst into a horse laugh; however I do not find that it disconcerted Yr noble Cousin who I hear spoke better than he usualy does.



LAURENCE STERNE
By Joseph Nollekens

THE STERNES AND THEIR "COSIN" MONTAGU

The Cousinship. Mrs. Sterne. Mr. Sterne at Bath. His wife in France. *The Sentimental Journey*. His letters to Mrs. Montagu. His last illness. His death. Young Macdonald. Mrs. Montagu acts for the family. Correspondence with Archbishop of York. Sutton dilapidations. Her character of Tristram and of his wife. Sterne's daughter Lydia. Johnny Botham burns Sterne's papers. Subscription at York. Mrs. Sterne uncompromising. Mrs. Montagu's help. Letters from Lydia. Her character, by herself. Miss Sterne and John Wilkes. Letter from Angoulême. Letters from Albi. Mrs. Sterne nearly murdered. Lydia's engagement. Mrs. Montagu declines her consent. The marriage. Death of Mrs. Sterne and M. de Medalle. Lydia returns to England. Publication of Sterne's Letters and Sermons.

It is very curious that Mr. Walter Sichel in the Preface to his delightful study of Sterne should write in 1910: "It is striking that no biographer should have realised that Mrs. Sterne was Mrs. Montagu's cousin," and should have repeated the remark on a subsequent page; for Mrs. Climenson had clearly and repeatedly called attention to the fact in her Montagu memoir, published in 1906, and indeed Mr. Sichel actually transcribes her pedigree, showing the relationship; which, however, he proceeds to misread, saying that "Mrs. Sterne's grandmother was half-sister to Mrs. Montagu's grandfather"; the fact being that Mrs. Sterne's *mother*, Lydia Lumley, was half-sister to Elizabeth Montagu's *father*, Matthew Robinson, both having had Elizabeth Clarke for their mother, by her first and second marriages.

Writing to her sister about Sterne's marriage to her cousin in 1741, Mrs. Montagu remarks: "He was a great rake, but being japanned[1] and married, has varnished his character." This, it must be admitted, was optimistic rather than prophetic ; but having a clear insight into Mrs. Sterne's idiosyncrasies and her "arm of flesh," Mrs. Montagu was much inclined to take Tristram Shandy's part, so far as a very accurate measure of his failings would permit. Sterne, for his part, had the highest conception of his "Cosin's" goodness of heart, and when he went abroad in 1762, after having finished the fifth and sixth parts of *Tristram*, it was with her that he left his tear-stained "Memorandums of wishes and bequests, in case I should die abroad." The pitiful document is printed at the end of Mrs. Climenson's second volume.

An extract from an earlier letter of Mrs. Sterne's to Mrs. Montagu may be given here as an indication of character. The Lydia referred to here is her sister, who was married to the Rev. "Johnny" Botham, to whom some later reference will be found.

> I spare no pains to improve every little Accident that recalls you to my Remembrance, as the only amends which can be made me for those Unhappinesses my Situation deprives me off. As a proof of this I must inform you, that about three weeks ago, I took a long Ride Thro' very bad weather and worse Roads, merely for the Satisfaction of enjoying a Conversation with a Gentleman who, though unknown to you, had conceived the highest Opinion of you from the perusal of several of your Letters, for which he was Indebted to Mrs. Clayton. Had this Gentleman had nothing else to Recommend him, it Certainly would have been Sufficient to have made me desirous of his Acquaintance, But he is both a Man of Style, and Good Breeding, so that I am not a little pleas'd with my new Acquaintance. . . . Your Supposition of my Sister's having Boasted to me of her Children, is doubtless extreamly Natural, I wish it had been as just ; But I can in three words inform you of all I know about 'em ; to wit, their Number, and their Names, for which I am indebted to Johnny. Had

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[1] Meaning, ordained, in eighteenth-century parlance.

my Lydia been so obliging as to have made them the Subject of her Letters, I shou'd by this time have had a tolerable Idea of them by Considering what she said with some abatement; But as it is, I no more know whether they are Black, Brown, or Fair Wise or Otherwise, Gentle or Froward, than the Man in the Moon: Pray is this strange Silence on so Interesting a Subject owing to her profound Wisdom, or her abundant Politeness? But be it to which it will, as soon as she recovers her Health, I shall insist on all the satisfaction she can give me on this head.

Laurence Sterne's sojourn in the South of France gave him a further respite of life, and he was back in England, and published two further parts of *Tristram* in 1765. It was in the spring of this year that a spa was prescribed for him, and it would seem from the following extract from a letter of Mrs. Montagu to her sister, who was living there, that she had some hand in selecting Bath.

To her Sister, Mrs. Scott

April 1765.

Not knowing what temptations the town of Bath may offer, I have sent you the deepest Divine, the profoundest casuist, the most serious (on paper) the reformed Church affords. I suppose from the description you will guess this grave and sage? personage can be no other than the Rev^{d}. Mr. Sterne. I will venture to say for him, that whatever he may want in seriousness he makes up in good nature. He is full of the milk of human kindness, harmless as a child, but often a naughty boy, and a little apt to dirty his *frock*. On the whole I recommend him to your acquaintance, and he has talents and qualities that will recommend him to your friendship. He will stay but a few days at Bath, but I hope in that time he will find an opportunity to pass some hours with you. He will give you a good account of our cousins who are now in France. I sent y^{r} letter immediately to our sister. She leaves town on tuesday. I wish that for news I could tell you our King was perfectly well again.

At Bath he found many congenial attractions, including Mrs. Vesey, whom he had always immensely admired, and at least two other ladies with whom he philandered as usual, "playing at romance and calling it love, playing at love and calling it friendship." To the number of these inamorati, if we are to judge from the following letter from Mrs. Montagu to Mrs. Scott, one other name must be added in the person of Mrs. Cutts, who was the companion of the latter lady at Batheaston.

To her Sister

the 20th [April 1765 ?].

I am charmed with Mr. Sterne for thinking if our friend had quitted her single blessedness it would have been for companionship with him. I always thought since I conversed with him that there was something good in him and I am now convinced of it. Pray tell Mrs. Cutts she has given me an esteem for him. When Satan *saw virtue in her own shape how lovely* ! He hated, did not love ; so my Cousin is not Satanick. I am in hopes Mrs. Cutts will do him much good by her conversation ; he was designed for virtue, the softness of his temper and the levity of his understanding has exposed him to follies.

To her Sister

April 11th.

I am glad Tristram gave you some entertainment ; I can never send you such another. The extravagant applause that was at first given to his works turn'd his head with vanity. He was received abroad with great distinction which made him still more vain, so that he realy believes his book to be the finest thing the age has produced. The age has graced him, he had disgraced the age. Nothing gives me such a contempt for my cotemporaries as to see them admire ribbald facts and ribbald witts, it speaks a bold licentiousness that if it was not softend by fribblism might break out very dangerously. I like Tristram better than his book. He had a world of good nature, he never hurt any one with his witt, he treats asses on two legs as well and gently as he does that four legged one in his book. A man of witts, and such he certainly is with all his oddities, that never makes use of the sharp weapon ever at his side to alarm or to wound his neighbour, deserves much

> indulgence. I cannot imagine he is of a sort to make a good husband, and I wish his wife may not often feel the want of money abroad. She is certainly very ill temperd. I have seen many letters of hers from York to him and she was always taking frump at somebody and for ever in quarrels and prabbles. . . . In the South of France she met Miss Townshend and Capt. Orme, and instead of quietly avoiding them she entered into violent quarrels till she c^{d} not live in the place. Mrs. Carter one night met a lady who from thence brought strange stories of her violence and turbulence and as Tristram was in another kingdom this scrape must be her own seeking. One should hardly think a woman, unhappy from the persecution of her husband w^{d} be eternally entering into disputes with strangers; yet this had been her case. All people at home and abroad say she is as rude as a bear to those she does not like, and indeed it was always her manner, at the same time she has many good qualities, but neither conscious virtue nor superior parts authorize peoples using their neighbours with haughty contempt or bitter sarcasms. She is very absurd if, having a domestick enemy, she tries to have as many out of her family as she can make, but her father was of the same sort. When could Tristram have grace enough to be in love with Mrs. Cutts? That he had ever such a moment does him great honour. . . .

But Mrs. Montagu was honestly shocked with some of her Cosin Tristram's more blatant Shandyisms:

> "I have not," she writes to her sister, "seen the great Tristram since his return except at the Drawing Room, where he told me he left you pretty well. To tell you truth I was ashamed to hold long converse there with the author of a tawdry book. He has since called at my door, but I am obliged to reserve many mornings for business or quiet."

Sterne returned to town sufficiently invigorated by the dear ladies of Bath to embark with fresh gusto upon his famous love attack (from the Mount Coffee House) upon Lord Bute's daughter, Lady Percy; and in the following October, worn to tatters by his romantic escapades, he boarded the Calais packet and began *The Sentimental Journey*, which kept him on his travels in France and Italy till June 1766, when he returned to London. The first four months of 1767 were filled with the infatuated episode of Eliza Draper, and the rather mawkish *Journal* which followed her departure in April to her husband in India. The following letter to Mrs. Montagu was probably written in May of that year, just before his return to Coxwold :

From Laurence Sterne

[*May* 1767 ?]

I was hurried out of Town on Wednesday to stay a night or two with Lord Ligoniers, otherwise should have wearied Mrs. Montague's knocker (and heaven and earth too) all thursday to have found admittance—& this morning—Helas ! at the time that the finest Eyes in England France and Ireland (tho' I merely put in Ireland *pour arrondir le Period*) are endeavouring to decypher this *Legend*, must the writer of it be 50 miles on his way home—here is a practical proof that Mrs. Montague is a Prophetesse—a Goddesse she always was, w^{ch} half implies it—for such rapidity of motion is a proof of my Leaness at least—and as Vivacity is often miscall'd Wit—why not of my Spirituality also—Mark ! by Spirituality I mean nothing *ecclesiastical* or in the least analogous to Church affairs, I use the word in your own good natured Sense—and heaven forbid I should look further ; I had a thousand things to have said to you, but the principle (out of Civility) would have been ab^{t} myself—and of that vile subject, the most material, that I had left my ill health upon the Pyrenean Mountains, & that they who are racked and torn up with ambition—or whose heads are aching for Mitres, have nothing to do but go, & there they will find it——.

See my Daughter !—Good God ! why She is with Mrs. Sterne in the South of france, & is now figuring there, the finest & most accomplished Girl in the Kingdome.—They are happy there beyond measure, & the reasons w^{ch} determined their stay a year longer you will see in a Letter I take the Liberty to inclose to you, to transmit to Miss Botham—I have rec^{d} another from her, as hastily scratch'd as this of her father's, but tis from such Loose Letters coming hot from the heart, that the true Character of it, is known—I send it you to read and burn.

I am going down to write a world of Nonsense—if possible like a man of *Sense*—but there is the *Rub.* Would Apollo, or the fates, or any body else, had planted me within a League of Mrs. Montague this Summer, I could have taken my horse & gone & fetched Wit & Wisdome as I wanted them—as for nonsense I am pretty well provided myself both by nature & Travel. Unless you are suffocated w^h^ Insense, Y^r^ Divinity-ship, next winter will you be so merciful as to recieve a Sample or two from my hands on Sundays & Saint Days—in the meantime like the Publican, I must be content to worship afar off—at all times *I have the honour to be* (w^ch^ is a proof of my breeding) Y^r^ devoted L. STERNE.

Mrs. Sterne and the beloved Lydia did not, however, remain in the South of France, but returned—a little to his discomfiture—to Yorkshire in the autumn, and wintered at York, while he was working feverishly at *The Sentimental Journey*, and negotiating a financial settlement which would free him permanently from their further support and permit them to make a settled home in France.

In January 1768 he came up to complete arrangements for the publication of the book, which was issued on February 27, and took the town by storm.

From Laurence Sterne

[*February* 1768 ?]

Upon my Soul, I know not whether my Cosin Montague subscribed to my Sentimental Travels or no—if she did not—she ought—but I think she did—be that as it may—I have been able to procure a set upon Imp^l^ Paper before the publication, I mean it civilly, to lay it at her feet, w^ch^ I sh^d^ have done in person had not it been too late in the day before I could get them from the Press.

Mr. Sterne presents his comp^s^ to Mr. Montague, & is with a just sense of all favours, Dear Madam Y^r^ faithful & obliged. L. STERNE.

Yorick was fêted and feasted and toasted everywhere, but the final effort of its completion had exhausted his frail body, at last, beyond redemption, and it was little more than a "ghost" that took part in these junketings. Mrs. Montagu, tenderly sympathetic as she ever was in illness and distress, sent delicacies and medicine from Hill Street to the Old Bond Street lodging (No. 41 or 42), and it seems likely that the following letter was written within a few weeks—possibly even less—of the tragic end.

From Laurence Sterne

[*March* 1768 ?]

The seasonable benignity of dear Mrs. Mountague's Billet, has extorted, what neither Sickness or Affliction ever had force to do, from me—need I tell you,—that this was a couple of tears, which I found necessary to wipe away, before I could see, to tell her—I am more thankful & have deeper sense of it, than if she had sent me a conveyance of her Estate—& what I prize more than that, of her Wit & Talents along with it—a kind word or look, in my situation (or indeed in any) conquers me (if I was not conquer'd before) forever—But I brave evils.—et quand je serai mort, on mettra mon nom dans le liste de ces Heros, qui sonts morts en plaisantant.

The Account, dear Lady, which has interested You so humanely, is a point I cannot contest or deny—tho' I ever make a mystery of these evils—I am ill—very ill—yet I feel my Existence strongly, and something like revelation along with it, which tells, I shall not dye—but live—and yet any other man would set his house in order——.

O ! I envy Scarron—tho' I lye most abominably—for when y^r kind Billet came in—I was writing a Romance, in truth, & which, as it is most comic—if my Sickness continues but 7 days—I shall finish—tell me the reason, why Cervantes could write so fine and humourous a Satyre, in the melancholy regions of a damp prison—or why Scarron in bodily pain—or why the Author of the Moyen de parvenir (a vile,—but witty book)—under the bondage of a poor *Canonical*

—but that *Word*, girds me too close—there is either an obliquity in Nature or some unknown Spring only sufferd to act within us, when, we are thus in the house of Bondage. ———excuse a weak brain for all this—and to strengthen this poor Machine, send me, gently Lady, at y^r Leisure a very few Jellies—the people ab^t me oppress me but with their attention—I hope in 2 or 3 days to say my Matins to you—& believe Madame, there is no worshiper can approach y^r Altar with a more unblemished offering than Y^r most obliged & most humble Servant L STERNE.

Both these letters of Sterne's are undated and without address. In the latter part of this last one the writing has become shaky, and Tristram's habit of erasing a miswritten word by smudging the wet ink with his finger is several times in evidence. He generally gives his Cosin the final e to her surname, but has smudged it out in the superscription of this second letter.

Ever buoyant with hope at the smallest betterment of his condition, he sent her a message of thanks for "this bottle, alone enough to restore to me what I have lost," that he felt "absolutely this morning free from every bodily distemper that is to be read of in the catalogue of human infirmities, and know I shall not be able to delay paying you my thanks in person longer than till to-morrow noon, if you are visible, as the French say." That, however, was not to be. Sir Joshua Reynolds was making a final attempt to achieve his portrait, and he had sat to him for the last time on March 1—a strain which may have been the beginning of the end. According to Northcote, Sir Joshua had a dinner party at this time at which Mrs. Carter, who was present, attacked Sterne for his "free conversation" with such severity that he never recovered the sharp reprimand before company. The story is inherently improbable, though it seems that the good lady of Deal did rebuke Mrs. Vesey for her intimacy with Sterne, and it is quite possible that in his then depressed state of health any such attack might have hit hard. But from his letter to Lydia (to reassure her that it was not to Eliza Draper but to Mrs. James that he intended to bequeath her) it is clear that he had had influenza early in March; pleurisy supervened, for which he was bled three times and blistered. On Tuesday the 15th the last pitiful and touching appeal to Mrs. James for Lydia's protection was with difficulty scrawled, and Sterne recognised at last that the end had come. In the last letter to Mrs. Montagu he had said: "The people about me oppress me but with their attention," but the final scene was desolate enough, in the room above the bag-wig maker's shop in Old Bond Street. The manner of that exit is thus described by Mr. Sichel:

> On Friday the eighteenth of March, a number of Sterne's friends dined together in Clifford Street with John Crawfurd of Erroll, his old companion. There were the Dukes of Queensberry and Grafton; there were the Earls of March and Upper Ossory—the latter an ally of standing; there was Garrick to whom he had sent his first books; his Paris acquaintance Hume; and the inseparable James. Almost every period of his life was represented. The talk turned on Yorick's illness which none could believe fatal. And when the truth leaked out their host instantly asked John Macdonald, a cadet of Sir James' clan then in his service, to go out and enquire. He went. The mistress opened the door; she told Macdonald to seek the nurse in the sickroom. He watched him die. Ten minutes he waited; but in five, Sterne gasped, "*Now it is come.*" He put up his hand as if to ward a blow, and expired.

It is strange indeed that the man who watched Sterne die should have been a kinsman of that much beloved young Sir James Macdonald, for whom Mrs. Montagu cherished a very special attachment and who had been Sterne's fellow traveller through part of the Sentimental Journey in the spring of 1766. They had met at Turin, and made immediate friendship; then had moved on together to Milan, to Florence, and to Rome and Naples, where Macdonald was stricken with ague; and in April back to Rome. Had Sterne stayed there for another couple of months he it would have been who would have watched Macdonald die.

Sterne was buried at Bayswater, and the gruesome sequel (if true it be) of the body-snatching, and of the recognition of his features by the dissectors at Cambridge to whom it was sold, is well known. Curiously enough, I do not find any reference in Mrs. Montagu's letters to his death; but she seems to have taken immediate steps in behalf of his family, by writing about their financial situation to the Archbishop of York, who replied as follows:

From the Archbishop of York

DARTMOUTH, S.W., *Mar.* 26, 1768.

MADAM—I have just rec^{d} the honor of your letter; and I can only blame you for making any apology for giving me an opportunity to obey your commands. The Widow and daughter of Mr. Sterne are most distressed objects, and have a Scene of unhappiness opened to them, w^{ch} it will be difficult for the best-intentioned to prevent. There may be some application for a small pension of £6 or £8 for the Widow f^{m} the Corporation of Clergymens Widows here in London. But that will be a trifle. What seems to lye heavy, is the repair of the Parsonage house; ab^{t} w^{ch} I rec^{d} a letter from Miss Sterne. I have properly nothing to do with it; but the Successor has a right to claim it to be done by Mr. Sterne's Executors. I hope it may be so far accommodated, that the expence, w^{ch} he neglected to lay out upon a plan w^{ch} he mentioned to me, may be lessoned: and in that case I can advise the Successor to compromise the affair. He is bound to build a house; and I am bound in duty to call upon him and oblige its being done. but the compassion due to the Widow and orphan will probably operate, as it should. . . .

The problem of the future of Sterne's widow and daughter was a difficult one, and was not rendered easier by Mrs. Sterne's resentful character, and Lydia's somewhat extravagant ideas. Writing to her sister in April, Mrs. Montagu says:

I went last night to the Archbishop of Yorks to whom I wrote in behalf of Mr. Sternes family. Mr. Sternes Parsonage was burnt down, the new incumbent has a right to require it shd be new built, but as the Archbishop presents, his good interposition wd mitigate the expence, he answerd my letter in the most obliging and friendly manner, enters with great humanity into thier situation, and will do as much in their favour as is consistent with justice, he talkd a great deal on the subject, and will get the Widow a little Pension of £8 a year if it be necessary.

The only thing for these people would be to board in a cheap place, but my good cousin is si tracassiere, she puts every Town into a combustion in a month.

She and her brother Morris, however, determined to settle small annuities upon them, and other methods of assistance were canvassed. In a letter written later in the year from Sandleford, she epitomises her opinion of Tristram.

Sutton Parsonage, handed over by Sterne to a curate, had been burnt down in 1764, and its rebuilding put off indefinitely. Sterne himself had put the loss at close on four hundred pounds, but he had managed to evade all admonishments to rebuild. His successor, Andrew Cheap, had to institute a suit for dilapidations against Mrs. Sterne, and at length to accept a composition of sixty pounds. The suit and the rebuilding cost him £576 : 13 : 5, as an indignant entry in the Parish Register, quoted by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, shows.

Sandleford, 1768 ?

Mrs. Sterne is a woman of great integrity and has many virtues, but they stand like quills upon the fretfull porcupine, ready to go forth in sharp arrows on the least supposed offence ; she would not do a wrong thing, but she does right things in a very unpleasing manner, and the only way to avoid a quarrel with her is to keep a due distance. I have not seen Mrs. Sterne since I was a girl in hanging sleeves, but I know her character well. Miss Sterne I never saw, but by her letters I judge she is very sensible, lively and clever ; if these qualities are softened with virgin modesty, tinctured with that maiden blush of the mind which so adorns, so sanctifies female excellence, she must be a charming creature, and like the fairies of the Leases, and the nymphs of Fenham. Miss Morrits good opinion and regard does Miss Sterne great honour.

Poor Tristram Shandy had an appearance of philanthropy that pleased one, and made one forgive in some degree his errors. However, as I think, there is but one way of a mans proving his philanthropy to be real and genuine, and that is by making every part of his conduct of good example to mankind in general and of good effect towards those with whom he is connected. If Tristram gave an ill example to the Clergy, if he rendered his wife and daughter unhappy, we must mistake good humour for good nature. By many humble addresses, he forced me to take some kind of civil notice of him ; I assure you his witt never attoned with me for the indecency of his writings, nor could the quintessence of all the witt extracted from all the most celebrated beaux esprits that ever existed, make amends for one obscure period. There are but two kinds of people that I think myself at liberty to hate and despise, the first is of the class of soi disant philosophers, who by sophistry would cheat the less acute out of their principles of religion, the only firm basis of moral virtue ; the second are witts who ridicule whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report. The lowest animal in society is a Buffoon. He willingly degrades himself in the rank of rational Being, assumes a voluntary inferiority of soul, defaces the Divine image in his mind to put on the monkey and the ape, and is guilty of spiritual bestiality. Poor Tristrams last performance was the best, his sentimental journey would not have misbecome a young Ensign. I cannot say it was suitable to his serious profession. I used to talk in this severe manner to him, and he would shed penetent tears, which seem'd to shew he erred from levity, not malice, and the great who encourage such writings are most to blame, for they seduce the frail witt to be guilty of these offences, but we are now a Nation of Sybarites who promise rewards only to such as invent some new pleasure.

This picture of Mrs. Montagu lecturing Cousin Laurence, and Tristram shedding tears of penitence, is really delicious.

So little has been recorded of the later doings of Lydia Sterne, the daughter to whom Tristram was so greatly devoted, his little Lyd, the amanuensis of Shandy, the child of nature and the darling of his heart, that it seems worth while to include here a part at least of her letters to Mrs. Montagu, who was her godmother.

Mrs. James had written of her, " she is supposed to have a portion of each parent's best qualities, the sensibility and frolicsome vivacity of Yorick most happily blended in her composition,—lively by nature youth and education she cannot fail to please every freak of the captious man." Others were less complimentary and described her as " an accomplished little slut " ; and one recalls her father's peremptory " I will have no rouge put on in England," almost the only touch of severity in any of his letters to her.

There are several letters from Lydia Sterne in Mrs. Montagu's correspondence—all pertly interesting in their way—which may perhaps best follow here, though of later dates.

The first refers to the action of Mrs. Sterne's brother-in-law, the Rev. John Botham, whose dealings with the effects of the deceased Yorick were resented by his widow, largely, one may imagine, because she herself was anxious to have a finger in the bookmaking pie which was so rigorously pursued after Sterne's death ; to which end she and her daughter returned from France later in the year. Hall-Stevenson, Yorick's familiar spirit and the cynical roué of Crazy Castle and the Demoniacs, had, with other admirers, initiated a subscription at York Races, at which £800 was raised ; and Lydia's letters show that considerable additions to this were subsequently received.

From Lydia Sterne

Tuesday evening.

Dear Madam—I did myself the pleasure to write to you this morning : but I wrote in such a hurry that I omitted several very material things which I ought to have mentioned, but I do not doubt but you will make some allowances for the circumstances we are in which scarce leave us time to think of everything we have to say. But first let me return to Mr.

Botham. Mama answer'd the letter that he wrote to me, in which he complains that I write in a dictating manner &c. I am sure I need not tell Mrs. Montagu that when a person writes on business there is much less occasion for compts than for directions. However I meant not to offend any-one much less my uncle whom I much esteem—not one of these directions has Mr. Botham follow'd. They were first to sell all Mr. Sterne's wearing apparel, & trinkets to the best advantage, to present Mr. Hall my Father's Gold snuff box which he desired to purchase, (indeed many of his friends would have been glad to have purchased his trinkets at even more than their value only because they once belonged to Mr. Sterne) to send down all his papers & give us an account for what he sold his effects, for instead of doing this he has read every paper of my poor Father's and has burnt what he did not think proper to communicate to us.—it was not Mama's intention that anyone shou'd read my Father's papers, well knowing that there was some amongst them which ought not to have been seen, no not even by his daughter nor shd I have wished to see one of them. Mama is very much chagrin'd at this for notwithstanding she can perhaps rely on Mr. Botham's secrecy yet it grieves that even he should be so well acquainted with certain anecdotes. but to burn any paper was very wrong, I hope he will cease so doing & leave that care to Mama.—Mr. Botham refuses to send Mama either the cash he has sold Mr. Sterne's effects for or his papers unless somebody gives a sufficient Bond for the value of the effects or that Mama takes administration.—now as Mama finds that Mr. Sterne's personal estate will pay all his debts (except the mortgage to which her estate is liable) she risks nothing in taking it and it would be a great satisfaction to her to leave no debt unpaid ; if she does not take administration the principal creditor will, & that would be to our disadvantage, we shall have £1500 secure when all his debts are paid. but mama desires you will give us your kind advice in this as well as in every other matter.—I spoke to you my dear Cousin in my last of the many friends it has pleased God to raise us up in this part of the world, and that they had proposed a *Collection* for us in the race week.—a judicious sensible gentleman, & one of our sincerest friends has made that collection appear to us in a very different light from what it did before. But this is only a *supposition that such a thing takes place.*

Begun by the Marquiss of Rockingham & continued by the principal gentlemen of the County & nothing less than 5 Guineas to be received is putting it upon such a footing that it is an honour to Mr. Sterne's memory, & no small one to us, & cannot lessen us in the eyes of the world, would to God it may succeed, *if you approve of it.* and in case you do my dear Madam may we hope that you will second our friends endeavours in the south as they will do yours in the North ?

Do my dear Cousin give us yr friendly advice for we can think of taking no step without it.

I am somewhat indisposed & therefore must conclude ; my mama is really wore down.—I am dear Madam Yr obliged & affectionate God Daughter

LYDIA STERNE.

Mama joins in most affectionate compliments.

One cannot help sharing Lydia's indignation over the Reverend Johnny Botham's pious holocaust. Did it include that "most comic Romance" which he was just finishing when the last letter to Mrs. Montagu was scrawled ?

The Archbishop of York was prompt in doing what he could in response to Mrs. Montagu's appeal, and arranged a compromise as regards dilapidations :

BRODSWORTH, *June* 6, 1768.

As I had not the good fortune to see you before I came out of town, I shd be obliged to you if you wd let me know whether Mrs. Sterne agrees to the compromise wth Mr. Cheap for dilapidations : that is to pay him one hundred Guineas and be quit of all demands from him as Successor to Mr. Sterne at Sutton upon the acct of dilapidations.

I was at Bishopthorpe last week but heard nothing particular of the mother or daughter ; and I go there for the summer on the 12th of July. I may probably see Mrs. Sterne and Mr. Cheap : and I shd wish to know what she has wrote to you, that I may finish the affair, if possible.

Mrs. Sterne, as might have been expected, was intransigent, and was so reported to the Archbishop by Mrs. Montagu in a letter to which he replied :

From the Archbishop of York

Brodsworth, *June* 17, 1768.

Madam—I was honoured wth your letter yesterday, and am not surprised at the absurdity of Mrs. Sterne wth regard to the dilapidations at Sutton ; considering the different bubbles of Vanity and levity w^{ch} have upheld her for sometime, and the silly cunning of that crooked-headed Attorney, into whose hands she hath unluckily fallen. Perhaps I may see her when I go to Bishopthorpe, but the plain sincerity of real friendship w^{ch} I w^{d} wish to shew her, will be of no account wth her. I shall at present let Mr. Cheap know her answer, and he will probably enter into suit directly : and everything, that they have mentioned to you will when known make agst them. The Inclosure was no merit of Sterne's, but it was a profit to him : the materials were much hurt by the fire, but they were all removed and used upon his own Estate etc—However, after all, I have a suspicion, not from very bad authority, for it came from Ld Fauconbridge's Steward, that there will be a better surplus than they give out : for her Estate (w^{ch}, by being settled after marriage, is liable to Creditors) will pay all the debts and dilapidations. There is generally falsehood mixed wth little cunning ; and as it is designed to have a subscription for them opened at York, they think it their interest to depreciate their estate.—I think they depreciate themselves, to think of a collection, wthout making it appear by a fair account how far they may want it : and I am sure, you w^{d} rather assist them, when they are returned to a sober sense of their circumstances and their character ; than let your name be mentioned in the roll of ostensible benefactors ; w^{ch} will only increase their vanity, and can tend to no good in the way that it is meant to carry on such a collection.—If your name is mentioned either by them or by any person, I shall very plainly declare, that you are desirous to shew your friendship to them but without ostentation ; at a proper time, when you saw upon what footing their affairs were. I think I may venture to enter so far into your Ideas, as to answer for you in that way, if occasion requires.

In a later letter he adds :

The Family is at present dispersed ; but we shall re-unite in the course of this week and go to Bpthorpe for the Summer. If anything occurs ab^{t} Mrs. Sterne, I will communicate it to you, and I shall wish to be of service to them in the most friendly way, w^{ch} is to bring them down from those flights of pride and vanity ; that will certainly expose them to ridicule, if not to worse dangers.

Writing to "Mrs. Scott at Dr. Domeniceti at Chelsea" on September 4, Mrs. Montagu says :

I had a letter from Miss A. Moritt of York on Sunday telling me she had collected upwards of £700 for Miss Sterne, that she had promised the Subscribers it should be converted into an annuity for the girl for she added Mrs. Sterne was so little loved or esteemed there would not have been a single guinea given if that condition had not been made. I had heard Miss Moritt extremely well spoken of, and by her manner of acting by the Sternes and from her letters I imagine she has an uncommon share of goodness and of sense. She begs of me to advise Miss Sterne not to affect witt, a desire of being distinguished that way she says has ruined the whole family. I shall now tell Miss Sterne I will allow her £20 per ann ; and I hope that will give my advice more weight ; she writes with the highest sense of the blessing of this collection and is now grateful to God and her benefactors, but how far the pride of her mother's precepts and the levities of her Father may have rendered her incapable of deep impression on that head I cannot tell. Lord Rockingham subscribed 50 guineas as in fact did Sir G. Saville tho' he gave fifteen of them without his name because he would not seem to give more than Lord Scarborough.

From Lydia Sterne

YORK, *Dec. 15th*, 1768.

MY DEAR COUSIN—I beg you to forgive my troubling you so often, but as I know you will rejoice with us when you have read my letter I will make no further apologies. You will see my dear Mrs. Montagu that I have not always bad news to tell you.—this letter we receiv'd from Lady Spencer. I only send the copy. " Madam I can plead no other merit in the following transaction than that it occured to me, that I should be to blame if I did not tell Mr. Crawfurd of the subscription that was making to assist you while I was at York as I thought from the sincere regard he had for Mr. Sterne that it would give him pleasure to be of any service to his familly for his sake.—he has accordingly sent me the money mention'd in the following list, and I beg I may have your directions what to do with it, and into whose hands you would have it paid. I am Madam Yr faithful humble servant

G. Spencer.

I hope you receiv'd a trifle from Ld Spencer by ye hands of Mr. Croft."

Mr. Crawfurd	£10	10	0
Mr. Fox	10	10	0
Ld Ossory	10	10	0
Duke of Roxburgh	10	10	0
Ld Shellburne	10	10	0
Mr. Somes	10	10	0
Mr. Meynell	10	10	0
Mr. Crewe	10	10	0
Mr. Fitzpatrick	5	5	0
Mr. Boothby	5	5	0
Mr. Upton	5	5	0
Mr. Southwell	5	5	0
Mr. Hume the Historian	5	5	0
	£108	15	0 [sic]

Judge my dearest Cousin what pleasure this kind letter, and agreable news gave us. how kind is providence to us !—we thought rather improper to send Becket or Mr. Edmonds to Lady Spencer and could by no means desire Mr. Botham to do it as poor soul he was unfortunately guilty of a sad mistake relating to Ld Spencer which had near proved very unfortunate to us as his Lordship was extreamly displeased with us thinking us the authors of the story and insisted upon seeing the letter which we were forced to send my Lord to clear ourselves. but this I will explain when I have the happiness to see you.—I took the liberty to make use of Mrs. Montagu's name only saying " that Mrs. Montagu would I am sure receive the money.—so I dare say Lady Spencer will pay it into my dear Cousin's hands, who I doubt not will receive it with pleasure.—my mother since my last has been much indisposed. I have wrote to Mr. Crawfurd to thank him for his great goodness.—I have been writing since seven and my hand is cramped—my Mother joins in most affectionate compts believe me my dear Mrs. Montagu most truly most affectionately yours

L. S.

From Lydia Sterne

York, *Wed.*

I promised to give my dear Cousin an account of the Collection I think I cannot take a better method than to send her a list of the Subscribers which I do.—how gracious, how merciful is God to us ! what comfort has he sent us what friends has he raised us up ! O may we ever retain a just sense of his mercy, and the most grateful remembrance of what we owe to our friends. indeed Madam I scarce can write for Tears when I think how peculiarly kind providence has been towards us. What reason had we to expect such benefits as these none indeed—but I hope we shall never be undeserving of the kindness that has been shewn us, I am sure we can never forget it.—It was some time before the Arch-Bishop subscribed his Grace thought that it was from obstinacy that my Mother refused to answer for the Dilapidations. Upon hearing this my Mother sent by a friend the Recorder's opinion in writing. (after having ask'd his leave) which he freely gave, and wrote underneath the opinion his reasons &c &c—This was but right, and his Grace seem'd satisfied, & subscribed ten Guineas—the Arch Bishop my dear Cousin speaking of you said you was unacquainted with our affairs.—I could not tell Mrs. Montagu 'till we knew ourselves but my Father's debts, the Curates included, amounted to near a 1000*l.* His personals have rais'd very little after his funeral & debts were paid in London the ballance in my Mother's favour was but 22*l.* his furniture a Cow, & some hay included 56*l.* his chaise, & horses 60. his books 80.—my Mother has paid every farthing she has rec^{d} & is now advertising her estate to be sold as soon as possible to pay of every shilling. & lives herself upon borrow'd money. but we have bad hopes of the sale of this estate which was let for 40*l.* a year 'till this year my Father let it for 50 but upon account of some tyths which he let the Tenant have too cheap but the rent will be diminish'd after this year as the Tyths are now in Mr. Cheap's disposal. But to convince you how hard it will be for us to learn all Mr. Sterne's debts I must tell my Cousin that notwithstanding our advertising (which we did four months ago) last night we received a Bill from a person in York for wine the summ 25*l* and the other day we rec^{d} a Bill for Shoes from London.—We went up into a Garret this race week in order to let our Landlord have the benefit of the races. If we had not we must have paid five guineas for the week which suited not our present circumstances and twenty pounds a Year which is what we pay is even too much for us.—My Mother purposes to settle this Collection money upon me which is very kind considering the many debts she has to pay out of her estate.—We hope Mr. Montagu enjoys a better state of health and that my Cousin is as well as we wish her. We are both very ill. I am scarce able to write ! let us have the pleasure of hearing from my Cousin You do not know with what pleasure I communicate this success to you. I think our friends have done wonders.—There is scarce any subscribers but of this County. a propos—the anonymous underneath S^r^ George Saville's name is himself he would not give more than L^d^ Scarborough but sent it afterwards.—We have no occasion for the List I send you.—Adieu my dear Cousin believe me your most affectionate obedient humble servant & Cousin

Lydia Sterne.

My Mama joins in most affectionate compts & wishes for your happiness.

Mrs. Montagu had evidently not failed to convey to Miss Sterne Miss Morritt's advice about inherited wit :

From Lydia Sterne

York, *Saturday.*

Dear Madam—I waited till I rec^{d} your second letter before I would answer the particulars of your first. after once more returning my dear Cousin our best our most grateful thanks for her kindness towards us I will proceed. But think not that we over value your generosity no my dear Mrs. Montagu that is impossible words cannot express what we feel & thanks are too poor upon such an occasion.—the manner of doing a generous action is even more than the thing itself, & my Cousin has confer'd this obligation in the most engaging manner, truly great, and worthy of herself—Mrs. Montagu's praises flatter me much as she is the person in the world whose approbation & good opinion I most value—but my dear Cousin over rates my talents—I have had more advantages than fall to most peoples share particularly that of seeing good company, but what I esteem one of the greatest is that of having spent my days with my Mother who has taken great pains to form both my head, & heart, the latter indeed she most consider'd—

the few accomplishments I am mistress of I owe them partly to my own industry—for my Mother, and myself have calculated has not cost eighteen pounds—yet I look'd upon those little accomplishments as rather a misfortune than otherwise, at least those were my reflections when I lost my Father for at that time I had a very melancholy prospect before me.—as to inheriting my Father's wit I have not the least grain in my composition we both thought it an unhappy turn in my father—I look upon satire with detestation and I must own when we returned from France we were much hurt with the satirical things we heard in every company we went into, having lived six years amongst people who know not what it is to be satirical—and instead of attacking any-body endeavour to make every one in the company happy and *never speak ill of the absent* I am so far from being a diseuse de bon mots I think I never was guilty of one in my life. I am when in company extremely diffident seldom give my opinion but upon the most trivial things—I am " often check'd for silence but never tax'd for speech "—I have always follow'd Polonius's advice to his son in this for I give everyone my ear but few my voice excuse these two miserable quotations but they come so pat to my purpose (as Sancho says) that I could not let them pass.—Now my dear Mrs. Montagu may safely tell anyone who speaks of me as a wit that I am no such thing—in short I am I hope what Mrs. Montagu will ever approve—but no babillarde I return my Cousin a thousand thanks for her kind advice 'tis the greatest proof of her regard, & be assured I will ever follow it—Mrs. Montagu may depend upon it that the sermons we shall publish *are my Father's own* & the gentlemen who have looked them over say that they are very good ones—there will be three vol^{s} & as the subscription was 5^{s} for the two vol^{s} the subscription now will be fixed at three half crowns—they will come out when the Parl^{t} meets—my dear Cousin was so kind as to say she would push the subscription for us—we cannot push it ourselves and we cannot expect any subscribers here—we thought we should have done with debts no such matter—a Country man brought a note of bond of Mr. Sterne's & told us of one we should hear of soon—I must tell you what the honest soul said—I would not have made the demand had not I heard that your affairs have turn'd out better for had you been left destitute the money would have been much at your service.—if it is inconvenient defer the payment—I have that dependance on you Madam that if you do not pay these two years I shall not be uneasy—he would take no interest.

We are glad your arm is got better we wish Mrs. Montagu all possible happiness and Mr. Montagu a better state of health Mama joins in most affectionate compts.—I am dear Madam Your ever grateful & affectionate God Daughter

LYDIA STERNE.

An odd thing about this letter is that Mrs. Sterne writes the end in her large handwriting, viz.

God Daughter
Lydia Sterne.

Lydia's hand is small and neat, her mother's large and straggling. Probably she read the letter over and then indicated her approval in this way, Mrs. Montagu knowing her calligraphy.

Two letters in the British Museum (Add. MSS. 30877, 75-6) show that Lydia and her mother pursued their intercourse with Mrs. Montagu when they came back to London from Yorkshire. The first is from Lydia to John Wilkes, addressed "King's Bench Prison," and written from "Mr. Williams, Paper Merchant, Gerrard Street, Soho, Tuesday," begging him to get his friends to subscribe for the three volumes of Sterne's sermons, then being published. Wilkes evidently called on the ladies at once on getting this letter, for the second note, written apparently the same evening, expresses their regret at having missed Mr. and Miss Wilkes, they having been "engaged this day to dine with Mrs. Montagu their relation : they went out just when Miss Sterne despatched the note and at their return found her obliging card, which has mortified them greatly."

Lydia Sterne and her mother exhausted their ingenuity in seeking means of money-making out of such of Yorick's papers as had escaped the Rev. Johnny's burning zeal. Publishers were put in competition, letters and sermons chaffered, and the Journal to Eliza, apparently in the care of Mrs. James, was all but published, and only withdrawn at a price. In

1769 the mother and daughter returned to France and settled in the Rue des Cordeliers, Angoulême, on the Charente. Both Wilkes and Hall Stevenson had promised them, whilst they were in England, to write the life of Sterne and edit the Letters, and both these gentlemen—who, it must be admitted, had each of them some special qualifications for such a task—not only failed to redeem their pledge but even to answer the appeals, now pertly flippant, now piteously humble, which Lydia repeatedly sent them, begging them to carry out the work upon the proceeds of which the mother and daughter were counting for a livelihood.

Her next letter to her Godmother indicates something of their straits, and shows that Mrs. James was acting as intermediary in forwarding remittances :

From Lydia Sterne

ANGOULÊME, *March 2d*, 1770.

MY DEAR COUSIN—I cannot defer writing to you any longer, but I will not be so negligent as not to give Mrs. Montagu a direction which Mrs. James tells me I omitted in my precedent letters. sufficiently have I been punish'd by not hearing from you. a thousand anxieties took possession of our souls, sometimes we fear'd you was ill, or that Mr. Montagu was so. I will not weary my Cousin with an account of every disagreable thought, that made us so unhappy, but beg leave to assure her that we rejoice to hear she is well. may she long continue so ! suffer me to thank you a thousand times for the notes you was so kind as to give Mrs. James for us. the money came very seasonably for our attorney in York has neglected sending us our little remittances, and we were short of money.—believe us truly grateful. but I will not hurt my dear Cousin's delicacy by saying any more on the subject ; sufficiently does she think herself paid in doing a benevolent action.—but I must not make you pay postage for a mere letter of thanks, I must give you some account of the place we are in—the Town tho' ill built is situated most agreably, the prospects fine, the walks beautiful.—but as to the inhabitants except a small number.—n'en disons rien.—

yet thus far I must speak in their praise, they understand eating, and play, better than any people in the world.—the former is their study, their delight, a Capon stuff'd with trufles, or a Galantine sont des sujets inepuisables—every day there is a great dinner, and every evening a supper.—we have 59 traiteurs in this little town, that wear laced coats, and couteaux de chasse, and but one Bookseller, and he poor man is in want, and looks like Shakespear's starved apothecary.—this gluttony renders the market very dear, nothing but butcher's meat is reasonable, fish, fowls etc are extravagantly dear.—therefore we intend going a little further south where we may live cheaper. civil as the people are to us, yet if we gave to eat we should be much better liked, but that is not our plan, and suits not our finances.—tho often invited out we seldom go because we do not chuse to return the compliment. I flatter myself my dear Cousin will favour me with a line, if she knew the pleasure it would give us both she certainly would write.—we are both of us much indisposed particularly myself. I haste to Bed as I have been bled this evening—Mrs. James thinks herself highly honour'd with the civilities Mrs. Montagu shew'd her.—and speaks of Mrs. Montagu with enthusiasm.—but 'tis but a just tribute (which everyone who is so happy as to know my Cousin) pays her—we hope Mr. Montagu is well, and present our best compts to him—my mother joins in most affectionate compts believe me dear Madam Yr most obliged affec L. STERNE.

During the summer of 1770 the move "a little further south" was made, and mother and daughter took up their residence at Albi on the Tarn, between Montauban and Castres in Languedoc, a few miles north-east of Toulouse, whence the following letter was written:

From Lydia Sterne

ALBI, *Sept. 26th*, 1771.

MY DEAR COUSIN—My mother and myself were made happy some time ago by your kind affectionate letter which believe me dear Madam was a cordial to our souls. much were we concern'd to find that illness had deprived us of the pleasure of hearing from you. but hope that at present your health is as good as we wish it. Mrs. James has inform'd us that you have been so kind as to remit her thirty pounds a thousand thanks my dear Cousin. I wish I had the happiness to pay them in person. but I believe I should not be able to express all the gratitude I feel, indeed my dear Mrs. Montagu we are both penetrated with a just sense of your goodness and both beg leave to thank you once more.—to avoid unnecessary expence we employ no Banker to receive our remittances. Mrs. James receives all and send us Bills on People at Paris.—the situation of this Village is pretty, our little house is agreeable, but there is little society. and the little there is, is scarce worth the trouble of searching after.—both my mother and myself prefer Books to stupid conversation. and in such a little provincial Town as this the men are ignorant the women still more so except in the affair of the Toilet. but in general the french are good natured and sometimes we go amongst them, and return with more pleasure to our Books—I remember my Father complain'd at Toulouse that by conversing much with the French his understanding diminish'd every day.—my mother has had two narrow escapes from Death. about two months ago she was awaken'd in the night by the barking of a turn-spit, and getting up she perceiv'd a man coming down her chimney by the means of a Rope. she allarm'd the familly and the Villain ascended the Chimney. there was found upon the Tiles a large knife which was open and the Rope still fasten'd round the Chimney. if my poor mother had not had a light in her room she would not have seen the Rope and in all probability would have been murther'd what a mercy it was that she was awaken'd by the Barking of the Dog! we have got all the Chimneys grated, so that no one can descend. since that alas she has had an Epileptick fit and has continued ill ever since. may God restore her health. her loss would be irreparable to me. I have ever found her a most affectionate mother a tender friend and her conversation with me is such as tends to form both my heart and my Head. I hope she has succeeded in the one, I mean as to my Heart.—you are very kind to tell me my dear Mrs. Montagu that the subject of my health is interesting to you.—indeed I have very bad health and am very thin. I partake too much of my Father's constitution, whenever my dear Cousin favours me with a letter my direction is a Albi pres de Toulouse en Languedoc. my mother joins with me in most affectionate compliments and in prayers and wishes for your health and happiness—I am my dear Cousin your most obliged and most affectionate God Daughter LYDIA STERNE.

The story of the marriage and later life of Sterne's daughter has never been clearly unravelled, and the following letter to Mrs. Montagu is therefore of special interest as recording her version of the facts of her engagement. Jean Baptiste Alexander Anne de Medalle, son of a customs officer and five years her junior, was a Catholic, and it appears that despite the assurance in this letter that she would be free to practise her own religion, she had actually to abjure Protestantism in the Provost's private chapel before the ceremony took place. This letter has, for me at least, additional interest in the very characteristic phraseology in which Yorick's daughter is revealed—"I here thrust my chair from me and wrote upon my knees," is a truly Shandian touch.

From Lydia Sterne

Albi, *March* 23, 1772.

Dear Madam—permit me to call you my dearest Cousin pardon your affectionate God Daughter if she troubles you with a letter, it is of the utmost consequence to me and will not (to a heart like yours) appear the contrary. I have that confidence in your goodness that I fear not to impart to you that I have had an offer here of marriage which tho' not advantageous, yet was far from disagreeable to me. my dear Mother wish'd me rather to consider that an easy fortune was preferable to inclination. but seeing that the gentleman was far from displeasing to me, and not likely to render me unhappy, has not absolutely opposed what I trust will be my happiness, seeing that he was no bigot to his Religion and has offer'd me and her every assurance that I shall be at full liberty to practice my own Religion.—

but his Father has insisted upon very hard terms. namely that my Mother should give up her estate immediately. whatever a Woman brings in marriage in France 'tis the custom in france to secure her her fortune and no more. so she neither loses nor gains—my mother is willing almost to leave herself without bread for the advantage of her Lydia. my heart bleeds to think she should be under the necessity of reducing herself to so small a pittance: therefore my dear

Mrs. Montagu permit me to plead for her to you. I here thrust my chair from me and wrote upon my knees, consider her and her alone and withdraw not your bounty from her whilst she lives! I ask nothing for myself but shall feel doubly on her account if you grant my humble petition. Oh my dear Cousin she deserves your friendship by her virtues, by her goodness. she has performed every duty in Life. as a Wife how has she conducted herself! when a Widow she acted nobly in regard to my Father's debts, as a Mother she has acted too generously; and I may say without a boast I believe her One of the best of Women, I am sure she is the best of parents.—join dear Madam your consent to hers, but let me hope that what I so earnestly have beg'd will be granted. Merit has ever a claim with Mrs. Montagu, why should I doubt or fear? I do not. I plead for a parent for a tender mother. my dear Cousin's heart is susceptible of all that's great and good. my cause is gain'd!—may I flatter myself that you will favour me with an answer sent to Mrs. James, she will forward it—my mother has been and is very ill, my health very indifferent. I inherit my father's constitution but I trust I inherit a part of my mother's virtues. she joins with me in most affectionate wishes for your health, and happiness, she honours and loves you; but so does everyone who has the happiness to be acquainted with Mrs. Montagu.—I beg you to believe me my dear Cousin Your most obliged affectionate God Daughter LYDIA STERNE.

be so good as to present our comp^{ts} to
Mr. Montagu and also to Mrs. Scott.—a
Albi pres de Toulouse en Languedoc France.

The marriage took place ("etait forcé, urgent car alors la loi autorisait la recherche de la paternité") very shortly after, on April 28, but not by any means with her godmother's consent. Amongst the very few copies or drafts of letters in this collection is part of one written by her in reply to the foregoing:

Copy of a Letter to Miss Sterne

I cannot hesitate a moment to transfer entirely to your Mamma during her life the little sum I used to send for your mutual service so that the article of your letter which relates to this point is most easily answered, and with as much pleasure

> on my side as it can be received on yours. The more momentous affair your marriage I cannot assent to with the same good will. What I shall say on this subject is not meant to offend the gentleman Who you have a desire to marry. I am a perfect stranger to his character, his fortune, and even his name. You do not say anything of them, all you give your friends is that you are going to marry a man of a different Religion, and to reduce your Mother to almost beggary, both these things you confess. You seem at the same time to declare steadfastness in Religion and Filial piety to your parent. My dear cousin the actions not the words are what shall decide the judgment of God and man. If your husband has any zeal or regard for his religion he will be earnest to make you embrace it from regard to you and reverence to God, if he is void of religion he will think such a mark of your complaisance a trifle, and the authority of the husband will interpose where faith stands Neuter. Your children must of necessity be ——

And here the writing ends abruptly.

Mr. Fitzgerald has rightly pointed out that the words, "The marriage was *forcé*, urgent" "might quite possibly imply no more than that Mrs. Sterne's serious illness—she was too ill even to be present—made the ceremony pressing, as her death might have rendered the then necessary recherche de la paternité impossible"; though this can hardly be accepted as the ordinary meaning of the words.

Mrs. Sterne actually died at Albi in January 1773; and her daughter's marriage was not of long duration, Medalle also dying, it seems, about three years later. His widow revisited England in 1775 in order herself to arrange for the publication of the Letters and Memoir, which were issued by Kearsly this year, and did very effectually what remained to be done in the elucidation of one side at least of the character of that father against whose bust she figured in the frontispiece so affectionately reclining.

Mrs. Scott writes to her sister in January 1776:

> Have you read Sternes new sermons? Surely such stuff never was published. His Levite and his Concubine and the

Prodigal Son are the quintessence of absurdity. I question whether any of our learned Commentators ever thought of the youths being cheated by a Ciceroni. The detail of articles in which he supposes his extravagance to have existed, the adapting it to present times, wou'd have the merit of originality, were it not for Mr. Montagu's friend's sermon, on, Remember Lots wife. He has the most cavalier way of treating the Patriarchs that ever I met with, and his discovery that Solomon was guilty of the same foolish greediness with children when Nurses tell them of the unconscionable bigness of their eye, in no very delicate phrase, is curious. A mightier man than Sterne might indeed have the same sense of that wise mans folly in the article of women.

Nothing that I have come across in these letters carries the story further. Lydia's only son died September 19, 1783, at the Benedictine School at Sorèze; and his mother is believed to have predeceased him; but I have not found reference to either of these events. Of the return to England of Sterne's Eliza some notice will be found in the year 1777.

1769

THE SHAKESPEARE ESSAY—THE JUNIUS LETTERS

Miss Chudleigh. The Shakespeare Essay. Bulstrode. The Americans. James Otis. The Duke of Grafton's marriage. Reception of the Essay. The Stratford Jubilee. Voltaire's annoyance. General Paoli. The Yorkshire Petition. The East India Company. Emin's Journal. The Junius Letters. The Lord Mayor's Banquet. Lord Northington.

The early letters of 1769 contain further references to the divorce and marriage of Elizabeth Chudleigh, which was naturally a leading topic of conversation.

Mrs. Montagu's opinion of this notable lady had already been forcibly expressed on more than one occasion, but the brazen effrontery of this public wedding reduced her to a paralysis of mere sarcasm.

In a letter to Mr. Smelt of Feb. 27 she says, " Miss Chudleigh's nuptial robes are making. She is to be married in a gown of white satin embroidered with pearls, emblem of innocence and very suitable." She was married to the Duke of Kingston on March 8, " with all the affected pretences to virgin modesty," says Walpole. But though she was presented at Court as Duchess of Kingston, and though their Majesties and the whole Court wore her wedding favours and even Lord Bristol donned one, while telling everybody that the lady had herself informed him she was his brother's wife, the ladies of London, who had flocked to her balls and entertainments while she was the Duke's kept mistress, were now decently constrained to abandon and denounce her.

Much has been written—including two stout and entertaining volumes by Mr. Charles Pearce—on the extraordinary career of Elizabeth Chudleigh, the "Amazing Duchess"; and eighteenth-century memoirs are fruitful in reference to one or other of her remarkable exploits. She has been trounced with all the epithets of abuse, pilloried in a volume of "Bad Women," and bespattered with such a mud bath of vituperation as has tempted one student at least to a recalcitrant desire to attempt a coat of whitewash for a character that was at least possessed of a good deal of ability and of humour.

It is just possible that Mrs. Montagu's references to "the virgin Chudleigh" were acidulated by the knowledge that it was the Earl of Bath—something of an amateur of pretty women—who first discovered this too attractive girl, whom he met by chance when out shooting, and whose mind he is said to have made diligent personal efforts to improve by a suitable course of study. This charming occupation had been interrupted by the young Duke of Hamilton's falling in love with her in 1743, but when he was torn from her to go on the inevitable grand tour, her amiable duenna saw fit to intercept all his love-letters; and the piqued Elizabeth dashed into a secret marriage with young Lieutenant Hervey, grandson of the first Earl of Bristol. Hervey too had to rejoin his ship and sail away to the West Indies, but he returned to England and Elizabeth in October 1746, and in the following summer, during a retreat to Chelsea (where Elizabeth's father had been Lieutenant-Governor of the Royal Hospital, and her childhood had been spent), a child was born, was baptized at the Old Church, died, and was buried there.

Hervey being heir to an Earldom, Elizabeth thought it prudent to make a secret visit to Lainston in Hampshire and to establish the fact of her quiet wedding, which had not, it appears, been registered.

But higher game was in sight, and after carrying on a fine flirtation with no less a personage than George II., she became mistress *en titre* to Evelyn Pierrepont, second Duke of Kingston, in which position " Madame Chudleigh " toured the continent. But when Hervey —himself having other matrimonial aspirations— proposed a divorce, his Elizabeth objected strongly to so scandalous a suggestion, denied the marriage on oath, and preferred a suit of jactitation, in which her husband—who could command a squadron, but was hardly up to manœuvring a Chudleigh—connived, at a price ; and the gallant Elizabeth, thus legally established as a spinster, triumphantly married her Duke of Kingston this spring. The Duke died four years later, and left her heiress to his property, but his nephew, who had got wind of the Lainston ceremony, took measures to prosecute her for bigamy, and on her return to England in July 1774 she very narrowly escaped arrest. Some allusion to the impending trial will be found in the last letters of 1775. It took place April 15-22, 1776, and resulted in her conviction, upon which she pleaded privilege as a peeress, which was allowed, since if she was not Duchess of Kingston she was Countess of Bristol, Hervey having succeeded to that title in the previous year. Two days later she slipped away to Calais, escaping by a few hours the writ *ne exeat regno* which was issued the very night she crossed. Mrs. Montagu on her way to Paris two months later passed Her Grace at Calais " where she has assemblies twice a week : I call her Duchess of Kingston but she gives the Harvey liveries and arranged them in a balcony to regale Lord Bristol as he passed by." We must not be tempted to go further in the extraordinary story of this remarkable lady, who after visiting the Czarina, Rome, and other capitals, died at Paris in 1788.

Mrs. Montagu's *Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakespeare* was published anonymously in April of this year, and is naturally the subject of much of its correspondence. It is a little difficult in these days, when women writers are probably in the majority, to realise the strength and extent of the prejudice of a hundred and fifty years ago against feminine authorship, when it ventured, tremulous and anonymous, into print. Mrs. Montagu's established social position no doubt helped her to some assurance, but it is evident from her letters of this period, and notably from the carefully reasoned apologia which she wrote to her father when the work was published, that she felt it necessary to vindicate, if not to excuse, so unfashionable an intrusion into the world of literature.

Some further reference to the evolution and reception of the Essay will be found in the chapter on her associations with Dr. Johnson, whose own Shakespeare Preface appeared, to her discomfiture, just when she was in the thick of her Essay work.

The mere male, incompetently handling a lady's memoir, is apt to underrate the importance of clothes ; and I fear that almost all the allusions under this head have hitherto gone by the board :

To her Sister

I was at the Birthday but not gorgeously dress'd. A corded blue tabby handsomely trimmed with Ermine, which with fine lace and jewels makes a respectable figure, and as I had the Ermine, cost me little. The Town is much fuller than I ever knew. I did not get from St. James's on the birthday till ¼ after six, and then left Servants and chaise behind me for I cd not get them so soon. Lady Juliana Penn carried me through the Royal nursery to her coach and brought me home. I believe an 100 Ladies chairs were waiting when I came away, their disconsolate Mistresses sitting in the rooms or standing on the staircase. Mr. Montagu waited dinner for me. Lady Bute and her daughters were forced to dine on bread and butter at Mrs. Dashwoods apartment, the poor girls both fainted at the ball at night.

A rather sharp attack of fever kept Mrs. Montagu a prisoner at Sandleford through May, but in June she had sufficiently recovered to make a little tour in Kent for change of air, visiting her brother Charles, the Recorder of Canterbury, and her clerical brother William at Denton Hall, whence she proceeded to her eldest brother Matthew's home (once her own) at Horton, and finally to Mrs. Carter at Deal ; after which she returned to take the waters at Sunning Wells, near Bagshot. Meanwhile the Essay was selling well, and received friendly treatment from the reviewers, with the qualified exception of the *Monthly Review*. Its authorship was already beginning to get whispered about town, and as the work of a woman she hardly expected a candid reception.

On getting back to Sandleford in the autumn, she writes to Mrs. Vesey :

> A few days before I came hither I galloped over to Bullstrode to breakfast with the Duchess of Portland. I found her tolerably well but a little rheumatic, Mrs. Delany with her in good health and spirits. Mrs.[1] Dashwood came during the short time I staid, so if we had had the same faces everything would have had the same face it had 30 years ago. . . . I saw our friend Burke about a month ago when I was in town for a day or two. He was going to Lord Rockingham's to encourage I presume the Yorkshire petition. He was vastly agreable and cheerful and I hope is not such a loser by India Stock as is supposed. I hate to think that such a brute and barbarian as Hyder Ally should demolish the fortune of the finest and most accomplished man in polite Europe.

To Mrs. Carter

Feb.

The Kings speech seems to indicate apprehensions of a War, England involved deeply in debt, and France under the affliction of a famine, shd not be in such wanton pride as rashly to enter into hostilities. The Bostonians have submitted and Master Otis and some other firebrands are to be sent over here to warm the Kings bench I suppose. I never believed that any of our Colonies wd resist if we insisted on our points. Men who fight for their *Churches and Chimneys* fight well, but seditious men who fight merely for their money bags are mere vapouring Poltrons. The Americans have destroyed all the French Troops or taken them Prisoners. Virtue, poverty, woods and mountains make a noble defence. On monday, the great Wilkes affair is to come on, what issue it will have I know not.

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[1] Mrs. Dashwood was Kitty, the poet Hammond's "Delia," for love of whom he is said to have died. She was the "Dash" of the early days of our "Fidget's" girlhood at Bulstrode, when Mrs. Delany was "Pen."

James Otis, the popular lawyer and the leading opponent of Hutchinson, Governor of Massachusetts, was not sent over to England, but he was savagely beaten in the British Coffee House at Boston by customs and army officers whom he had attacked in the *Boston Gazette*. Wilkes was summoned from his prison to the bar of the House of Commons on February 3 to answer for his letter to *The St. James Chronicle* and for *Number 45*, and, though championed by Beckford and defended by Burke, was formally expelled—and re-elected for Middlesex within a fortnight.

Mrs. Montagu writes in somewhat sarcastic humour to Leonard Smelt on March 26:

You must admire the Wisdom the decency and sobriety of this age when an Outlaw, a Beggar, a Blasphemer, had several hundred votes among the Livery men of the greatest and most opulent City in Europe; he is now a Candidate for Middlesex, that the Echo like a silly Nymph who speaks without thinking may join together Wilkes and Liberty. It makes a great noise in Town that the Door Keeper of the House of Lords in Ireland has confessed to the Parliamt there that of his salary and fees amounting to near £1200 pr ann: he received only one hundred, the rest he gave to Ld B—p eldest son to Ld H—d. Their Lordships don't disown the fact, but say they gave the money to the money of the Widows and Children of poor Officers. One must be edified by the pious and charitable zeal of a young man who takes a low man for an office, then leaves him just enough for a subsistence but without any temptations to be luxurious and extravagant, and bestows the rest of the salary on the Widow and the Orphan. The Irish are a blundering people, and understood what one may call the finesse of charity so little they were near expelling the charitable youth out of the H: of Commons, and had done it if power had not interposed. There is so little of the refinement of charity in this Country that we dont enter at all into the spirit of this affair. Diverse other meritorious acts of this Family are now beginning to appear. Places sold, perquisites shared, every kind of trick that change alley could teach.

Wilkes having been again expelled, and again re-elected and his seat declared void, was now standing, for the fourth time, against Colonel Luttrell, the gallant nominee of the Ministry.

The following from Lord Lyttelton, dated Hill Street, Sunday, noon, is presumably of this June:

As you exprest in your last an Appetite for News, I write this to inform you, that a Treaty of Marriage is concluded between the Duke of Grafton and Miss Betty Rochley [Wrottesley], the Dutchess of Bedford's neice, by which her Grace will have the singular Honour and Pleasure of being Aunt to two living Wives of one and the same living Duke, namely this lady, his intended Consort, and the Countess of Ossory, his late Dutchess. His Grace therefore may make merry in the jovial parties at Woburn with both these fair lasses: but we profound Politicians consider this Alliance as a cement to confirm the ministerial confederacy between him and the Bedfords, which the Union between the Rockinghams and the Grenvilles has obliged them to strengthen for their mutual defence. As his Grace will thus become (to use a popular phrase) *one of the Bloomsbury Gang*, the divisions in the Cabinet will henceforth cease, and no Attack from Ld Chatham will bring him to capitulate, nor any from G Grenville shake the constancy of his near and dear Allies. The Pledge of this Family-Compact is not handsome, but they say she has sense; and, as her Aunt will instruct her in the Art of governing a Husband, as well as of getting one, this Match will in effect putt the Bedfords in possession of the whole power of the state. But the Girl has no fortune—True, Madam, she has not, and That, to be sure, is a fault; yet the Treasury will make up this Defect to his Grace, and his continuance there will be guaranteed to him by his new Relations, if Ld Bute, who I hear is speedily to return, can be brought to accede to the Treaty. His dispositions are said to be unfavourable to it; but our Coalition dinner may drive him that way against his own inclinations. Whether Ld Chatham will ask an Audience of the King in the course of this summer (supposing he is able to come to Court) is not at present determined; nor what part he would wish My Lord Chancellor to take, nor how far his Wishes will be regarded.

Augustus Henry Fitzroy, third Duke of Grafton—great-grandson of Charles II. and the Duchess of Cleveland,—was said to have combined the characteristics of the two Charles Stuarts, sullen and severe without religion, and profligate without gaiety; and historians have been inclined to award him "a primacy of dishonour and a palm of infamy" in an age by no means scanty in competitors. His first wife, whom he left for Nancy Parsons, "everybody's Mrs. Horton," married John, second Earl of Upper Ossory; his second was a daughter of Sir Richard Wrottesley, Dean of Worcester, her mother being Lady Mary Leveson Gower, daughter of the first Earl Gower and sister of the Duke of Bedford's second wife. Amongst the ladies who were played as pawns in the barter of political chess in these days the lot of the Dean's daughter was perhaps as unenviable as any, for Grafton's infidelities were not confined to politics; and Walpole, who said his Lordship's view was that "the world should be postponed to a w——e or a horse-race," added later that after being "a Prime Minister, a jockey, a missionary, he is hedging off on religion"; in 1788 he wrote *The Serious Reflections of a Rational Christian.*

One thin volume must now be glanced at: the editor's copy of "*An Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakespeare*, compared with the Greek and French Dramatic Poets. With some remarks upon the misrepresentations of Mons. de Voltaire. The sixth edition corrected. To which are added, three Dialogues of the Dead. By Mrs. Montagu. 1810."

This comprises all that Mrs. Montagu gave to the public, and in these prolific days it appears a meagre contribution from Johnson's "Queen of the Blues," and a woman who was for sixty years immersed in literature and the converse of the learned. The three *Dialogues* were contributed anonymously "by another hand" to Lord Lyttelton's volume published in 1760, and the Modern Fine Lady's exposition to Mr. Mercury on Bon Ton stirred a small flutter of resentment amongst the Mrs. Modishes of the day. Here is a sample of its quality:

> *Mrs. M.* Oh, Sir, excuse me; it is one of the privileges of the *bon ton* never to define or be defined. It is the child and parent of jargon. It is—I can never tell you what it is: but I will try to tell you what it is not. In conversation, it is not wit, in manners it is not politeness; in behaviour it is not address: but it is a little like them all. It can only belong to people of a certain rank, who live in a certain manner, with certain persons, who have not certain virtues, and who have certain vices, and who inhabit a certain part of the town. Like a place by courtesy, it gets a higher rank than the person can claim; but those who have a legal title to precedency dare not dispute for fear of being thought not to understand the rules of politeness. Now, Sir, I have told you as much as I know of it though I have admired and aimed at it all my life.

Mrs. Montagu, whose devotion to, and admiration from, Lord Lyttelton were well known, enjoyed for a short time the fun of parrying enquiries as to the authorship of the *Dialogues*, but was soon obliged to admit the soft impeachment.

The Essay on Shakespeare was written, or at least begun, as we have seen, in 1765, and published—also anonymously—in 1769. It is really a series of papers on Dramatic Poetry, the Historical Drama and the Preternatural Beings of Shakespeare, with particular analyses of Henry IV., Macbeth, Julius Caesar, and the Cinna of Corneille. Reference will be found to it in the chapter on Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Montagu, and it will be referred to again in connection with her visit to Paris. The Essay was received with much commendation, both from friends in the secret of its authorship and from the reviewers.

Writing to her husband from Hill Street in September 1769, Mrs. Montagu says:

> Mr. Burke calld on me this morning; he seems in health and good spirits. He tells me my book is very successfull. Reynolds the famous Painter laid 5 guineas it was written by Mr. Warton who wrote the Essay on the Genius and writings of Pope, but said at the same time the essay on Shakespear was written with more imagination and fire. Reynolds has paid him his five guineas, so dangerous it is to guess at Authors when they dont put their names to their works.

To Lord Lyttelton she writes in October concerning Garrick's *Ode to Shakespeare*, which he recited at Stratford-on-Avon at the close of the Jubilee celebrations in the previous month:

> What gave occasion to what your Lordship heard must be this; in the prose Oration spoken, not printed, by him, he said many things in praise of Shakespear which he borrow'd partly from the writers on that great Genius, and perhaps he might there say he had been assisted. I was told the other day I had assisted Mr. Garrick in his Ode. He has made the Author of the Essay a very handsome compliment in his preface to his Ode, in these words. "As some news-paper writers have illiberally endeavoured to shake the poetick character of our immortal Bard, it is recommended to those who are not sufficiently established in their dramatick faith, to peruse a work lately publish'd call'd an *Essay on the writings*, etc., by which they will with much satisfaction be convinced that England may justly boast the honour of producing the greatest dramatick poet in the World." As Mr. Garrick must probably suspect who is the Author of this Essay, it was very handsome in him, as we have not been always the best friends.

Malone acknowledged himself an admirer of the Essay:

> It is clearly and elegantly expressed and has done effectually what it professed to do, namely vindicated Shakespeare from the misrepresentation of Voltaire; and considering how many young people were misled by his witty though false observations, Mrs. Montagu's essay was of service to Shakespeare with a certain class of readers and is therefore entitled to praise. Johnson, I am sure, allowed the merit I have stated.

But to the Doctor, of course, disgruntled over the reception of his own belated Shakespeare editing, it was a very unnecessary labour: "you may as well praise a schoolmaster for whipping a boy who has construed ill," he grumbled; yet though it reads to-day rather like a sermon to the converted, many who accept Shakespearian supremacy with a glib *nem. con.* might still find some fresh thoughts and sound criticism in its pages.

Several extracts from letters explaining Mrs. Montagu's views in writing her Essay will be found in the chapter on her associations with Dr. Johnson.

Voltaire had written: "C'est moi qui autrefois parlai le premier de ce Shakespeare. C'est moi qui le premier montrai aux Français quelques perles que j'avais trouvais dans son fumier énorme." To which Mrs. Montagu is reputed to have replied: "C'est un fumier qui a fertilisé une Terre bien ingrate!"

On September 7 her husband wrote congratulating her on the good reception the book met with, though no other than he expected; and adds that it could not have been published at a more fortunate time than before the Jubilee. To her father, who was immensely delighted with this "grandchild," she wrote a long apologia explaining her reasons for anonymous publication:

> Mr. Pope our great Poet, the Bishop of Gloucester our great critick and Dr. Johnson our great Scholar having already given their criticisms on Shakespeare, there was a degree of presumption in pretending to meddle with a subject they had already treated; sure to incur their envy if I succeeded

> tolerably well, their contempt if I did not. Then for a weak and unknown champion to throw down the gauntlet of defiance in the very teeth of Voltaire appeared too daring. . . . The booksellers, who hate an author should print for himself, would hardly advertise my book. . . . It was with great difficulty I got it advertised the day before it was published, and in spite of all my pains it hardly appeared in the papers till the week after the King's birthday, when the town was empty, so that all these disadvantages considered I could not flatter myself this little work would succeed so well as it has done. . . .

Great curiosity was evinced as to the authorship, but the secret was the sooner guessed, as the printers had divulged that Mr. Stillingfleet had corrected the proofs, and he was known as one of Mrs. Montagu's intimate friends. Thomas Warton, the historian of poetry and brother of Joseph (whom Reynolds had guessed as the author of the Essay), wrote gallantly of it as " the most elegant and judicious piece of criticism this age has produced."

William Emerson, the mathematician of Hurworth, who was a great friend of Mr. Montagu's, but who had no knowledge of the authorship of the Essay, wrote to him after having read it:

> The author of the Essay, whoever he is, has certainly set the nature and use of dramatic poetry in a clear light, where he tells us, that it depends upon such a just imitation of any action that its effect on the Spectator ought to excite the same passions in the mind, as if the thing represented was real. He has delivered his sentiments with great strength of reasoning. . . But what I am most pleased with is what he delivers in the last two parts where he exposes the ignorance of Voltaire for presuming to criticize on the language of our English poet when he understands not the language he criticizes. Here he has confuted Voltaire beyond any possibility of reply. I believe most frenchmen are touched with this sort of vanity and Ambition. Of this stamp I take it was Mons. Boileau in the last century, who was finely ridiculed by the inimitable Mr. Prior.

" Hermes " Harris, enlightened by Lord Lyttelton, wrote in high praise, and owned to his shame that in guessing at its authorship he had thought on none but men. Mrs. Carter is informed in July:

> It has yet been noticed only by the Critical Memoirs of the times and the Critical Review, and both have spoken highly of it, but especially the latter. I beg of you to get the Review from some of your half learned acquaintance if you have any at Deal *who hold the Eel of Science by the tail.*

Whilst a later letter to her sister reports:

> I was yesterday at a gala at Mr. Wilmot's on account of his birthday. Mr. and Mrs. Garrick were of the party. Mr. Garrick tells me Voltaire is most prodigiously out of humour with the Essay and has ordered that no English person shall ever again enter his doors; he says he is used very ill by the author of the Essay. I protest I think I used him very politely. . . .

Altogether Mrs. Montagu had every reason to be satisfied with the reception of her one and only literary adventure, which went through at least six editions, and was translated into French and Italian.

The Shakespeare Jubilee Celebrations organised by David Garrick at Stratford-on-Avon this summer were much quizzed but very successful, and the occasion served for an advertisement of the Essay, which Garrick, as we have seen, had specially referred to in his preface to the Jubilee Ode. The performance was transferred to Drury Lane Theatre in the autumn, where it was acted no less than a hundred times; and Mrs. Montagu describes it as "the prettiest spectacle that ever was seen."

In December she met, at Court, General Paoli, the great Corsican patriot who had been driven out of the Island by the French and had taken refuge in England this summer; and she thus describes him to her husband:

> I shd have thought the time I was at Court more tedious if I had not been near Genl Paoli, with the ease and frankness

of whose manner I was much pleased; nothing so much adorns a distinguished character as a noble simplicity. The General is about your size and stature, of a very fair complexion, and when silent not of a distinguishing aspect, but when animated there is a great deal of spirit and finesse in his physiognomy. I should have taken him for a scotch man by his complexion, the mould of his face, and general air of countenance. I could not help pittying such a man obliged to sollicit a Court for assistance to restore that liberty to his Country for which they are not very anxious even for their own. It seems the French have basely and cruelly tortured and then put to death four of Paolis friends lately, for a firm defence of their Country. It is terrible to see such savage fierceness in a Nation that pretends to the greatest politeness; what Barbarians were ever more cruel than these french fops?

Two or three political references of this autumn may be cited:

There does not seem any apprehension of a change of Ministry. The D: of Bedford was worse used in his Western progress than even the news represented. At Honiton the Bull Dogs were set upon his horse, and it is thought the intention was that if his Horse threw him the dogs might finish the affair; this is very shocking; as for a little wholesome correction such as he formerly experienced it was very well.

Sept. 20th.

I hear Sr George Savile is rather averse to a petition from Yorkshire, but Mr. Burkes going at this time to Ld Rockingham looks as if a Petition was intended by his Lordship. Mr. Burkes eloquence will warm the County. Mr. Calcraft in the list of Patriots at Alyesbury makes one smile. I find the Courtiers are alarmed at the Petitions. It was said in Town that the Russians wd bombard Constantinople. Letters are lately come from our Friend Emin whom we supposed to be dead, He sends a Journal of what he has been doing since we heard last, and in this journal there is the harangue he made to his Soldiers, it is a fine piece of Savage eloquence.

Mr. Montagu's views are business-like but pessimistic; and one can derive a certain sorry comfort from the recurring evidence in these letters that the country was going to the dogs as surely in 1770 as in 1923.

Nov. 26.

I am very sorry for the bad situation of this poor Country both at home and abroad particularly that France is likely to attack us wch they may do in America as well as in Ireland. If they should fall upon Hanover I would wish we would not think it our concern. From what I have lately heard I much dread a civil war. Those that now govern us are the most profligate and wicked and unfit that ever were at the Helm. They call their obstinacy spirit and value themselves for acting upon it, but they would do well to consider that the Assertors of Liberty may possibly have as great and a truer spirit than themselves. It has been twice in my news paper that peace is made with Heyder Alley wch I believe and hope is true, for tho I believe the E.I. company has been guilty of the worst of Crimes to obtain what has been and probably one day may be taken from them, still as many of our peoples fortunes are vested in that Company and it seems almost the only trade we have left it cannot [but] be of the greatest consequence to this nation.

To Lord Lyttelton

HILLSTREET.

I am glad we shall soon have a new edition of Leonidas. . . . The Lacedemonian character was a character of Institution. A Spartan was not a creature of Gods but of Lycurgus's making, and not of flesh and blood, but hard, cold, and stiff. The Poet who draws such a character from historical representations is in the condition of a Painter who draws a Statue by lamp-light, the lines are plain, and the light is steady, but every Connoisseur will perceive the work to be an imitation of an imitation. I had rather some man with much genius and little learning wd make a Poem of living Paoli and live Corsicans. No picture is worth much that is not taken from the life. By the by I fell in love with Genl Paoli the other day at Court. I heard him talk a great while ; there is an ease in his conversation that charms one. Some Persons said the Ladies here often meddled in politicks ; with a smile of cautious finesse he answerd, that it was *pour y mettre de la douceur.* I felt a great deal of pity for this noble Patriot reduced to beg an alms for Liberty of those who think Tyranny a greater Goddess.

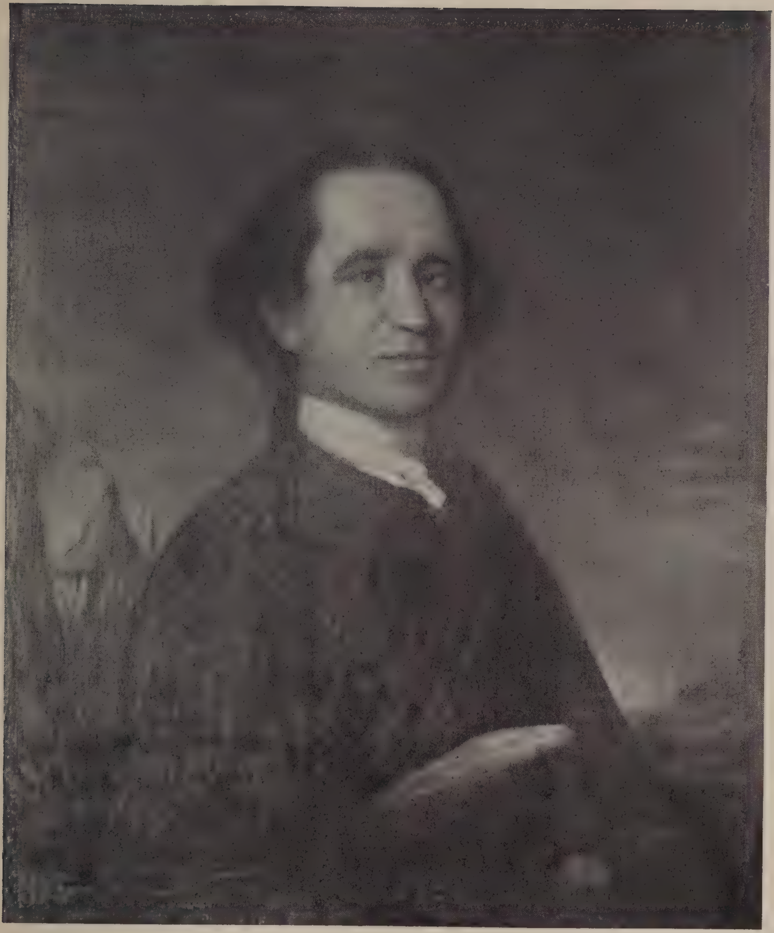
From Lord Lyttelton

ARLEY, *October* 10.

I long for Emin's Journal which you mention'd in your former Letter, and had rather read his Oration than hear Ld Chatham, tho' all the thunder of his Eloquence should revive with him. Emin's is the Voice of Nature: his Lordship's is Playhouse Thunder. I admire the Vision with which the Armenian Orator enforced his Rhetorick, when he found it fail. What a pity it is we do not believe in Visions here! The long Trance of our Great Man would furnish as many as Mahomed had in all his fitts of the falling sickness. It would make a compleat Koran, and give a new Religion to a People that now has none. I am proud, as an Englishman, that Paoli has made England the Place of his Retreat. If I was Ld Mayor of London he should have from the City as fine an Entertainment as the King of Denmark. Exiled Heroes are more illustrious Guests than travelling Kings. But as he has not paid his Homage to Mr. Wilkes in the Fleet or Mrs. Macaulay in her Closet, he will not be acknowledged for a Hero in the City, or for a Patriot in the Country. I think his coming to England and gracious reception at Court is a strong symptom of an approaching War with France.

To her Husband

I suppose you read the last Junius. it is the most spirited paper that ever was written, tho I do not suspect the D: of Grafton of very delicate feelings, I cannot suppose him so insensible as not to tremble at the Pen of such a Satirist. Junius is a Prose Juvenal, his weapons are sharp, and he wounds very deeply. People are still in doubt who Junius may be, many suspect Wilkes to be the man; he is certainly a good writer who ever he may be, and he has good information. The french Ambassador has come again, which looks like Peace. He was such a Coxcomb as to let his Servant fire off some little Cannon at his arrival in Town at 12 o'clock at night. As this compt has not been paid to any but Royal Persons it has given disgust, and indeed it must be said to be prodigiously impertinent.



JOSEPH EMIN THE ARMENIAN
By Benjamin Wilson

To her Husband

LONDON, *Thursday the 9th* (*Nov.*).

I was at Shelburne House last night; they invited me to go to the Ld Mayors dinner with them to day and I told them I wd but as I have not been quite well since the little attack of my disorder at Sandleford and the weather is bad I thought I might render myself unable to attend business and Mr. Black, so I excused myself; otherwise I shd have liked the shew, and Mr. Beckford wd not have been displeased to have seen Mr. Montagus Wife at his Entertainment. The great Paoli I was told this morning is to be there, and I shd have been glad of such an opportunity of conversing with him. Lady Shelburne will certainly be introduced to him and being with her I shd have had the same privilege. I honour Paoli for in him there is real Patriotism and true and genuine love of liberty, pure as it burnt in the breasts of Ancient Patriots, whose names will ever be dear to all who love laws, justice, order, truth, honesty. . . .

Mrs. Montagu was by no means alone in keen admiration of General Paoli, who was most warmly welcomed in London and became intimate with Dr. Johnson and the Club fraternity. The Doctor dined frequently with him, and Boswell has many records of their meetings; he was himself a still older acquaintance, having seen much of the patriot General during his visit to Corsica in 1765, and staying in his house in London for a considerable time. It was at Mrs. Montagu's dinner-table, after the fracas over the Lyttelton *Life*, and in the company of the tall and eloquent Corsican, that the Doctor was made to realise the enormity of his offence. "He addressed his hostess two or three times after dinner with a view to engage her in conversation; receiving only cold and brief answers, he said in a low voice to General Paoli who sat next him, and who told me the story, 'You see, Sir, I am no longer the man for Mrs. Montagu.'"

The 16th of Nov. 1769.

I never saw the Town so dull and dead as at present, the Lord Mayors shew enliven'd it for a day. I am now very glad I was not at the feast, for the Mob were very indecently familiar with the Ladies in the Coaches, they meant good humour and jocularity but their jests were of the practical kind and not so fit for Ladies to suffer. As there was a deficiency of good company the feast, like that in the Gospel, was given to those who from the high ways and hedges were compelld to come in, and they behaved like rabble, making a riot ; they broke 30 dozen of bottles and made such a riot that the Ball could not proceed and the Ladies were in hystericks. . . .

I have a very strong suspicion that Col: Barré is the author of the letter subscribed Junius. Ld Camden and Ld Northington have fallen out a little about a Prebendary, which Northington says or rather *swears* Ld Camden had promised to him for a friend, and bestowed on another. Ld Northington often says I am in safe retreat with a Pension of £4000 pr ann: while Camden and Mansfield are struggling with difficulties ; then with many a round oath he witness's his preference of his own lot. To speak in his own stile there never was so jolly a dog of a Chancellor.

Robert Henley, Lord Northington, "the swearing Chancellor," was son of Anthony Henley of the Kit-Cats, and father of Lady Bridget Lane Fox, the court jester whose jokes so delighted George III.

It was Lady Northington who assured his Majesty that their country house was built by Indigo Jones, to which the King replied that he thought so by the style. The Chancellor declared he could not tell whether his wife or his Majesty was the greater fool.

1770

A SUMMER WITH MRS. CHAPONE—LORD NORTH'S MINISTRY

Beattie's *Essay on Truth*. Beckford's death. Visit to Hagley with Mrs. Chapone. Letter from young John Pitt. Mr. Jonas Hanway. Second visit to Scotland. Crabs' eyes and millipedes. Mrs. Vesey at Lucan. Letter from Bennet Langton.

AMONGST the earliest letters of this year are further eulogistic ones upon the Shakespeare *Essay* from James " Hermes " Harris of the Universal Grammar, Dr. Gregory, the Edinburgh philosopher, and Richard Owen Cambridge, the satirist. Of its French reception we have already given a quotation which at least evinced Garrick's capabilities in the way of subtle flattery. After recording a meeting with him at a gala at Mr. Wilmot's she adds:

> I find many people intend to go out of Town the day Wilkes comes out of Prison, but I think their apprehensions are without cause. I imagine he will not make a riot. I hear Mr. Beckford piques himself upon keeping the City quiet.

A long letter from Dr. Gregory, written from Edinburgh in May, recommends the *Essay on Truth* just published by his friend, James Beattie. Of another intimate friend of his the letter adds:

> I detest Mr. Hume's philosophy as destructive of every principle interesting to mankind, tho' in other respects one of the most authentic, entertaining and instructive Historys I have ever read: but I love Mr. Hume personally as a worthy

agreeable man in private life. . . . I made Mr. Boswell happy beyond what you can conceive by reading to him what you say of Paoli. I think Mr. Burke's pamphlet admirably well wrote and full of very disagreeable truths. He surely is not Junius, who by the way is a very spirited tho' not very decent writer, with an uncommon command of excellent language.

From Lord Lyttelton

HAGLEY, *June* 21.

If you set out on Friday you will be at Hagley on Sunday Evening, and find Lady Edgecombe still there : for she and her Lord don't propose to leave it till Monday. They came hither in a most infernal storm of wind and rain ; but it has clear'd up this Morning, and I hope the Weather will be fine for Them and You and Mrs. Chapone, to whom I long to shew my Park, as her old acquaintance and friend, and as she is one of the English Muses, to whose Divinities it is consecrated. I wish your Sister and Mrs. Carter could be also of the Party.

Alas ! poor Beckford. I am sorry for his death, but will leave his funeral Oration to Mrs. Macaulay. His Spirit was too good-humoured to make a Devil, and too turbulent for an Angel ; but will be a proper companion for the Ghosts that Ossian sings of, who ride in the Whirlwinds and direct the storms.

Lord Mayor William Beckford had not long survived the manly and famous reply he had made to the King's curt answer upon an address complaining of a false return at the Middlesex election, a reply which is stoutly immortalised on his monument. The author of *Vathek* and builder of Fonthill was his son.

Mrs. Catharine Macaulay, the "celebrated female historian," was a red republican, and is often mentioned with gentle satire in these letters.

Towards the end of June Mrs. Montagu set out with her friend, Mrs. Chapone, to pay a visit to Hagley. Hester Mulso, who had recently lost her husband, an attorney, was a great friend of Richardson the novelist, and was herself a poetess and essayist. They stayed a night at Stratford-on-Avon *en route*, where Mrs. Montagu expected a dream visitation from a grateful bard, to whose tomb, however, they were unable to make pilgrimage. After the Hagley visit the two ladies continued their journey northward by Matlock Vale, Derby, Sheffield, and Doncaster to Denton, where Mr. Montagu shortly afterwards joined them.

As a horrid example of youthful precocity, the following letter from Lord John Pitt, Lord Chatham's eldest son, then aged fourteen, may be given here. His sister, Lady Hester, who was a year older, sends a letter of still more portentous solemnity on the same date, and Lord and Lady Chatham add a parental postscript, " with perhaps a little of Papa's and Mama's partiality," assuring Mrs. Montagu that the children's sentiments " such as they are, are entirely the dictates of their own judgment." The absurdly sententious periods of the young lady's effusion seem hardly to predicate the future mother of the eccentric and remarkable Lady Hester Stanhope, who was anything and everything but a prig.

From John Pitt

HAYES, *July 26th.*

MADAM—I can not express how extremely I feel myself obliged to you for your great goodness in sending me a work, which cou'd not fail of being most interesting to me, as it not only enumerates the victories gained under the administration of my Papa, and paints in the most lively colours, the striking Characters of our brave Countrymen (whose example, in my opinion, every man must be most desirous to follow) but as it allows me room to flatter myself that I have some share in your favour and remembrance. I applaud extremely the meritorious intent of the writer, which I wish with all my heart had succeeded as I should see with the highest pleasure every possible relief given to the distressed relations and friends of those who lost their lives in defence of their Country. Approving as highly as I do the work in general, yet I can not perfectly agree in the opinion of our publick faiths having been preserved, which, surely, we did not by any means maintain, when we abandoned our Ally the King of Prussia, and concluded a Peace without stipulating the restitution of his territories. You may be assured that all those to whom you have permitted me to shew the work will keep it a profound secret. I will take care that no body else shall see it, and shall be happy to be allowed to return it to you in Person as soon as you come to London. We are all very impatient to have the pleasure of hearing that you had an agreable journey into the North and that you arrived at the end of it in perfect health.

I am with the highest Respect, Madam, Your most obliged and Obedient Humble Servant, PITT.

P.S.—Papa has thoughts of setting out tomorrow for Somersetshire, for a short time, and is so good as to intend to take me with him.

"Papa" had this year completely recovered his powers, had espoused the cause of Wilkes, protesting the illegality of giving Luttrell his seat for Middlesex, and had hastened the dissolution of the Ministry of Grafton, already severely shaken by the attacks of Junius. Lord North became Prime Minister, but the King practically held the reins and dictated the policy of a very tactful and easy-going premier for the next twelve years. Chatham henceforth belonged definitely to the opposition and the Rockingham Whigs. "George," says the author of our *Short History* very severely, "was in fact sole minister during the eight years which followed; and the shame of the darkest hour of English history lies wholly at his door."

So Lord Chatham went to Somersetshire and Mrs. Montagu turned her energies to Mr. Jonas Hanway.

It was hardly to be supposed that Mrs. Montagu would escape the attention of Mr. Jonas Hanway, traveller and philanthropist, whose essay on Tea had awakened that hardened and shameless tea-drinker, Dr. Johnson, to ribald criticism. Johnson unkindly remarked that Mr. Hanway had acquired some reputation by travelling abroad, but lost it all by travelling at home. This was very far from Mr. Hanway's own opinion, and indeed he was so much impressed with the merits of his new book that he wrote to Mrs. Montagu, enclosing for her approval a letter to a newspaper, singing its praises with the utmost candour.

From Jonas Hanway

VICTUALLING OFFICE, *July* 23.

. . . At length you see me in the part of the rational Pietist, the faithfull domestic, the Husbandman, the Father and the Friend ; and rather disdaining the Rich, than dispising the Poor, yet humbled to the Dust by both, for even the Doors of the Cottager seem to be shut against me. . . .

If I should find People sober enough to buy, borrow, or accept the Copies of my Labor yet on hand, I intend to try another Edition in one Vol 8vo. thinking that by some Correction Abrigement, or new Arrangement, I may give the Book a Stability as a System of Ethicks and divinity adapted to the end of carrying people, of certain Stations, in this world, to Heaven. Upon this foundation I wish to know, if you recommend anything, for the Improvement of it : A rich old Merchant of my Acquaintance ask'd me the other Day, if I could get my Book made into a *Novel* ? The Proposal at first view, struck me as Strange, and stranger still, that it should come from a *Man*, and it was yet more wonderful such a Thought should enter the heart of an Old Sensible Man, and a solid Merchant, and yet it was founded in Reason and sad Experience

This was a little too much even for Mrs. Montagu's kindly ideas of log-rolling proprieties, and she writes to her sister from Tunbridge, July 27 :

I had a letter the other day from Mr. Hanway with enclosed sketch of a letter for the Printer of a news paper ; I beg you to read the sketch and also my letter to the well meaning Jonas Hanway. Poor man, he never knows when to have done when he is talking of himself. I cd not answer it to my conscience to let him expose himself by making a most elaborate panegyrick on his book. He says in his letter to me that he will appear very vain to me ; alas, he wd appear so to the whole world, for no one cd imagine the panegyrick of the work to be any other than the Identical Jonas Hanway the author of it; the Book is a well meaning honest book and may be very usefull; but he praises the style for its elegance, and says many unnecessary things in its commendation by which he wd incur much ridicule. He is a most benevolent worthy man, and I could not bear his exposing himself to the scoffers. Pray seal the letter and send it directly to the post; I have saved him half postage by sending it in your frank. I am afraid my letter is not polite enough, but realy I was hurt at his letter to the Printer. Homer cd not have said finer things of the Odyssy. Then how important does he make his book! a Good Woman, in return to Heaven for making her happy in her children, thinks she ought to recommend a certain book call'd virtue in humble life.

Mr. Jonas Hanway was, it is to be feared, a little deficient in sense of humour, or the old merchant's suggestion would surely have tickled him hugely. Though he denounced tea he pioneered umbrellas; and his monument is in Westminster Abbey.

Early in September Mr. Montagu went to visit his estates and friends in Yorkshire, whilst his wife and Mrs. Chapone travelled north to pay her old friend, Dr. Gregory, a visit at Edinburgh. Here they met the Duke and Duchess of Montagu and Lady Forbes, who was Mrs. Gregory's mother, and had lost a fortune of £20,000 in the South Sea Bubble; whilst among their constant companions during their stay were Dr. William Robertson, the fascinating historian who had just completed his *Charles the Fifth*, and his friend Hugh Blair, the Regius professor and divine. From Edinburgh the ladies visited Lord Bargeny, Lord Kinnoull's place at Dupplin, and Lord Breadalbane's at Taymouth, where the "vast hanging woods of noblest oaks, beeches, etc., huge rocks, mountains, great rivers, cascades and an immense lake," impressed them suitably.

Dr. Gregory, with his two charming daughters and

Mrs. Chapone, returned with Mrs. Montagu to Denton at the end of September, and October was spent there together, the two ladies travelling back to London at the end of the month. It may perhaps be recorded that whilst in Edinburgh Mrs. Montagu took the opportunity of consulting Dr. William Cullen, the famous professor of chemistry and physic and afterwards president of the College of Physicians. He and Dr. Gregory wrote out for her a joint series of prescriptions for the stomachic spasms from which she frequently suffered, of which one item only may be quoted: "When acidity is troublesome some doses of crabs' eyes may be taken especially towards evening. The quantity about 12 grains."

When Sterne was prescribed by Dr. Fizés one crawfish in his bouillon at Montpelier he was gravely warned that it must be a male one, "a female would do me more hurt than good"; but Dr. Cullen did not specify the sex of the crabs' eyes.

Mrs. Montagu's doctors provided the little lady with their choicest wares. Dr. Collet, after blooding her "through a large orifice," prescribed millipedes and riding. "I must submit," she writes pathetically, "to James' powders at last, tho I dread them more than gunpowder . . . it is only one grain but it is not the mild. Dr. Collet has mixd it with castor and columba root."

Lady Shelburne, writing to Mrs. Montagu from Wycombe on October 2, mentions her visit, when lately in Ireland with Lord Shelburne, to Mrs. Vesey's home at Lucan:

> At length I had the pleasure of visiting Mrs. Vesey in her Castle, surrounded by trees as venerable as the mansion, a very rare beauty in Ireland. The house is of course irregular, but she received in a large pleasant room lighted on both sides, and commanding beautiful views, the most agreeable is over a lawn thro' an avenue of high trees which form an Isle by the side of which glides the Liffey. . . . then we proceeded to

the cottage, a true picture of rural simplicity, the prints with which it is furnished being fine of their kind, and the room itself being fitted up with Indian reeds, the situation of it is perhaps the most meritorious part of it as it is placed so as to catch a view of rocky ground, wood and waterfalls.

To Lord Lyttelton

DENTON.

Your Lordship asks why I don't write verses. Did you ever hear of a Coal owner that was a Poet? Phoebus to his favorites gives golden verses; and gold mines, Prose and coal mines to those he despises. I am so entangled in small cases and petty attentions here, that I believe I shall be fit for nothing but to keep a Haberdashers Shop for the rest of my life. I am perfectly that odious thing call'd a notable Woman. I forgot to tell your Lordship I begin to be reconciled to the Czarina. If she is not a good Woman she is a great Prince, and the Grand Signior is un pauvre Sire compared to her Majesty. I am delighted that a Woman should thus conquer those who say Women have no souls. Shall we have a War?

From Bennet Langton

Mr. Langton presents his Compliments to Mrs. Montagu with the Lines from Ariosto which he has applied for to the Gentleman who first told him of them—as they are wrote down from memory and not from the Book they are not perhaps quite exact—Mr. L. is tempted by the exquisite Beauty that appears to him in the Verses to mark or observe upon some of the Words and expressions that seem the most significant; but thinks it better to remember whom he is writing to, and not imitate poor Mr. Huggins's Charming—and divine—

(Italian verse follows.)

This, from Dr. Johnson's dear friend—the only letter of his I have come across—shows a charming reserve, of which his correspondent was not always capable. Mr. William Huggins had too profusely annotated Croker's translation of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*.

1771

THE HAGLEY PARTY—BURKE AND PAOLI

Letters from John and Hester Pitt. Richard Berenger. Hayes. David Garrick's verses. Montem. Junius' Letters. Wilkes' election as Sheriff. Edmund Burke. Death of Thomas Gray. Letter from Burke. Lord Lyttelton's History. The Hagley house party. Stowe. Arley. Paoli. A letter from Monsey. James Beattie at Sandleford. Mr. Lyttelton's return. Benjamin Stillingfleet's death. Lord Lyttelton's verses. Charlotte Grenville's engagement. Mr. Lyttelton's misdeeds. The Chelsea Patrol.

THE first event of interest recorded in the letters of 1771 is the publication of Beattie's *The Minstrel*, of which Dr. Gregory writes enthusiastically, begging Mrs. Montagu to send for it at once.

Further letters from Lord Chatham's eldest son and daughter, written this January, mark an epistolary style of children of fifteen and sixteen a hundred and fifty years ago, from which twentieth-century youth has travelled far :

From John Pitt

HAYES, *January 16th.*

. . . Give me leave to return you very many thanks for your extreme goodness, in sending me General Paoli's reply, with which I am extremely delighted. It appears full of dignity and of great simplicity. Whoever reads it must have a strong desire to know the man who made it. I am vain to find that I perfectly agree with you, Madam, in admiring most, that part where he desires, *che si lasci in avvenire di tentare all' onor suo.* The calmness which runs through General Paoli's spirited reply, is the best mark that the most splendid offers, could not dazzle or seduce him, and that his virtue thinks no calamity so great as committing a base and perfidious action. . . .

His sister Hester writes next day:

I am order'd by Mama to begin my letter with saying, that she knows Mrs. Montagu's goodness is such, that she will have dispensed with the liberty taken in deferring the expressions of acknowledgments due from all at Hayes, as Papa's severe Gout, and the bad colds of Harriot and James, have engaged the well part of the Family. Attention to such duties, she is sure, will always, with Mrs. Montagu, cover a multitude of sins. . . . By what you say of the Russian Bishop's Sermon, I long to read it. The Czarina indeed is too great for panegyrick to her face, and the Bishop has found the only way to make it pass without the air of flattery. . . . I can only say after you, Madam, Happy had so great a name escaped the cloud, which darkens its lustre. It will be well for her Imperial Majesty's glory, if the splendours of the Empress, bury in oblivion the want of innocence of the Woman; but better for the world, if that sad defect be had in everlasting remembrance.

From Richard Berenger

My dear Madam (for I must call you so)—*There is nothing serious in Mortality; all is but Joys:* so says Macbeth, and so say I. I was this day for a considerable time alone with a certain person—great ease, condescension, and good humour, on their part—as much on mine, I assure you. Various Topicks, and everything—but to the purpose. The *Denouement* was to ask me when my book would be published, and to tell me I might bring it to one, who would be glad to receive it. This was a swinging blow, but it has not stunned me, for, like Buckhorse, by habit, I can bear much drubbing—I add it to the long list of my disappointment, and am, as I should likewise be in the fullest gale of prosperity, your

R. Berenger.

Silence in the *Court.*

For a further letter and note on Berenger, whom Dr. Johnson once cited as "the standard of true elegance," see March 1778. The above letter is undated, and is merely placed here because *The History* *of the Art of Horsemanship* in 2 vols. 4to was published this year. One more disappointing Patron, and this time a Royal one!

Writing on May 16 to Mr. Stillingfleet, Mrs. Montagu informs him she is going to Tunbridge Wells and had engaged a house which was Dr. Morley's; she adds:

> I dined yesterday at Hayes and the weather being fine had the pleasure of seeing the place which is altered and so astonishingly improved since I lived there that I could almost accuse Lord Chatham of necromancy; he is gran mago and has called forth all the rural beauties from a spot which was once very unpromising. I wish you could see how sweet a pastoral scene he has made around him. I was glad to see his Lordship look well in the face, as to his stooping and walking lame I think it gives a dignity to the statesman, and his flannels like ivy round a noble tower make the edifice more venerable.

Mrs. Montagu had lent her house at Hayes to Mr. Pitt in 1756, and he had been so delighted with it that soon after her tenancy expired he bought the place himself and set about various improvements.

Mrs. Montagu was evidently at this time in high favour with David Garrick and his charming wife, concerning whom her letters contain constant references. Garrick's poetic afflatus was all too easily stirred into activity, and from the following extract from a letter of hers to Mrs. Vesey it is evident that he had been celebrating the authoress of the Shakespeare Essay.

> *May the 19th* (1771 ?).
>
> I have sent you enclosed a copy of verses made by Mr. Garrick the other day, Dr. Cadogan and he had at dinner a warm dispute about the merits of Shakespear, to which the Doctor is very insensible. You must not say you had the verses from me, for it will look like vanity in me to communicate them, but I cannot see why so much good Witt as the verses contain shd be conceal'd on account of one piece of wrong judgment. The Burkes and Garricks are to dine with me on Wensday, Lady Chatham and her family on thursday. Mr.

and Mrs. Garrick and several others of yr friends were here last night but we all feel we are imperfect without our Sylph.

In June, Mrs. Montagu went to Tunbridge Wells with her sister, and in the *St. James Chronicle* at the end of that month appeared some verses addressed "To the Naiad of Tunbridge Well," which Lord Lyttelton in a letter to his Madonna, "violently suspects" were also put up by Garrick.

The poet (?) while admitting that the capricious Naiad has sometimes caused "fools to write to rhyme and be malicious," implores her:

Yet be not thou like Fortune, blind
Thy former freaks give o'er
To us and to thyself be kind
And Montagu* restore.

Restore her to us, Nymph divine
And great will be thy gain
Castalia's spring shall yield to thine
For she will write again.

* This lady, justly celebrated for her most ingenious and manly essay on the genius and writings of Shakespeare, is now at Tunbridge for her health.

Mr. Montagu, to whom the verses were sent, didn't quite approve of his spouse being called a Naiad (which, by the way, she wasn't) nor did he appreciate the "manly" epithet; but his wife was evidently pleased.

Writing to her at the end of June from Hill Street, he says:

On Saturday next the Ceremony of the Etonians going to Salt Hill[1] is to be perform'd, when yr Brother Morris along with Ld Cambden and son is to be there, and little Matt will be amongst them, I make no Question but to his great pleasure and delight.

Concerning the last Junius, it is extreamly severe, and seems more levell'd at a certain great Personage than the Duke of Grafton; whoever is the author he has a manner of writing peculiar to himself. He is a thousand times more Satyrical than Juvenal or any other Latynit, and to tread safely upon such slippery ground is an Art wch nobody found before him. by what he says you may expect more Junius's, for he tells you the revival of them is owing to the Duke of Graftons coming again into place, and that he will continue them till the Duke like himself retires into privacy.

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[1] Eton "Montem" is at Salt Hill.

The Election of the Sheriffes is now what is the Object of Peoples attention ; yesterday Wilkes and his Partner, if the Papers say true had on the Poll a majority wch in a manner one would think would be decisive, but it is said that majority will not continue, that it is composed of the Lowest kind of people, but that the better sort, and more thinking will shew themselves and turn the ballance. It may yet last 5 or 6 days longer before it is decided, but it's allow'd on all hands that the greatest interest is imploy'd against Wilkes, who has already cost the Administration some £190,000 and I believe will cost them some more.

"The greatest interest"—and the King himself had pronounced him " below the notice of the House," which he treated with the utmost contumacy—did not avail to prevent Wilkes' election as Sheriff ; nor indeed—though every obstacle was raised and he was twice passed over by the Aldermen, although at the head of the poll—could it ultimately succeed in preventing his final triumphs as member for Middlesex and Lord Mayor of London.

Edmund Burke, the great orator, had long been, as we have seen, amongst Mrs. Montagu's foremost admirers and friends.

In 1771 she went to pay the Burkes a visit at Beaconsfield, where she found

Mr. Burke an industrious farmer, a polite husband, a kind master, a charitable neighbour and a most excellent companion. The demons of ambition and party who hover about Westminster do not extend their influences as far as the villa. . . . A little mind is for ever in a tracasserie because it is moved by little things. I have always found that nothing is so gentle as the chief out of war nor so serene and simple as the statesman out of place. . . . I so much delight in these working master-spirits in their holiday humour that I had rather play at teetotum or cross and pile with Julius Caesar than with Sardanapalus.

Writing to Mrs. Vesey she adds:

I am very sorry to see, by the papers, that poor Mr. Gray has made a Pindarick transition from this World to the next by a fit of the Gout in his stomach. . . . How delightfully did we spend our hours with Farmer Burke! The busy Statesman is all placidness and tranquillity in retirement. I daresay Demosthenes at his Villa was all sweetness and gentleness after he had uttered a Philippick.

"Farmer Burke," accordingly, was a warm favourite at Sandleford; but he was also a very welcome addition to the assemblies of the Blue Stockings in Hill Street and Bolton Row, at which he was a frequent guest.

There are several letters of his to Mrs. Montagu in this collection, including a fine character of Lord Lyttelton, written to her on his death in 1773, which will find place in Mrs. Wyndham's Lyttelton book; here I may insert one short one, as a specimen of his style, and of the eighteenth-century manner of declining an invitation to a tea-party.

Waller's epitaph was on Lady Sedley, mother of the poet, and should read:

May here her monument stand so
To credit this rude age! and show
To future times, that even we
Some patterns did of virtue see.

From Edmund Burke

Roasting is the natural Death of the Phoenix; but I suppose that this operation of *roasting*, natural as it may be to the Noble family of the Phoenixes, is not so very pleasant as honourable. The Phoenix indeed has this comfort in his painful preeminence, that he has a Cook of no less dignity than Phoebus himself for his *Rotisseur*; and that he is carbonated by the same Rays that inspire the Wit of Mrs. Montagu; that he burns in odours and is served up in such Gums and spices as might serve to sweeten the princely Rottenness of the whole Pharaoh line from Generation to Generation. Still, however bespiced, be-odourd, and beserved, I am sure, it can hardly be pleasant to this same *Sole-Bird* to be *roasted.* I should be a Phoenix indeed, singular in want of sense, want of Taste, and want of Gratitude, if I did not prefer the Evening to which Mrs. Veseys goodness has invited me to everything that Town or Country could give. But the question is not of preference but of Necessity. I have wrote to my *Doer* in the Country, that I should be down with him this day. He waits for some directions which can only be given on the Spot. I am obliged to return on Monday morning in order to go to the *Tower*—mark that—but not to visit *Lions* or *Patriots* or to be visited as a Patriot or as a Lion—but I am of a sort of committee, that have engaged to visit our Records and to save them, if possible, from destruction. We are obliged to prop up these mouldering monuments of Laws, Properties, families. There are some, who with^{t} the aid of Parliaments or Treasuries can raise monuments, to their own Memories, and to other worthy memories, which will want no repairs, when the Towers which preserve the other records, will fall into dust, like the Parchments they enclose. Your summer will I hope be employd, as some other of your summers have been, in that kind of Architecture. Many of them and serene may you enjoy, for the excellent purposes for which you live! in order

> To *credit* this rude age—and shew, that we
> Some *Patterns* did of Virtue see;
> And *one* sublime example had
> Of good—among so many bad!

Look at the beautiful lines in Waller as an Epitaph on Lady—I really forget her name—but the verses begin thus "here Lies the Learned Saviles heir."

I am with the truest respect and regard, Dear Madam,
Your most obedt and obliged humble Servt.,

Ed. W. Burke.

Saturday morn

Mrs. Burke desires her best compliments.

Lord Lyttelton was this summer hard at work correcting the proofs of his History. Mrs. Montagu writes from Tunbridge:

> I suppose, the great Apollo and the sacred nine have as little authority over Printers Devils, as Kings and Cabinet Counsellors have over the Livery men of the City. I shall be glad to hear that you are released from the troublesome task of printing your book, and that we shall enjoy the delightful amusement of reading it. I have strictly adhered to the idleness and indolence which was enjoynd me by friends and physicians; indeed I think I have improved upon it, so that, if I should again become an author, it will be of a practical treatise on sauntering. Often has human life been compared to a dream, a Tunbridge life is the dream of a dream. I wish your Lordship could find out to whom I am obliged for the very pretty verses to the Naiad of our Well. I am sure the Poet was not inspired by Tunbridge water; it gives not le docte et sainte ivresse of poetry.

His Lordship was also planning a summer party at his beautiful home at Hagley, and writes:

> I see by your letter that you don't propose to bring Mrs. Vesey any part of the journey, but to meet her at Hagley, which I hope and beg you will do before the 23rd of August, on which day Garrick will leave us. He is to be there on the 16th or 17th if accidents do not disconcert our purposes. On the 26th the whole Rout is to arrive from Stowe, viz. Ld and Lady Temple, Mrs. Stapleton, two of the Miss Grenvilles, two Sons of Sr [?] James Grenville, and General Irwin. The same day is also fixed for Belgiojoso, Burzinsky, and your Hero and Admirer Paoli.

Mr. Montagu's health being very uncertain, the possibility of his wife's leaving him for the Hagley visit remained doubtful till the last moment. In the end she was able to go, but had to curtail her visit, on the way, to the Temples at Stowe, where Lady Temple wrote to assure her, after two pages of rhapsody about Minerva, Juno, Olympus, and Jupiter, that

> My Lord is very impatient to gallant you round the garden in his chair and about a dozen Nephews are ambitious of a place behind it. I am sorry Mrs. Vesey does not come, I

only know her personally and should have been happy to have been better acquainted; we beg to know if you design to come by dinner time y^{t} we may make the hour convenient.

After a visit with Mrs. Vesey to the Burkes at Gregories, and thence to Lord and Lady Temple at Stowe, Mrs. Montagu travelled on to Hagley, where Lord Lyttelton was entertaining his large house party, including David Garrick and his wife, Paoli the Corsican patriot, and the Temples. Garrick was in excellent form, and some references to this much-enjoyed visit are given in the paper which follows the year 1776, in which the records of their friendship have been brought together.

Amongst other outings, the Hagley party paid a visit to Arley, a very favourite place of Lord Lyttelton's on the banks of the Severn, occupied by his daughter and son-in-law, Lord Valentia; "the old family mansion neither mean nor noble but a decent gentleman's house in the old style," amid farms and cottages, richly wooded hills, and the winding valley of the river.

"I hope," Mrs. Montagu writes to Mrs. Vesey, "you received my laconick epistle from Hagley. I was then much taken up in coquetting with the great Paoli; it is not the least of his Heroism to coquette with an old Woman, so I mention this circumstance for his glory as much as my own. You will long to know what Nymphs and Swains frequented the Shady Bowers of Hagley after you left them. A few hours after you went away arrived Governor Lyttelton, the next morning came Lord and Lady Temple, Miss Stapylton, Miss Grenvilles and Genl Irwine; in the evening arrived Gl Paoli and Count Borzinski, three or four days after Count Beljoioso was added to our party, but my Hero was gone to visit his old sweet heart the Mountain Nymph sweet Liberty on the Moors of Scotland, where she has still found a retreat secure from the Nimrods of the plain. You knew I must have a Hero or a Bard within call, so when the Destinies took away Paoli they sent me Spartan Glover, the Author of Leonidas. Next to the Hero, the author of an Heroick poem is my choice, so my ambition was kept in tolerable humour."

To her Husband

HAGLEY, *Aug. the 21st.*

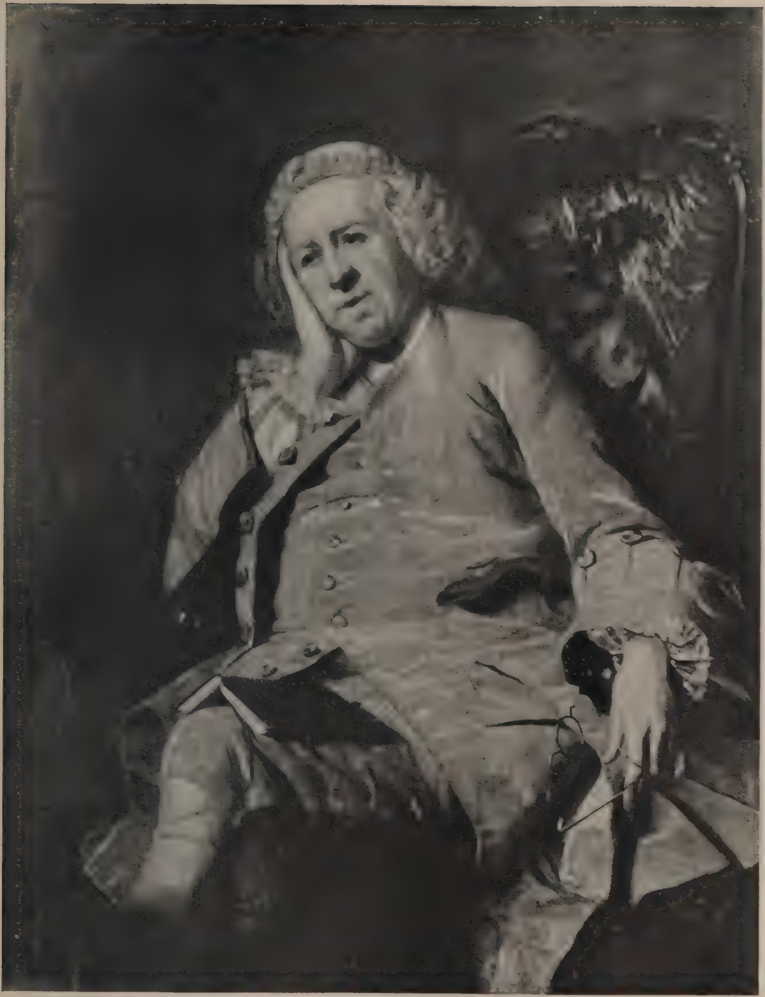
I arrived here safe and well last night, and tho we are involved in the gloom of December as to the appearance of the weather, I have pass'd every hour of this day, not only in chearfulness, but gayety. I found here Mr. and Mrs. Garrick, Mrs. Vesey and Mrs. Hancock, Ld and Lady Valencia, and two Gentlemen they brought with them. Mr. Garrick is in the highest spirits, and he has the greatest share of vivacity I ever met with in any one, and having a great deal of wit, that vivacity makes the most pleasing companion imaginable. . . . Ld Temple desired me to make his most respectful compts to you, he thinks very highly of you, and he said he rememberd well the spirit with which you came to the H. of Commons very ill in the time of the great opposition and that you had uniformly acted up to that spirit through so many Sessions. Lord Lyttelton says if you was here he shd think his society here very compleat, Mr. Garrick joind with him in regretting yr absence. . . .

An extract may be given here from a last letter to a devoted old friend.

To Benjamin Stillingfleet

21st Sept.

From the Mighty Monsey I had the other day an excellent, (I wont say letter for I know not what to call it) but in short it was an incomparable peice. Anger was his Muse, he has got a Patient whose constitution is obstinate to physick, and whose purse is as much so to the physician, so with covetousness and the dropsy the Doctor is in great wrath. His letter made me laugh for an hour ; I never knew a Man who cd set witt and nonsense to play at backsword till he caused such entertainment ; the fight is violent, and it is always a drawn battle, both give notable strokes and neither can assume the pride of the victory. If the Doctor had lived in times of allegory, he wd have had Apollo for his Father, and Echo, a nymph of words without meaning for his Mother. I cannot imagine what sort of Mortals his parents were, but certainly they were of a peculiar sort, each of them, but of very different species. He tells me he is in high health, and by the fulness of his witty vein, and the strong pulse of his folly, I am sure he is so.



DR. MESSENGER MONSEY
By Mary Black

When General Paoli went to Scotland, as above recorded, Mrs. Montagu gave him an introduction to Dr. Gregory at Edinburgh, who thus reports on September 21:

> I think General Paoli one of the first men I have ever seen, while I revere him as a hero and a genuine patriot. . . . Their stay here was so short that they had no time to see the little we have to show. I got however, besides Mr. Boswell who took charge of them in the west, David Hume, Dr. Robertson, Dr. Blair, Mr. Keith and General Oughton, who were all charmed with them.

James Beattie, "The Minstrel," paid Mrs. Montagu a ten days' visit at Sandleford, with his wife, after her return from Hagley, and thus began a personal acquaintance which ripened steadily into a close and enduring friendship that was to last for the rest of her life. Some may have doubted the impression which "the personal intercourse with the lowly-born Scotsman would make on this talented high-bred lady accustomed to the most polished and distinguished society in England"; but not those who knew her best. When Boswell must needs thank Dr. Johnson for the civilities he had shown to Beattie, his reply was: "Sir, I should thank *you*. We all love Beattie." And that was the general verdict. Mrs. Montagu gave Lord Lyttelton so charming a description of this first Sandleford visit that he replies: "I wish I could have seen Dr. Beattie and his dear; nothing delights me more than the spectacle of matrimonial happiness;" and Miss Forbes rightly says that when Lord Lyttelton died in 1773, it was Beattie who filled his place in Mrs. Montagu's interest and friendship.

By the end of October she had returned to her town quarters in Hill Street, and November letters refer to the illness of the Princess of Wales and the Duke of Gloucester (the King's brother), the Duke of Cumberland's marriage to Mrs. Horton, which, like the Chudleigh wedding, had set the town in an uproar, and Lord Lyttelton's increasing worries over his scapegrace son, who had returned to England "to sign and seal his own ruin by selling the reversion of his estate upon very bad terms." The terrible "Ripon Flood" of this November, which swept away all but one of the nine Tyne bridges, and drowned many collieries and other property, did not, fortunately, destroy the Denton mines, though much havoc was caused to their Yorkshire properties, particularly about Eryholme. December brought Mrs. Montagu a further loss in the death of Benjamin Stillingfleet, the dear old blue-stocking botanist whose lonely poverty had made his later years very burdensome and dreary. "I feel the loss of a person who sincerely loved me," she writes to Mrs. Carter, "and never lost an opportunity of doing me any service or pleasure." Obeying his last behest, she took his young footman into her service.

Writing from Hagley on October 16 Lord Lyttelton reports Mrs. Vesey as having written him from Ireland thus:

"I told the Prime Serjeant Hutchinson that Lord Lyttelton, Mrs. Montagu, and the Garricks, intended us a visit. He declared he would himself give a hundred guineas to be sure it would happen. He has a fine Seat upon the road to Kilarney, and has settled a variety of Amusements and desires he may be honour'd with the office of Conductor." I sent her some Verses which I made a little Cupid, who came out from behind the laurels at the Rock in Hagley Park, speak to Madme Pouskin. They are as follows

Votre Auguste Maitresse est couronnée de Gloire;
Le superbe Ottoman par ses armes est dompté;
A Vous l'Amour accorde une egale Victoire;
Le fier Anglois vous voit, et perd sa Liberté.

I hope you will like them as well as you did those to Madme Czernichew. I am charmed with Madme Pouskin, and I believe she was pleased with her Entertainment at Hagley. Her good Husband seems as much in love with her now as the first day they married, and she seems to love him. I wish indeed Dr. Beattie had a more affluent fortune ; but with a good Wife, a good conscience, and such a fine Imagination, he must be happy. When we meet in Town we will consult together how it may be possible to get him some addition to his income by recommendations. But it is much easier to provide for an English than a Scotch Divine.

Mrs. Grenville, wife of George Grenville, the minister of the Stamp Act and " the Gentle Shepherd " of Pitt's sarcasm, died in 1769, and her husband followed her within a year, leaving a large family of growing boys and girls, of whom Charlotte, the eldest daughter, was now eighteen, and according to Mrs. Montagu, who had been a devoted admirer of Mrs. Grenville, resembled her mother. Lord Temple, who was George Grenville's brother, had by no means always seen eye to eye with him during their political careers, and the following breathless letter from Lady Temple announcing Charlotte's engagement to Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, a widower and the son of the " Great Sir Watkin," is more amusing than enthusiastic about her niece's attractions. Apart from Lord Bath and Lord Lyttelton, for whom, in the days of her intimacy with them politics had more or less ceased to be a primary interest, George Grenville and Edmund Burke were Mrs. Montagu's greatest personal friends amongst the statesmen of her day ; and it would not be easy to suggest two more honourable friendships. Mrs. Montagu had evidently foretold and abetted this engagement. Sir Watkin the fourth was a widower, his first wife, Lady Henrietta Somerset, having died very shortly after their marriage. He was a member of the Dilettantes, and his portrait figures in Sir Joshua Reynolds' famous group of its members.

From Lady Temple

STOWE, *Oct. 20th.*

Pray my dear Mrs. Montagu be very glad but hold—they say one should be as cautious in telling good news as in telling bad why then to break the matter—to be sure Charlotte is a fine girl but I do not think her a beauty, however last friday the man came puffing and blowing and insists upon taking her for better for worse, so e'en let him have her, she has put Wales into a blaze the best thing she can do now, is to warm herself by her own fire ; the welch people are all in love with her, they talk of her and toast her in every corner one would think she was made of Cheese. Indeed you have guess'd the very man, it is Sr Watkin Williams and if you have any objection to these two people being joined in holy matrimony speak soon or else for ever hold your tongue.

I have long known that you deal in charms but now I can fully prove you to be a Witch therefore as I have you in my power let my dear Mrs. Montagu take care not to disoblige her most humble Servant and Affec^{te} friend,

ANNA TEMPLE.

P.S. my Lord desires his real respects mix'd with a great deal of kindness may be presented to you Miss Stapleton adds her friendly compliments and would have writ herself but I insisted upon doing it.

From Lord Lyttelton

HAGLEY, *Novr.* 10.

Knowing that Lady Temple had sent you early News of Miss Grenville's Match (the first Idea of which was Yours) I did not write to you upon that occasion. A more pleasing Event could not happen to a Family which has always been most fortunate ! Pour surcroit de bonheur, I think the young Lady's Heart is touch'd. And indeed the Goodnature and Frankness of Sr Watkin are exceedingly amiable, nor can one desire a young man to have better Principles of Honour and Virtue. You are therefore the best Matchmaker in England, and the Soul of Your Friend Mr. Grenville will look out of Paradise and smile on your Work. . . .

I read your last Letter to all our Friends at Stowe, and they were all charm'd with it, but more particularly Mrs. Stapleton and Lady Temple. I did not even suppress your Reprimand to me for prophaning my Lyre in praising Madme Pouskin, but you don't enough consider that she had seen my Verses in praise of Madme de Czernichew, and that her Rank as a Beauty is higher than that Lady's, though inferior as an Ambassadress, and consequently that Cupid was bound in

Duty to pay more Homage to her when she came into his Kingdom. Add to this, that his compliment was paid no less to her Mistress, the Empress of Russia, than to her. However, I am proud that you feel so much Delicacy for the Dignity of my Muse.

When these garden verses had to be thus delicately adjusted to the relative beauties and ambassadorial rank of the ladies apostrophised, they must have become a prodigious bore.

The happy house party at Hagley of this summer was followed for Lord Lyttelton by a troubled autumn, caused by rumours of his son's misdoings, thus reported to Mr. Montagu by his wife:

November 14*th.*

I had a most melancholy letter from L^{d} Lyttelton last post. He has reason to entertain some apprehensions that his son has sold the Reversion of the Estate and as he says sign'd and seal'd his Ruin. An imprudent wretch like this courts ruin in every shape as well as poverty, indeed in a worse shape, that of disgrace and infamy. Poor L^{d} Lyttelton will never again take pleasure in Hagley, doom'd and destined to fall to some Usurer. What pity he built his fine House!

Tom Lyttelton appears to have returned from his wanderings this year, but did not acquaint his family or friends of his presence in England for some time, and then expressed contrition for his misdoings, and asked intercession towards a reconciliation with his father; to whose vanity and childish infatuation, "deserving the coral that amused and the go-cart that sustained him sixty years ago," he elsewhere pictures himself—if the authenticity of his published letters is to be allowed—as the victim and the sacrifice.

Writing to Mrs. Carter in December, her friend begs her when she comes to town to enquire of Mr. Garrick about the "lixivium of Mr. Blackery" which he has taken with great success; mentions Mr. Stillingfleet's dangerous illness, and ends: "I expect my sister to dine here to-day, which is an [un]usual pleasure, but a strong party is to come from Chelsea and they add the security of a Patrole."

The fields between Chelsea and town, now part of Belgravia, were a notorious haunt of footpads and highwaymen, and Patrols were regularly provided for the safe conduct of visitors to Ranelagh.

Alexander Blackrie, the apothecary, wrote a treatise exposing Dr. Chittick's cure for gravel, and himself propounded his lixivium to that end ; a lixivium being a strong caustic alkaline solution, and presumably a potent solvent. It appears, however, that this disease was not the actual cause of Garrick's death.

1772

TUNBRIDGE, HATCHLANDS, AND BULSTRODE— FORDYCE, JUNIUS, BEATTIE

Richard Cumberland. The Pantheon. Miss Gregory. The Duchess of Portland's snuff-box. Lord Shelburne. The banks. Mr. Lyttelton's marriage. Junius. Mrs. Vesey's Blue Room. Voltaire and De Choiseul. Dr. Beattie's advancement. Visit to Hatchlands. Sir John Macpherson. Mrs. Anne Ellis. Visit to Bulstrode. Mrs. Chapone on Beattie.

On February 13 Mrs. Montagu, writing to Mrs. Vesey from Hill Street, says:

> I have added a very agreable Bard Mr. Cumberland to my choir. Mr. Macpherson, Mr. Dow, Mr. Cumberland and Sir Joshua Reynolds dined with me on Tuesday. The feast of shells was charming and they stayed the evening when Lord Lyttelton joined the party. . . .
>
> The Burkes are in good health, their son is going abroad for three years. He has inherited his Father's genius and at 14 is at the head of Westminster so he is to pass some years in the provinces of France to get the French language. Lord Chesterfield has been dangerously ill and has suffered terribly. I have been today to visit the famous new building called the Pantheon; it is intended for an assembly room, it is the finest room of the sort in Europe.

The very agreeable bard, Richard Cumberland, was of course the prolific dramatist whose most successful play, *The West Indian*, was in the previous year staged by Garrick, the Major O'Flaherty being received with immense favour. Goethe afterwards acted at Weimar in a German translation. Cumberland produced over forty plays, chiefly comedies ; and though he never touched the brilliance of Sheridan, he was a thorough master of stagecraft and did his best for the national drama. He has been described as an amiable egotist, but the satirical description of an assembly at Montagu House and his hostess, which he published in *The Observer* in 1785, can scarcely be characterised as entirely amiable. James Macpherson was the translator-author of the Ossianic poems " Fingal " and " Temora," so popular with the blue-stocking coteries. Alexander Dow has already been referred to, and his play, *Zingis*, had also been recently staged at Drury Lane.

Wyatt's Oxford Street Pantheon was opened this January, and was vastly admired ; the classic splendour of its Rotunda being richly enhanced when the architect placed statues of " the heathen deities " in the niches round the base of the dome, completing his circle and giving an air of respectability by adding those of Britannia and the King and Queen.

In May Mrs. Montagu went to Tunbridge Wells to take the waters, accompanied by Dr. Gregory's eldest daughter Dorothea, whom she had now adopted as a permanent companion. Miss Gregory became thenceforth a daughter to Mrs. Montagu, and remained with her constantly till her marriage to Mr. Alison, which caused an unfortunate (and quite unnecessary) estrangement. She was a very pretty and attractive girl, with good brains and shrewd observation, and it is evident from the subsequent correspondence of Mrs. Montagu's friends that she was much admired and a general favourite with all of them.

From Tunbridge Mrs. Montagu went to pay a visit to Lord and Lady George Germaine at Stonelands, which she found delightful, and " suited to the old nobility when field sports were their pastimes, before their maccaroniships tripped in velvet slippers through the shrubbery to a flower garden to gather a bouquet, and then retired to the toilette to put it on with taste."

At the end of June her old friend the Duchess of Portland paid her a visit at Tunbridge, where "Her Grace gave me a most magnificent fairing, the finest gold enamelled snuff-box I ever saw, and really the prettiest. By what presentiment of ducal magnificence the toyshop woman brought it to Tunbridge I cannot tell, but the price of it was enormous." In it came the following verses; for the noble, lovely Peggy was also amongst the poets:

Dear Madam, Will you then receive
The snuff-box that I have to give?
I should be much asham'd to give it
But that I hope (would you believe it?)
Soon by your own, the best example
To prove the present very ample;
Your mind like this, tho smooth and clear
Strong and compact it may appear,
Not for itself is so much prized
But as a snuff-box well devis'd
Which with ideas once well stord
Proves the most pungent quickning hoard
From whence, as oft as you think fit,
You give your Friends—*a pinch of Wit.*

The letters of this summer have many references to the insecurity of some of the banks during the anxious period following the Fordyce smash:

To her Husband

Wednesday, July the 1st.

The reflections you make on the confusion occasiond by Fordyces failure are very just. Nothing can prove more the scarcity of specie than this event. The paper making Bank must exert its creative powers to save the Bankers, and the publick funds, and all money scriveners might answer in the Gospel words, Gold and silver we have not, but such as we have we give unto you. Publick credit is in a Valetudinary state. The Dukes of Queensberry and Buccleugh, and that Mr. Douglas whose cause made such a noise, have engaged the whole of their Fortunes as a counter security to the Bank of Aire in Scotland and Royal Bank of Edinburgh. These Gentlemans estates are in great part settled, so that they are only Tenants for life, they cannot sell nor mortgage to any great extent, so they are selling annuities for joint lives, which is a terrible way of raising money, and they do it at great disadvantage, because, as it is not known to what degree this Bank will fall short, the security is not such as will satisfy the timid. I cannot imagine how Noblemen and Gentlemen of property cd enter into such an engagement, and I am heartily sorry for the D : and Duchess of Buccleugh, and the concern the D : and Duchess of Montagu will feel on this unhappy occasion. It seems Election Interest and popularity were the objects of these Gentlemen in their ventures to support the Banks, but it is madness to engage ones whole property for election interest and popularity, two very insubstantial things. I believe indeed neither the noble Personages, nor Mr. Douglas understood the nature of their Engagement in this affair. Mr. Pulteney has been dabbling with Fordyce in Stockjobbing, and in short he is said to be gone abroad being an hundred thousand deep, having also engaged with the Adams's ; it is pity that Mr. Pulteney, born a younger Brother, cd not think the Bath and Bradford estates sufficient. The avarice of the age exceeds the prodigality of the age. Mr. Pulteney has not even any great Life estate, his Lady has a great deal for Life, so I suppose she will extricate him from his difficulties, and for part of his £100,000 he has a security on the new Buildings calld the Adelphi. I am quite of your way of thinking as to the Throckley money, and have desired that when paid it may be paid into Mr. Childs shop, neither he nor Hoare have ever stockjobbed or enter'd into any projects. As to a Person you mention he is deep with the Scotch Bank. I am afraid, if the Throckley purchase does not go forward soon, we may want more, for I have desired Edwd Brown not to receive Pelton Colliery rents, for I know not where the money can be lodged safe, nor do I care to have any money to London, for either the Bank of Newcastle or the private bankers may give bills on some correspondent whose house may fail before the bills are due ; it is very dangerous to trust ones money from Banker to Banker at this time. We used to have many bills on Glyn and Hallifax, but we are luckily out of that scrape. I was in a fright for the Newcastle Bank as their Correspondent Glyn and Hallifax faild, but in to days paper, there is an article, that a Banker in Lombard street will answer all bills for the Newcastle Bank. It wd be very embarrassing to the Coal trade if the Newcastle Bank shd fail.

To Mrs. Vesey

I agree with you in all you say of Lady Charlotte Finch. I have often wishd, for the sake of the World, that Lady Pomfret had had as many Daughters as the Woman shewn at Mrs. Salmons Waxwork. Lady Charlotte added to her great virtues has very fine talents, and it is strange as true, and true as strange, that there is not a House in England where her virtues coud be so well placed and assorti as at Buckingham House. No other Court wd have pleased her, nor wd she have pleased at any other Court. Was not Lord Crosbys Mother Daughter to a Lord Mornington? Lady Laura Waldegrave is very beautifull, and if she is to be married to Ld Shelburne I hope she is good as she is fair. The first Lady Shelburne was a pattern of excellence, and to do justice to Lord Shelburne, I must say, I never saw so perfectly kind and good a Husband, and his grief for the loss of her was equal to her merit. As he has only two Sons, he ought to marry, and besides most men must have a Wife or a Mistress; the first is the least evil of the two, both in regard to this World and the next. I think Marsh the Dentist must soon get an estate, as he cures the pains of love and the toothach. I heartily wish Mr. W: Burke may have success in his Voyage. . . . I dare say the Water party was livesome enough; even Anthony and Cleopatra were forced to amuse themselves with catching gudgeons as they row'd down the Cydnus in fine weather, and even with that assistance if her Egyptian Majesty had not thought of the trick of putting pickled anchovies on the Line the whole party had yawnd, yet I believe Anthony and Cleopatras tête à tête was peculiarly interesting.

Mrs. Montagu's stay at Tunbridge this summer lasted nearly two months.

To Lord Lyttelton

Tunbridge, *July the 4th.*

I shall leave this place on monday, having, thank God, confirm'd my health to the utmost of my wishes. . . . I shall pass a few days in Town, and then set out for Sandleford and sober solitude, which after so much dissipation and crouds will be very agreable. Not that I wd have your Lordship imagine I have been overlook'd in the Croud here ; I assure you, I have been celebrated in latin and english verse, tho the pretty Misses have not had a single distich in their praise. Oh ! old age is honourable.

In July there are many mutual felicitations—destined to be very short-lived—over the marriage of Lord Lyttelton's son Tom to Mrs. Aphia Peach, the well-dowered widow of a former governor of Calcutta. The letters relating to this hazardous experiment must be left for Mrs. Wyndham's family record ; but Mrs. Montagu's real opinion of the match comes out in a letter to Mrs. Carter :

> I had a very polite letter from Mr. Lyttelton yesterday in answer to my letter of congratulation on his marriage. . . . Mrs. Peach had the character of being very amiable, but surely she must be indiscreet even to madness ! It was hazard enough to marry Mr. Lyttelton, but I find she married him before the settlements were made. If Mr. L. generously makes the settlements now the lady is in his power I shall have great hopes of his continuing in a proper course of life.

A long letter from Lady Chatham dated August 1, from Burton Pynsent, describes their move thither from Hayes three weeks previously : " My Lord and I performed the journey hither with an alacrity that does honor to both " ; and recounts the doings of their children, whom Mrs. Montagu often had with her for plays and entertainment, and whose letters have already been quoted.

Lord Temple was staying at Hagley this August, and Lord Lyttelton writes that at breakfast that morning, when it was stated that the Junius letters were all written in a woman's hand, Lord Temple had promptly declared there could be but one woman capable of writing the letters, or keeping the secret, and that was Mrs. Montagu ; and that the attacks on the King could only be attributed to her paying court to the spirit of old Whiggism in Mr. Montagu's breast ; a piece of flattery that surely delighted its recipient. Lord Lyttelton goes on to mention a conversation he had recently had with Lord Chesterfield, "much of which I keep rather for your ear than your eye. I doubt much whether I ever shall have another with him. You are high in his esteem." Chesterfield died in the following March.

From a September letter to Mrs. Vesey may be quoted a few lines giving a picture of her characteristic coteries :

> Come to England, get into your blue room, call all your friends arround you, and let every melancholy remembrance be chased away. I often dream (with my eyes open) of this blue room. I see Mr. Garrick in one corner of it, Lord Lyttelton sitting close to the fire, Mr. Burke in the midst of your circle, Mrs. Carter on your sopha ; the door opens, in trips a maccaroni, or stalks a minister of state or perhaps glides a fine lady : no matter who or what, the spirit of Vesey is mighty still, my dear sylph makes her company form a round O, and she sits in the Center and like the sun enlivens and illuminates the whole.
>
> *Aug. the 25th.*
>
> I heard an admirable story the other day of Voltaire. He had always been flattering the D : de Choiseul, and had greatly panegyrized him in print, and the D : of Choiseul, at his request, had conferred many favours, and the last thing he did, before he was turnd out, was providing for a Friend of Voltaires on his recommendation ; No sooner was the Duke disgraced, than he wrote to his Successor, congratulating the publick on having got rid of so bad a Minister as the D : of Choiseul ; for this the Duke devised an odd punishment, and has in some sort contrived to hang him in effigy over every Chimney in his Chateau, a burlesque busto of him being put up to carry up the smoke. Voltaire is greatly chagrined at this mode of revenge taken on him, as it expresses anger less than contempt.

Mrs. Montagu had this year been bestirring herself on behalf of Beattie's interests, and had written to the Archbishop of York asking him to further the

Minstrel's possible candidature for Adam Ferguson's chair at Edinburgh, which, however, Beattie declined:

From the Archbishop of York

BRODSWORTH, *Sept.* 19.

Ld K. brought me a letter wrote to him by Dr. Beattie Aug. 10, wherein he explains his views. Upon which I gave him my thoughts, wch he has communicated to Dr. Beattie in a letter wrote yesterday: and Ld K. has wrote also to Ld Mansfield upon the same subject, wth ample testimony of his regard for Dr. Beattie's merit and endeavour in the cause of Truth—My opinion indeed is, upon fair consideration of all the circumstances and the openings that Dr. Beattie gives in his letter, that a lay-place or a pension or any residence in Scotland will not suit Beattie's talents nor inclination so well as entring into the Ministry of the Church of England.—A Provision in it is to be considered; and still more, the uprightness of his opinion of the doctrine and discipline of the Ch. of England.—Upon this subject I have wrote to him myself to day.

It was to Mrs. Montagu also that Beattie owed his introduction to Lord Kinnoull, the Archbishop's brother, who warmly backed her efforts for his advancement this autumn.

Mrs. Montagu was a good and loyal wife and—herself very far from robust—had latterly become more and more both the business brain and the nurse of the somewhat refractory old gentleman, now over eighty, who was Mr. Montagu. She was his highly efficient helpmeet in all the management of the farms, estates, and collieries, deferring always to his opinion when she could not persuade him to hers, consulting him in every step she took, and doing what she could to adapt the menage of Sandleford and Hill Street to his whims and indolence. She honoured and she obeyed. But she was by no means prepared to sacrifice either her health or her liberty to his whims and caprice without a struggle.

In letters to her sister alone she very occasionally abandons her natural reserve, and "lets off" in a few highly characteristic sentences, which (in spite of Mr. Saintsbury's dictum already quoted) her biographer feels it would be uncandid as well as uncourageous to suppress, if the portrait aimed at is to be worth anything as a veracious character-study. So, though Elizabeth might very probably have excised them, the following extracts must take their chance here, and the touch of nature which breaks through in them will haply make the majority of readers feel her a little more than kin, though less than kind.

To her Sister

SANDLEFORD, *the 25th.*

On Monday next I am to go to London, and if I am not fatigued with the journey shall proceed the next day to Hatchlands. Mr. M. said yesterday morning I had rambled enough this summer, and I shd not go, so I told him I was sure Mrs. Boscawen wd not desire me to come against his inclination, and his refusal was an excuse for me, and it was very well and I wd write and let her know that I had so good a reason for not keeping my promise. I suppose he thought such an arbitrary injunction wd hinder his getting another wife if I dyed so he said I shd go for three days. I told [him] that wd be a great fatigue to me and no pleasure to her, and that less than a week wd be nothing, so now the matter stands for a week. . . . I was determined either to have my pleasure or give a signal mark of my obedience and his noble exertion of prerogative. Do not you admire these lovers of liberty! What do the generality of men mean by a love of liberty but the liberty to be saucy to their superiors, and arrogant to their inferiors, to resist the power of others over them, and to exert their power over others. I am not sure that Cato did not kick his wife. What inconvenience cd be to his honour that I shd be in Hillstreet in the County of Middlesex rather than at Hatchlands in the County of Surrey, he being all the while in Com: Berks? and the pretence of my keeping order in the family is trifling, as I shall leave all the servants here but my own maid and footmen. But these Lords of the Creation must be lordly. Thanks to termagantism there are some ladies of the creation who have them in due subjection.

Apropos the previous reference to the Junius letters from Lord Temple (himself at one time improbably credited with their authorship), the following extract from a letter written by Sir John Macpherson, who was now writer to the East India Company at Madras, and afterwards Governor-General of India, to Mrs. Montagu in October of this year, is of interest.

From Sir John Macpherson

MADRAS, *October* 15, 1772.

How much, Madam, have I been obliged to the Genius of Shakespear illustrated by thine! For a whole year, that I spent at Sea in my passage to this place, both afforded me the highest pleasure I could enjoy in my situation. Neither the Severity of contrary Currents,—nor the rage of winds, nor the Inhospitability of the Viceroy of Brazil were able to deprive me of the elegant Entertainment, which the old Bard and the fair Genius of his Fame bestowed upon me.

Without any attempt at Compliment my happiness in the passage was much indebted to that Entertainment. For, to my shame I must own, that before then I never attended to Shakespear but through Garrick.

I sincerely hope the dark gloom of politicks which deaden'd ingenious and Elegant life in London in the years 69 and 70 has vanished before now. George the third does not know how much he is indebted to the chearful and Classic Assemblies of your Chinese Room. You gave that sweetness and refinement to the thoughts of our Statesmen which could alone counteract the acid and gloom of their Dispositions. Even Lyt——n would have been more violent, had he not been soothed in his visits with you. Lady Shelburne never left you without being more pleased with the World; Her friend received the good Humour she brought away—and Malagrida relaxed. *Junius* himself, or his supposed representative in the House, acquired with you that urbanity which sheathed the venom of his Shafts; indeed, Madam, we are all indebted to you; and that without your being sensible of it.

Later this autumn Mrs. Montagu paid a visit to the Duchess of Portland at Bulstrode, meeting there Lady Wallingford and Mrs. Delany, the " Wall " and " Pen " of her girl friendship of more than thirty years. " I am glad," she writes to Mrs. Carter, " to see Mrs. Delany's spirits so much recovered. The friendship of the Duchess of Portland has been the greatest felicity of her life; her Grace has been most faithfully attached to her for many years, and the great cheerfulness and sweetness of the Duchess's temper makes everything around her happy."

Amongst the innocent amusements of an editor of correspondence—and surely he deserves some after reading some five or six thousand letters!—are the little sidelights of criticism and character that are now and then revealed in contemporary epistles to third parties. Mrs. Delany had a very genuine regard for Mrs. Montagu. They were old friends, quite good friends. " Do not you honour Mrs. Montagu," she wrote, " for the part she has taken to introduce this excellent champion of Christianity [Dr. Beattie] into the notice of the great world, and to obtain for him some other reward than that of barren fame?" And then, referring to the Room of Cupidons at Hill Street, which had been the subject of some malicious amusement amongst guests entertained there, Mrs. Delany exclaims: " How such a genius, at her age, and so circumstanced could think of painting the walls of her dressing-room with bowers of roses and jessamine, entirely inhabited by little Cupids in all their wanton ways, is astonishing! Unless she looks upon herself as the wife of old Vulcan, and mother of all these little loves."

The Cupidon Room was a redecoration of the great Chinese Dressing-Room fitted up with Gilbert West's assistance in 1752, and capable of housing a hundred guests without the least crowding. It seems to have been a harmless example of the decorative foibles of the day ; and the suggestion of Mr. Montagu, coal-owner and M.P., as "Old Vulcan" is charming. He, by the way, was just now at Sandleford, where, in November, as he writes to his wife,

> there was a great deal of company at the Newbury Assembly, and on thursday Mr. Herbert and Mr. Poyntz and his lady were a hunting and the wind was so high that it actually blew Mrs. Poyntz of her horse but without any hurt as I was told by Mr. John Davis. On Sunday my curiosity lead me to Cannon Heath, where I heard the Duke of Cumberland had been and spent most part of a week, hunted a Stag, and has three more brought there for the same purpose and is expected to be there again very soon. This place is well chose for the purpose of a Hunting seat, and keeping race horses, looks venerable by a great number of large old Oakes and yews and are the more to be admir'd for being found on a large extended Down.

To Mrs. Carter

Bulstrode, *Oct.* 15.

I got hither on wensday, and found the Duchess of Portland in good health and spirits. Mrs. Delany was here when I arrived, Lady Wallingford came the day after. We live very agreably, and without the least formality or restraint. Every one breakfasts at his own hour, and in his own apartment, which is a noble privilege. In the evening one is at liberty to retire to read or write as soon as tea is over. Her Grace lives with great elegance and dignity, but without ostentation, and there is not that kind of formality and embaras which one usually finds in great Houses. . . .

I have been infinitely entertain'd with some Dialogues of Mr. Priors which the Duchess lent me. There is one, between Locke and Montaigne that wd have mortified Mr. Locke more than he mortified the Bishop of Worcester. I must confess, I have always thought Mr. Locke was much more admired than he deserved to be, but as I have not got a frank I must not enter into the subject, for a Vessel of paper wd not contain a discussion of it. . . .

The City Patriots are indeed the disgrace of the times, and the times are the disgrace of a once renowned Nation. How is the City of London sunk since Sr John Bernard was its leader? How is the Country party dwindled since it had Pulteney and a Windham at its head. I have no great veneration for our Ministers, nor high opinion of their Administration, but, in truth, they have not such frothy scoundrels amongst them as compose what is calld the Patriot Party, nor do they deal out such vile abuse and calumny as is spit abroad by the animals in the opposition. . . .

From Mrs. H. Chapone

You make me long to be acquainted with Dr. Beattie when you compare him to Mrs. Carter; of all human creatures I believe she is the nearest to perfection, but how sadly does her mortal Frame convince me she is not yet an Angel!—it is always a great pleasure to me to find those sentiments really existing in the Authors which charm one so much in their writings, as I have sometimes been much disappointed in "the Men that make books" . . . human Nature is such a strange thing and sometimes so amazingly inconsistent that even Dr. Beattie may perhaps be absurd on some one subject or another. I am glad he has an amiable Wife. I shd be in pain about his income if I did not remember how comfortably Dr. Gregory told us many of the Scotch Clergy lived on forty pds a year.

1773

LORD LYTTELTON'S DEATH—LORD CHESTERFIELD

Death of Dr. Gregory. Beattie in London. Mrs. Montagu's efforts in his behalf. Mr. Dilly. Lord Chesterfield's wit. Beattie's pension. Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait. Lord Lyttelton's illness and death. Letter from Burke. Mrs. Vesey and Lord Lyttelton. Bankes's *Voyages*. The second Lord Lyttelton. Garrick's spectacle. Lord Chesterfield's Letters.

On February 10, 1773, Dr. John Gregory, Mrs. Montagu's devoted Edinburgh friend and the father of her delightful companion Dorothea, was found dead in his bed. Of him Mrs. Montagu writes: "The hours I have passed in his company were amongst the most delightful of my life. He was instructive and amusing, but he was much more; one loved Dr. Gregory for the sake of virtue and virtue (one might almost say) for the sake of Dr. Gregory." Mr. Boswell writes to Beattie: "Dr. Gregory has been more missed than any body that I can recollect"; and also tells him that he and Mr. Samuel Johnson intended visiting Scotland that year: "He (Johnson) talks with the same warmth of you as he did last year."

Lord Chesterfield has been dangerously ill, and has sufferd terribly, his complaint was an inflammation on the neck of the bladder. He endured all his pain with great patience and unalterable good humour; at last, to the joy of the publick he recover'd. If ten thousand Maccaronis distilld in an Alembic an essence that wd have cured him, they wd have been well bestow'd. It is said that one of the Maccaronis appeard at the Pantheon with an artificial nosegay, which has given great offence to many ; for my part I think it is a proper emblem, when all that pretends to be amiable or agreable in the character is artificial and ineffectual ; and I much approve the arms and device of Messieurs, or Mademoiselles, les Maccaronis, for I do not know which to call them.

Lord Chesterfield died on March 24.

Beattie and his wife arrived in London early in May, and immediately set out on a visit to Mrs. Montagu's, where they sat for an hour or more ; and during the next four months, when his southern stay was concluded by a visit to Sandleford, his Diary shows that he was constantly in her company, and that it was very largely to her exertions, in combination with those of Lady Mayne (afterwards Lady Newhaven) that the pension of £200 a year was finally granted him by the King. The full account of this visit will be found in Miss Margaret Forbes's *Beattie and his Friends*, and need not, therefore, be recapitulated here.

The patronage, so called, of the poor and humbly born writer by the rich and socially distinguished is amongst the most difficult and delicate of imaginable tasks ; and not often, to her great and lasting credit, has it been more tactfully, graciously, and successfully achieved than by Elizabeth Montagu in securing substantial recognition of James Beattie's work and worth. She introduced him to Dr. Percy, to David Garrick, to General Paoli, Lord Lyttelton, Mrs. Carter, the Duchess of Portland, and to all the blue-stocking coterie. She took him to Bulstrode, where he also met Mrs. Delany ; she sent Lord Chatham his *Minstrel* and the *Essay on Truth* ; she urged upon him the publication of the quarto subscription volume, the success of which was largely attributable to the work of herself and her friends ; and she even ventured to inform him, " in very explicit though delicate terms," that if the Government did nothing for him, it was her intention to settle on him an annuity for life. But all this, and much more, was done with such genuine kindliness and obvious friendship that no trace of *mauvais honte* was ever raised or felt; and Beattie returned to Aberdeen to write to Mrs. Montagu that he thought himself rewarded above his deservings, and should willingly sit down contented to cultivate the friendships in England which did him so much honour. Her letters all through this summer are full of accounts of the slow progress of all the pension negotiations, and of the reception of Dr. Beattie by the King and Queen, by her various friends, and by the University of Oxford, where he received his degree, while "a long loud and continued applause shook the theatre, and 3000 spectators testified their approbation."

Whilst Mrs. Montagu was distressed by the apparently interminable delays in the plans on foot for promoting Beattie, she was delighted with the generous conduct of Charles Dilly, the famous bookseller in the Poultry, at whose table, with his brother Edward, Boswell so artfully contrived to bring Johnson and Wilkes together.

May 25th.

Our little Dilly has acted very handsomely by Dr. Beattie in an affair relative to a future publication, which I will explain to you when I see you. Master Dilly has a Soul as great as the hugest and tallest of Book sellers. Nothing is done yet for Dr. Beattie: the Ministers wish they had power enough to assist so good a Man, the King no doubt wishes he had money enough to reward so good a work as his, and the Bishops wish they had benefices enough to be able to bestow one on so great a Champion for Charity; it will not be treason to say so much, as that I wish little Dilly was a Minister of State, or a Bishop; more I do not say, nor wd be thought to imagine. Fye on the little Souls in the Great places. and God bless Great Master Dilly. . . . For Great he is that greatly does.

Lord Chesterfield's scathing criticism of Lord Bath's will has already been quoted. Mrs. Montagu, who held very strong views about testamentary obligations, thought Lord Chesterfield's at least as reprehensible.

July the 19*th.*

I hardly ever knew a very agreable pleasant companion in my life whose distinguishing excellence was witt, and the worst of the affair is, that it is seldom proper but when the company is so merry as not to want it. Ld Chesterfield in his letters advises his Godson not to flash it in peoples faces. By the by, tho those letters are far from being faultless, yet the Person who takes them for his instruction in the ordinary commerce of life will be pleasant in Society. It is for want of the little attentions and delicacies he recommends, that good people are often unpleasant, and complaisance is so far from being the enemy of sincerity that it is its friend, by increasing internal benevolence. I must own I think the letters have more merit than I expected. Ld Chesterfield had neither great talents, nor solid virtues, and his Will has disgraced him. It realy makes one sick to see him Coquetting with the World, and acting the grimaces and minauderies of virtue on so Solemn an occasion. He says, he looks on a Faithfull servant as an unfortunate friend, then leaves 40 pounds to the unfortunate friend that had lived with him 40 years. A humane sentiment ushering in an inhuman action is not to be endured. His neglect of his Friends and behaviour to his Lady in this Will convinces one he wanted principle. He deserves some praise for never having made a pernicious use of his Witt. His writings are moral, and I believe since his early youth his conversation was decent. If one compares him with the witts of Charles the seconds days he appears to advantage.

Writing about Dr. Beattie to Mrs. Vesey:

August 20.

My Doctor was too poor even for a Philosopher and a Poet. He had hardly the comforts and conveniences of life, when a Man is sick he wants a Nag of less spirit than Pegasus, the Doctor may now keep his horse, make little journeys to visit his Friends, and now and then spread the genial board with beef and pudding. The honours he received at Oxford will make fine fringes for the garments of prosperity. I do not know what amends the Ministers of State will make to me for having kept my bard so long from me. I have lost six weeks in which I had hoped to enjoy his conversation in this quiet situation where Philomel and he might have sung their alternate notes, without having their harmony disturbed by the noise of folly and din of the busy world. As to his subscription affair no measures are taken. Lady Gower has affectionately received her Daughter in law and presented her with a fine diamond ring. Some young Ladies hearts are like glass to be written upon only by diamonds, but that is not the case of Mrs. Levesons ; but as the Gem is a token of friendship it will make a deep impression on hers. I do not know whether you have heard that Ld Exeter has given the great living of St. Clements to Mr. Burroughs. Bad as the World may be, there is still often favour to men of skill, and bread to men of understanding. Witness Orations at Oxford, Pensions at Court, and Livings in the City to the Beatties and Burroughs's honour and profit.

To Mrs. Carter

August 24.

It rejoyces me to see all people do justice to the merits of my friend Dr. Beattie. Sir Joshua Reynolds, who has a great affection for him, has planned out a sort of allegorical picture, representing the Triumph of Truth over scepticism and infidelity. In the foreground at one corner of the picture stands the Doctor in his Doctor of Laws Gown, with the Essay on truth under his arm ; at some little distance, appears Truth, as an angel, with a sun on his breast, who is to act in such a manner with respect to the Infidel and Sceptick, as shall show, they are not willing to see the light though offered to them. This picture well appears at the Exhibition, and it will have a Print taken from it.

The Beatties' final visit to Sandleford was shortened partly by Mrs. Montagu's ill-health and partly by that of Mrs. Beattie, knocked up by the unusual strain of their anxious months in London. They left for the journey north on September 8. Meanwhile Lord Lyttelton had been seriously ill of "a low billious fever" at the end of July; and though he made a partial recovery and was able to pay visits to

Stowe and to Lord Scarsdale, August brought a relapse. His son Tom seems soon to have tired of his bride, and left her for escapades in London. "I suppose," Mrs. Montagu writes to Mrs. Vesey, "you read Mr. Lyttelton's fine exploit in the newspaper. It would have been happy for Mrs. Lyttelton if a year and a half ago it had been so demonstrated that one sober person is equivalent to three Maccaronis." From "The Vauxhall Affray, or Macaronies Defeated" it appears that Mrs. Elizabeth Hartley,—the actress whom Reynolds painted in three of her characters,—being in the company of the Rev. Henry Bate and Mr. Cohen, was rudely ogled by four impertinent puppies, of whom Captain Crofts was the leading spirit, backed by Tom Lyttelton, Captain Miles, and Mr. G. R. Fitzgerald. A challenge followed, Lyttelton acting as Crofts's second, and a meeting in Richmond Park being arranged. Captain Miles, however, insisted on first satisfaction as a boxer, and was duly made a jelly of by the pugnacious Bate, after which the affair transferred itself to the less sanguinary arena of the *Morning Post* and the *Gazeteer*, where Bate and Fitzgerald continued the fight with desperate energy for 120 pages. It is abundantly clear from his father's last letters to his beloved "Madonna" that Tom's misdoings had gone far to break his parent's heart, and that family sorrows and disappointments had robbed him at last of the will to live.

Writing to Mrs. Montagu on the afternoon of August 23, William Weller Pepys gives a detailed description of Lord Lyttelton's last hours, through which he was devotedly nursed by Lady Valentia and the deserted Mrs. Lyttelton. Almost his last recorded words were, "Write to Mrs. Montagu"; and about half-past seven on the following morning he died, "not only without pain but such a degree of composure and perfect sense of his danger (which however had no effect on his spirits) as to say but a few minutes before his death that he desired some hock and water because *that* had once saved the life of his brother."

Many letters of sympathy and sorrow came to Mrs. Montagu on the death of her greatly attached friend, including a finely felt one from Edmund Burke, which has been passed to Mrs. Wyndham for transcription in full in her Lyttelton Memoirs. The final paragraph, referring to Mrs. Montagu's friendship, may, however, be quoted here:

From Edmund Burke

BEACONSFIELD, *Sept.* 4.

While Ld Lyttelton lived I am sure that neither Religion, nor Reason, nor natural good Temper could have supported him without the Sympathy of a mind formed like his own. And surely your agreableness of conversation, your wisdom, your Cheerfulness, and your Counsels, were never better exerted than in rendering the last years of a learned and good man tolerable, when nothing could make them happy. It was an employment natural to you and worthy of that humanity, that in some way or other contributes, according to the quality of their wants, to the consolation, support, and satisfaction of all that come near you. You will continue to do good to those that remain, and to enjoy that you have done to those who have no further occasion for it. Mrs. Burke, and all here who loved Ld Lyttelton as we did, sympathise very heartily with you, and desire their best compliments to you and Mr. Montagu. I wish to know how you are and direct to you at Sandleford, as I think I have the best chance of your being there.

To Mrs. Vesey

SANDLEFORD, *Oct: the* 24.

You may be of great service in being a Solicitor for Lord Valentia and endeavouring to bring to the best end what he and his Friends have begun. I hope Ld M: would act with regard to the memory of a friend whose attachment did him honour, but I do not think he wd be moved (in the manner you and I should be) with an address from his Son in law.

Men (and especially men of business) have more head than heart ; Women, have more heart than head ; They have the sense, and we have the sensibility. We are the more amiable after all. Men love their living friends best, we our dead ones. Lord Lyttelton alone join'd to the wisdom and fortitude of Man, the gentleness and sensibility of our Sex. Whatever makes the human character valuable, useful, or amiable, united in him. When I recollect and run over in my mind his various virtues and perfections, I begin to suspect he came from some happier region, some planet where the moral elements are finer and better mix'd. . . .

You say you are not convinced that we shall know our friends in another World, and indeed it would have been dangerous to have reveald it to us, for when a darling child or any object of our most tender affections had been taken away, to avoid so grievous a separation many wd have quitted their post before their task was done. But I have a great faith in the general notions of mankind ; I consider them as intimations and notices tho not revelations from Heaven. What respect do all people, even the most savage, shew to the Sepulchres of their families and friends ! this arises from an internal sense of a future state, and that, in that state, affinity and friendship will remain.

Mrs. Vesey, whose affection for Lord Lyttelton was as true as her friend's, though not so tenderly returned, wrote :

DUBLIN, *Oct.* 14.

There is nobody I love to hear talk of him but you and that I cou'd listen to for ever. you give all the delicate touches of character which he knew so well how to describe when he talk'd of his favourite subject—how he loved you. I never was alone with him that he did not talk of you with adoration ; will you love me the more for the sake of our common friend —perhaps I shou'd not dwell so much to you upon this subject but I imagine you feel as I do, and when we talk together of him it seems still as if he was one of us, at least there is some melancholly delusion that sooths for a while.

From Mrs. Chapone

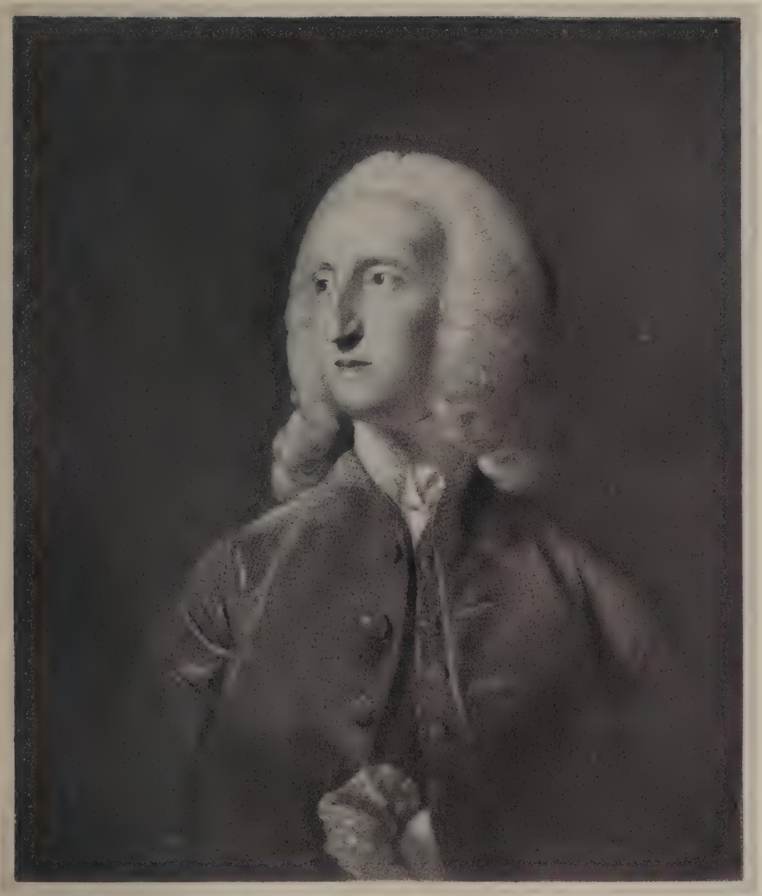
I have felt the greatest concern for you, my dear Madam, on the touching loss you have sustained, but as I heard from

Mrs. Carter that your health was not hurt by it and that you had born the shock with the fortitude and resignation which belong to your character, I would not trouble you with an enquiry which might have put you upon writing at a time when it would have been painful to you. I received a most affecting and edifying account of the last scene of your excellent Friend from Mr. Pepys who says he hopes to be the better Man as long as he lives from having been witness to it. Great as is the World's loss in Lᵈ Lyttelton, one cannot but take comfort for his own sake in the reflection that had his life been prolong'd, it might probably have been more and more embitter'd by his Son's conduct. That he is gone "where the wicked cease from troubling" and where his heavenly temper will meet with suitable gratifications, must be your consolation, who have indeed lost such a treasure as the World is too poor to make up to you.

When Lord Lyttelton died, Mrs. Montagu wrote to Mrs. Vesey:

He will remain in the memory of this generation with all the love and veneration so amiable a character cannot fail of obtaining. I never heard of such general lamentation for the loss of any man. Every paper from every town in England is filled with his praises. . . . He was the most humble and gentle of any person I ever knew. He was my instructor and my friend, the guide of my studies, the corrector of the result of them. He made my house a school of virtue to young people and a place of delight to the learned. I provided the dinner, but his conversation made the feast. I have lost my consequence in society with him; but you, my friend, will love me still. . . . I will get your letters and mine from them [the executors] when I go to London. . . . Whenever I have lost any intimate friend I have always chosen to leave my letters for some time with the family; for having been always fond to spread friendships and to cover heats, I was glad that peoples relations might see that I never widened any family breach which friends are sometimes apt to do out of mistaken zeal for the person to whom they wish well. . . .

Mrs. Montagu's letters were accordingly returned to her, and together with Lord Lyttelton's, his brother the Bishop's, his son Tom's, and a few others, they form a very substantial part of this collection, ranging



GEORGE, FIRST LORD LYTTELTON
After Sir Joshua Reynolds

over nearly twenty years. When the present editor met Mrs. Hugh Wyndham—herself a Lyttelton, and sister of the present Lord Cobham—and learnt that she was engaged upon an eighteenth-century family Memoir, he could not but feel that this correspondence, which dealt so largely with the family affairs of the first Lord Lyttelton, his impulsive daughter, and his scapegrace son, belonged rather to Mrs. Wyndham's book than his own; and the whole packet was accordingly placed at her disposal, the few excerpts which have been included here dealing chiefly with political and general rather than personal matters. Readers of Mrs. Wyndham's Memoirs will find that Mrs. Montagu's claim that her letters were ever "fond to spread friendships and to cover heats" was finely justified; and will realise to how great an extent Lord Lyttelton had for many years sought and relied upon the sound counsel of his beloved "Madonna."

To her Sister

SANDLEFORD, *the 20th.*

The bustle about guineas seems to me a terrible inconvenience to all sorts of people. I shall desire Edwd Brown to take our Rents at Martinmass by weight and not by tale or we may be considerable losers for the guineas in Yorkshire are the lightest I ever saw. . . .

I daresay you have been well entertaind by Bankes's Voyage etc, tho poor Hawkesworth is so abused in every paper. I do not approve what he has said concerning Providence in his Introduction, but I cannot enter into the prudery of the Ladies, who are afraid to own they have read the Voyages, and less still into the moral delicacy of those who suppose the effronterie of the Demoiselles of Ottaheité will corrupt our Misses; if the girls had invented a surer way to keep intrigues secret, it might have been dangerous, but their publick amours will not be imitated.

To Mrs. Carter she adds:

I am angry with Dr. Hawkesworth for a paragraph about Providence in his preface. For the future a Sailor wont even pray to God (if there is a God) to save his soul, if he has a soul, and these are surely des grands peutetres which deserve a prayer. The hope there is a peculiar Providence is surely the only rational ground of courage in dangerous situations. A desart Island is Desart indeed without this Confidence.

John Hawkesworth died this November, it is said by an overdose of opium taken in the depth of dejection over the attacks made upon him in the papers for his negation of a particular Providence, in the Introduction to his Collection of Voyages.

The record of the year may be closed with a few extracts from Mrs. Montagu's letter to Mrs. Vesey, dated December 27.

. . . I will however only allow my self to say this Town has appeared to me ever since I returned to it this winter sad and dreary. . . . His [Lord Lyttelton's] son continues to behave with great decency and propriety, and has left off gaming. Lord and Lady Valencia are to spend the winter in his house with him in Town. . . . Sir Joshua Reynolds has painted a charming allegorical picture of Dr. Beattie, his figure is in the foreground, then appears Truth as an Angel, driving Error and Scepticism into the dark abyss ; she is treading on a head very like to Mr. Voltaires. Miss Reynolds has painted a very good Portrait of Dr. Beattie. Some of his new Essays which will come out in the work subscribed for will give you great pleasure. I read them in Manuscript. To the most acute reasoning he has the finest faculty of imagination, which is uncommon.

Dr. Warton called on me yesterday ; he is just married, and is to bring his Bride to dine with me on Sunday, and Sr. Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Samuel Johnson are to meet him. . . . I dont believe Lady L. carried any thing from Hagley she did not bring thither, except experience of the consequence of a rash choice, and that experience she paid for. She is a good kind woman, but not formed for working miracles, and the greatest of miracles is the reformation of a rake. She is going to live in the Country ; she has certainly a romantick turn, a Pastoral without a Damon is but insipid, but it was her scheme when she bought the Leasowes. . . . Mr. Garrick has just produced a fine spectacle on the stage. As Melpomone will not tread, nor trip the stage, he has hired certain necromancers who sail on seas of milk in ships of amber and besiege castles built of cards, and the Town stares, and Dr. Young says,

> Wonder is involuntary praise.

I hear the show is very pretty; some people think five acts of mere spectacle is too much. I am sure I should like it better than most modern tragedies. Lord Chesterfields letters to his son, when he was abroad in a publick character are to be printed for the *benefit* of Mr. Stanhopes Widow. People are so disgusted at Lord Chesterfield's witt that they speak slightly of his character, of which indeed he scratched the varnish at last; which is a pity, for it was the best papier mache character I ever knew, and with good management might have preserved its gloss a great while.

1774

THE CHESTERFIELD LETTERS—PAMPHLETS AND ELECTIONS

Madame de Sévigné. Death of Louis XV. Lord Chatham's gout. Lord Chesterfield's Letters. Long Sir Thomas Robinson. Lord Temple's no. Matthew Robinson's political pamphlets. Hester Pitt's marriage. The Elections. Cursory remarks on Shakespeare. Lady Hester Pitt's and Mr. Grenville's engagements. Lord Valentia.

Amongst the early letters of 1774 is a long one from Thomas Francklin, the translator of Sophocles, enclosing his proposals for a forthcoming work, and soliciting Mrs. Montagu's help in promoting the subscription list, a task in which she was very often and successfully occupied. During this spring the feather work was in full progress, and a screen for the Duchess of Portland had just been completed. The May letters contain various accounts of the illness and death of Louis XV., and Mrs. Vesey is sent the just-published volume of the letters of Madame de Sévigné. "The booksellers are in good spirits. If they ask but a moderate term for copyright they will obtain it, and Lord Camden will not oppose them in the House of Lords. Mr. Burke spoke very well and long in their favour. Master Dilly in his joy speaks faster than ever. Charles Fox was bitter against the booksellers who wanted to establish copyright."

May.

You have very early intelligence at Bromley, for Lord North had not this morning received any certain account of the French Kings death, but no one doubts but he is dead. The crown was sent for, which it seems is always placed at the feet of the deceased Monarch, the Mesdames were gone back to Fontainbleau, but his death was not declared. When the small pox appeard Madme Barré askd Madme Adelaide if she shd retire or attend his Majesty, she feard her retiring might alarm ; Madme Adelaide thankd her for the attention and said she thought her retiring might have bad consequences on that account, and desired her to stay. When the K grew worse the Doctors told him he was in great danger, his Majesty then talk'd to Madme Barré about her affairs and settled everything as she wishd and advised her to depart. Two or three days after, he desired Madme Barré might be calld ; Madme Adelaide thought he was light headed, and said, Sire, you orderd her to leave Versailles ; I know it, said he, mais elle estoit bien pressée. The Dame was not in the wrong to make the best of her way with her cassette ; the Successor might have searchd her baggage, and besides it is usual on such occasions to shut the Lady up in a Convent least some Lover shd succeed to the embraces once dedicated to the Grand Monarque. Our Politicians hope that the Dauphins dislike to the Dauphiness will prevent his uniting himself with the Imperial family. The Duke de Broglio it is supposed will be first Minister.

It was not wonderful that the Du Barry should be anxious to hasten from that horrible death chamber, if only to Rueil. Adelaide, Madame de France, Louis' eldest daughter, remained to the end, which came on May 10. For Dame Du Barry a worse thing than a convent was in store, when, in 1793, she was accused of assisting the emigrants. La Guillotine ne va pas mal !

Lord Chatham's gout, so called, continued to torment and incapacitate him through all these latter years, though the mental complications had passed.

From Lady Chatham

HAYES, *Sunday morning.*

tho' the Gout still keeps possession, the pains begin somewhat to abate, and gives leave to think that the worst is over, so that there is no cause to prevent my having the honour of seeing Lord and Lady Shelburne and Mrs. Montagu at Hayes on Tuesday morning to breakfast. The mortifying part is to my Lord, who must suffer the disappointment of not sharing in the honour and pleasure of the visit, as he has no chance of being out of his bed for some days longer. This unlucky Gout puts me under no small distress with regard to Mr. Garricks very obliging complaisance for Thursday, for, I am free to own, it wou'd be too anxious to me to go from home while my Lord is ill; but I trust you will have the goodness to enter into my reasons for wishing to be excused. Our young people are far from wishing the same wish, but how, Madam, shall I have the conscience to hope that you shou'd admit so troublesome an encumbrance upon your Box?

June and July were spent again at Tunbridge, where Mrs. Montagu had taken Lady Buchan's house, and was joined by her sister and Miss Gregory.

I breakfasted at Hayes. Ld Chatham has had a return of the Gout but is better again. I was told there that there was a rumour that the Bostonians had humbly submitted to General Gage. I wish it may be true, they will save themselves and us a great deal of trouble. I am far from thinking them invincible, but I am not so sure they are not unpersuadable.

The publication of Lord Chesterfield's *Letters to his Son* caused a considerable flutter in the dovecots of the coterie, and there are many references to them in the correspondence of this summer.

Lady —— and the B[ishop] have sent Lord Chesterfields letters to their Son. Strange pastoral letters surely! had Ld Chesterfield recommended an intrigue instead of an arrangement, they cd not have done so. As language grows delicate morals grow bad, for ugly things get pretty names.

To Mrs. Vesey

TUNBRIDGE, *July* 18*th*.

As to Lord Chesterfield he was a Witt and a fine Gentleman, and a Witt while he is talking, and a fine Gentleman while he is bowing and making compliments, is in each capacity a very pretty mortal; but dead it is come to nothing, it is over, it is gone, and like the sky rocket after a short excursion in its brightness drops into night. . . . Lord Chesterfields letters will do a great deal of harm in general, at the same time parts of his instructions might be useful ; all he says on the importance and value of time, and his exhortations to indefatigable and continual application are excellent. . . . The course of study he points out and the objects of observation he recommends to Persons who wish to serve as foreign Ministers deserve the utmost attention from all who would fill such employments. But when he recommends adultery under the soft term of gallant arrangement, when he recommends the selfish system of a french bel esprit in morals, and the trickishness of a chef de parti in politicks, he becomes a pernicious Preceptor. The letters are not written with the correctness or elegance one expected from Lord Chesterfield. He falls in all respects below the character of an accomplishd Englishman, but he rises rather above that of a french Courtier. He had not the sublimity nor the energy of an english mind, but was at least equal to governing the mistress of le grand Monarque. . . . I will not say when I think of him poor human nature, but rather weak artificial helps ! Nature had not made any extraordinary efforts in his favour, but art and institution had gone great lengths to carry him to perfection ; but as Nature had not given him a strong mind, or an honest heart, all was manqué. I believe tho many admired, no one ever esteem'd Lord Chesterfield. I have said however more than I love to say about one of whom I cannot speak well. So far from liking to kick a dead Lyon, I dont love to insult even a dead ape, tho I despise their tricks and simulations, I hate to censure them when they can no longer grin, chatter, and bite, and as many things in Lord Chesterfield were well and in his letters are good, I am sorry so much is otherwise that one cannot let them pass unnoticed.

Writing from Sandleford in August to her sister, who was now living in Chelsea, Mrs. Montagu refers to Lord Chesterfield's friend, and her cousin, the " Long " Sir Thomas Robinson, who had to a large extent made the Rokeby of which Scott wrote, and then, having dissipated a fortune, had to sell it in 1769. Sir Thomas lived in Prospect Place, adjoining the Ranelagh Gardens, of which he was one of the principal proprietors. Though very ill at this time, he survived till 1777, verifying Lord Chesterfield's remark when told that he was "dying by inches," that it would be some time before he was dead:

> By your account Sir Thomas Robinson will not last. He will expire with the Ranelagh season but the round room will remain, and the season. Some other dissipated man of a dissipated fortune will probably preside over the dissipation of the place. One never rejoices but at the death of a miser or tyrant. . . . Those who like Sir Thomas, only talk harmless nonsense at their own fireside, with which no one needs to be troubled longer than a little common civility requires are as harmless as a jackdaw or a starling.

One can forgive a touch of bitterness in Mrs. Montagu's reference to her cousin, as Rokeby had been a cherished possession of her family since 1610. As is evident from the extract just quoted, Long Sir Thomas was a hospitable old bore, whom acquaintances of rank and in office took elaborate precautions to evade. Chesterfield's epigram upon him began:

> Unlike my subject will I make my song,
> It shall be witty and it shan't be long.

Ranelagh Rotunda has long been levelled with the dust, but Long Sir Thomas is immortalised in a cenotaph in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey.

Here follows a specimen of Earl Temple's method of giving a polite negative to an awkward request:

> STOWE, *July* 26.
>
> MADAM—Tears flowing down the cheeks of Distressed Beauty, the Eloquence of a certain Ladys Style, the infinite Respect I have for her, the pleasure I should receive in obeying her commands, are each in their separate Capacities abundantly powerful and need not be collected in a mass to secure any success in my Power. What difficulty then remains? why truly my own situation with Mr. M. is materially altered from what it once was, and does not admit of the application

from me ; I should indeed have feared in any state of it, that, as this is a matter of a private nature, in which his Interests or his Passions are deeply concerned, the expression of my sentiments and desires would not have overcome a Resolution against which so many powerful arguments must have been already adduced in vain.

With the gradual failure of Mr. Montagu's health, his indolence and indecision increased, and as the summer passed into autumn his inability either to undertake or to abandon the projected visit to their northern properties is the subject of some drily humorous comment.

Mr. Montagu, she writes to Mrs. Carter at the end of August, will not yet determine to give up the northern expedition :

. . . I say nothing. Time steps unperceived, and lo we shall soon be out of a possibility of undertaking the journey. I never in discourse mention Person or place that is not in a latitude south of Sandleford. Some days hence perhaps Mr. Montagu will be more implicit, in the mean time your Friend is one of those good creatures that has not a Will of her own. No word, no phrase, no syllable intimating a wish escapes her. As our Friend Mr. Harris assumes, that every sentence will be a sentence of assertion or Volitions, I think it does not become the humble character of a Wife to utter any sentence at all on so important a subject as a journey ; and now my dear Friend I hope I am as good as you could wish, and I wish you were married, and had a Husband who wanted to go into Northumberland when he could not go 30 miles, and then I shd know whether you were the same sweet passive, quiet thing as I. When his Honour gives a distant hint of a journey, I answer only with my head, an humble bow, no assertions, no volitions. How headstrong, how petulant are some Women ! How they reason, how they argue, and lose their points by the force and acuteness of their logick. It is strange that so often a Woman has a Will of her own, which is petty treason, and ought to be capitally punishd. You will perceive by my nonsense that I am well and in good spirits.

Mrs. Montagu's eldest brother Matthew published this autumn the first of a series of political pamphlets against Lord North's American policy. Matthew wore his hair very long at the back, and also indulged himself in a huge beard, then an almost unknown appendage. Mrs. Montagu gives sisterly praise to the work, adding:

> Julius Cæsar it was said exerted his valour in early youth, that he might hide the defect of baldness under the conqueror's wreath. I think Mr. Robinson's hair wants an honourable cover as much as any baldness can do, and I am glad he has shaded it with bays: There is no man in the world to whom such a proof of talents will be more important. If a man shows genius, people think all his oddities are the excrescences of genius. . . . I have sent to London for the pamphlet.

From Lady Chatham at Hayes on October 6 there is a long letter to announce the engagement of her daughter Hester to Earl Stanhope's second son, Lord Mahon, whose "generous principles and amiable disposition offer the fairest promise to our dear child, and will bind still closer and by more endearing knots the friendship which has long mutually subsisted between Lord and Lady Stanhope and ourselves," etc. etc. The marriage took place in December, and their eldest daughter became in later years that very eccentric and remarkable traveller, astrologer, and intriguer, Lady Hester Lucy Stanhope.

Many references follow in the letters of this autumn to the Elections:

> Mr. Montagu is gone to Reading today to a Meeting of the Gentlemen to nominate Mr. Griffiths for the county in opposition to Mr. Vansittart. Mr. M. set out at 8 this morning in a fine new suit of Cloathes, new laced hat, and laced postillions to his chaise, and two smart footmen attending him; you would have thought he was going a wooing; he said he believed he should return at night but I hope he will not hazard such a fatigue. Your friend Mr. Moisey is chosen for Bath and Mr. Burke for Bristol. . . . Our harvest concluded this week with an elegant entertainment and a ball.

To her sister she writes on October 21:

Our County election was begun and ended yesterday. As there was not any opposition to Mr. Ellwys and Mr. Griffith, they desired Mr. Montagu not to take the trouble to go to Abingdon, but it was intimated his Carriage carrying Voters wd be honourable and usefull, which was accordingly sent, and our Servants to their honour came home sober, tho many a Coachman, Postillion and Footman was scatterd in the road. My Man Jack (who you know is a favorite of the Maids for being funny) gave me a good description of the hurry, confusion, and drunkeness, of the occasion. The Cathedral of Newtown rang a peal of two bells, several fowling pieces and pistols were discharged, the populace burnt a faggot in the Street, and Captain Derby gave a Barrel of his Beer.

"The Critical Review" speaks handsomely of our brother's Pamphlet and "The Gentleman's Magazine" commends it in a very genteel manner, but says the author is the eldest brother of the Celebrated Mrs. Montagu, *an't please you* ! . . . The Monthly Reviewers have also made me a compliment this month. A gentleman last Spring published a Pamphlet he very justly called "*Cursory remarks* on Shakespear." The Reviewers say "it is the obvious intention of this writer rather to controvert received opinions than to advance new observation, and as a polemical Critic he has taken the field against two redoubted adversaries Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Montagu on their respective Strictures on Shakespear. The Doctor in his preface has certainly laid himself extremely open to criticism and here the author of the remarks has evidently in many places the advantage, but against the literary Amazon he gains no ground." Very civil of Messieurs the Reviewers to stand by the Amazon.

the 20th Dec. 1774.

Lord Mahon was yesterday married to Lady Hester Pitt, from that event we may hope for a Race of Patriots. She is really a charming young Woman, and I dare say will go through all the duties of life with honour. Lord Mahon has great gentleness of manner, but the Demon of Party possessed him, and as happens to other Demoniacks, his eyes rolled, his limbs were distorted, and his voice was supernaturally elevated in the Hustings at Westminster, and in the whole of that affair he has raised a prejudice against him which it will require time to wear off. Lord and Lady Mahon are to live with

Lord and Lady Stanhope, so that the young lady will not be emancipated from Parental authority. Ld Temple has concluded a treaty of marriage for his Heir. Ld Clare is to give him Miss Nugent with a reversion of 8000L. a year. She was sixteen yesterday. Ld and Lady Temple had all the Nugents to spend the day with them. I had the honour to be askd as a particular friend, and really the girl is very pretty and modest, as to Mr. Grenville he is everything that the fancy of a young girl, or the prudent views of her Friends could wish. Lady Temple put on her fine jewels on the occasion, that the young Lady might see the noble present intended to adorn her on her nuptials. Lord Temple makes prodigious settlements; never was a Fatherless and Motherless child farther from a state of destitution than young Mr. Grenville. Lord Temple is an excellent Uncle, and Lady Temple is on all occasions extreamly amiable. I was the other day at the Drawing room, where Mr. Walsh introduced to me Lord Clive, who is come home on his Fathers death; he seems a modest young Man. Mr. Walsh and his Lordship calld at my door this evening but I had given a general order to be denied. Lady Valentia was with me this morning, she leaves London tomorrow, and will go back to Arly in good spirits; Dr. Elliot having declined asking damages for the trespass, indeed I think such characters as Mrs. Elliot do not come within the game act.

The "demon of Party" was to carry Lord Mahon far; for as the third Earl Stanhope he was to become Chairman of the English Revolution Society of 1788, agent for the Duc d'Orleans, ally of Dr. Price, associate of Danton, the correspondent of Richard Sayer, the Jacobin's Paris tool, and the intimate of England's arch enemy Barère. The gentleness of manner which Mrs. Montagu praised was combined with a virulence of democratic fervour that was, as she says, "demoniac." Even William Miles, once of the Jacobin Club, was constrained to protest to his Lordship from Paris: "In the name of Heaven, my Lord, what frenzy is this that stimulates to qualify as improvement what has proved fatal to millions?"

The allusion to Lady Valentia at the end of the last letter is explained in the following from Mrs.

Montagu to her sister, referring to the suit against Lord Valentia, husband of the first Lord Lyttelton's daughter.

Tuesday the 31*st* [*October* 1775 ?].

As to news and politicks I shall keep them till I call on you but scandal is good for nothing but when just gatherd. Dr. Elliot married a pretty girl. Lady Valentia married a handsome Man. There is an ugly unpleasant place in this Town calld Doctors Commons, where love causes are tried en dernier resort, and not in the same manner as in the Court of Love en Provence where les Docteurs gave mild sentences. I am quite vexd to think how Lady V—— will be mortified, how her Lord will be fined, and all the unpleasant circumstances of this affair. My good and worthy friend was taken from the evil to come. This affair is not yet publick, but will soon speed round the Country and through Citties on paper wings.

Dr.—afterwards Sir John—Elliott's wife, Grace Dalrymple, after repeated intrigues, eloped in 1774 with Lord Valentia; upon which the Doctor divorced her, obtaining £12,000 damages. The Prince of Wales, Charles Wyndham, George Selwyn, and Lord Cholmondeley all put in claims to the paternity of the errant lady's daughter Georgiana, who subsequently married Lord Charles Bentinck, and was the authoress of the *Journal of My Life during the French Revolution*, sent by her daughter to Bentley in 1859; a work largely of "imaginative recollection," in which she claimed, *inter alia*, that Bonaparte had offered to marry her.

1775

DEATH OF MR. MONTAGU—AMERICAN WAR BEGINS

Hermes Harris. Sir Joshua's portrait of Mrs. Montagu. Her studies. Courtney Melmoth. Illness and death of Mr. Montagu. Letter from Mr. Archdeacon. Widowhood. Legacies and bequests. Letter from William Emerson. Journey north. The Yorkshire estates. Entertaining the tenantry. Lord Dartrey and Mrs. Carter. The Beatties at Denton. Plans for tour to France. The tour postponed. The Duchess of Kingston. Le Texier.

The first notable letter of 1775 is a long one from James Harris, now Secretary to the Queen, and well known as " Hermes Harris " from his volume entitled *Hermes, or a Philosophical Enquiry concerning Language and Universal Grammar.* The letter, written from Richard Cambridge's house at Twickenham, relates to an issue of *Philosophical Arrangements*, of which he says that he " had endeavoured to soften the austerity of Greek philosophic doctrines by the charm of numbers and the soothing powers of melody, enriching his work with the poetry of others and those the most admired for their superior genius." Mr. Harris, though bound to admit that he didn't apprehend Shakespeare ever heard a syllable of the peripatetic categories, yet considered that his pure nature and their generous art coincided as radii of the same circle of which the centre was Truth, and that his introduction of Shakespearian quotation would at least not be " displeasing to his respectable Patroness." And so on.

Meanwhile Shakespeare's respectable Patroness was being painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and writes in May to her sister, now at Bath: "The Primate's portrait at the Exhibition is so admired I am jealous of it. I think some of the ladies will steal it. Sir Joshua has proceeded two sittings with my picture, and all people think it very like, tho there is a good deal of flattery in the likeness." The Primate was Mrs. Montagu's first cousin, Richard Robinson, made Archbishop of Armagh in 1765, and brother of the Long Sir Thomas mentioned previously. He became the first Baron Rokeby in 1777, and remained to the end amongst Mrs. Montagu's most devoted friends and regular correspondents.

Periodically she wrote to Mrs. Carter long literary disquisitions on the subjects she was studying at the time, and these letters, though it would be quite impossible to include them here, often contain much of fresh or freshly expressed thought. At the close of a lengthy specimen of this date on the Memoirs of Noailles and the Hardwicke State Papers, on which she was bestowing six hours a day, she explains why the Tudors were always for her so much more interesting than the Stuarts, and adds:

> As to Elizabeth, happy wd be he (if his talents were equal to the task) who should write her general History, or particular memoirs. I have sometimes had a thought of drawing a contrast between her and Catherine of Medicis, on purpose to shew the superiority of Prudence above cunning. Elizabeth preserved her Kingdom in quiet, tho it was divided into various factions. Catherine raised factions to get a little brief and precarious authority. Let not what I have dropped make you raise the spectre of Plutarch to frighten me. Be assured that as I required a wise, judicious and well inform'd man to write the History of Henry the 7th I shall not permit a silly injudicious, uninform'd Woman to undertake that of his wiser, greater, and much more magnanimous Grand-daughter. So pray do not yawn at the apprehension of my History of Elizabeth. I have only had such a dream after supping upon Litterary Lambs wool when some of you Learned and ingenious

Persons had flatterd me. The moment I awoke I perceived my incapacity, inability insufficiency etc. So I find by your letter, that the Busy Demons of all factions keep Holiday now, *so gracious and so holy is the time.* I suppose they are all playing at hazard in Satans Great Hall. I really think none of them seem qualified for any thing but games of chance, *except two or three of my particular friends.* Pray tell me how Lord Chatham does ; he can play at skilfull games, and once gave check mate to France.

From other references it is evident that our Essayist did for a long time coquette with the idea of writing a life of Elizabeth and studied the State Papers of her reign very carefully.

To Mrs. Carter

Friday.

I hope Vesey will give you an account of the Methodist Preacher who last Sunday pelted the Mitres : Bishop of Norwich and Arch^{p} of Canterbury present. Sr Sydney Smythe prevaild to have the Pulpit lent to this Preacher and sat with great satisfaction to see the Prelates trimmed. B^{p} of Norwich sent in the afternoon to know if the same Person wd preach, giving for reason, that if it were to be so, he wd not attend. I believe the head of the Church nodded, for it did not give sign of disapprobation in like manner. Peg Wharton sat quiet till Preacher was severe on avarice, then she roared out he was a foolish fellow. The weaknesses of our nature sooner take affront than the dignities of our situation.

Lord Chief Baron Smythe was the senior Judge interrogated over the Royal Marriage Bill of 1772. Peg Wharton has already been alluded to in 1763.

From Courtney Melmoth

This instance of your delicacy encourages me to impart a Circumstance of particular, and pathetic Import—I have engaged this Season to give a Course of Oratorical and Classical Lectures in Scotland at Edinburgh, whither my Wife is gone to perform as a first figure at the Theatre. A most heavy Chancery Suit, by the late result of which, I have lost *many*

> thousand Pounds, and the costly contingencies resulting from such a Misfortune, have exhausted my little finances; and *anticipated* many of the resources I derive from my trifling literary Efforts. To depend too much on the Emoluments of Science is, alas, a desperate dependance—In a word Madam, I have to settle a few small Matters here, and to prepare for my Journey, and if you could have sufficient confidence in my Integrity, and indeed my Sense of Honour, as to accomodate me with about £15 more—Indeed Madam, I feel myself blush—I would most gratefully return it in the Course of Two Months. Allow, I beseech you Madam for my visible embarrassment, and believe me to be incapable of abusing the benevolence, which cannot but flow from the purest, and most christian Principle.

This is a choice example of a kind of epistle to which, as will already have been gathered, Mrs. Montagu's letter-bag was no stranger.

Much has been written of the neglect by patrons of their protégés before and since Dr. Johnson penned that terrible letter to Lord Chesterfield:

> Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary and cannot impart it; till I am known and do not want it.

But after all it was the whole system of literary patronage that was humiliating and ignominious; and whilst going through this correspondence, which naturally includes a great many letters from impoverished writers, one is sometimes inclined to think some commiseration due to the hapless patron, perpetually pestered with every absurdity of adulation, dedication, and solicitation, and condemned either to the reluctant support of mediocre talent or the acrimony and invective of neglected genius. Samuel Jackson Pratt, better known as "Courtney Melmoth," had already figured amongst the appellants, and now writes in querulous mood complaining that some suggestion about an eyesight remedy had not been acknowledged:

> Those offers, however, have not been replied to, and you cannot think how the circumstance has hurt me Madam; not upon account of the matter itself; (for I hope you are restored fully to sight) but because I recollect that the offer happend to follow a letter I sent you (previous to my receipt of your first favor) wherein I observd that "My distress at your silence did not arise from a pecuniary disappointment, tho I did not affect to be above the comforts of literary assistances—or the rewards of ingenuous labours." On a former occasion, "many a year elaps'd" I remember Madam your words, attendant on a very amicable action, were these "Fortune has been most unkind where nature has been most bountiful." Of the whole human race I believe I am the least mercenary, and revolt at the idea of a slight that seems to arise from a notion that I have *written to you for money*. The true (and not the distorted) history of my life, (which one day the world may know) would easily prove how incapable I am of such shabby importunities, and how often I have, in far sorer times than I have now to combat with, maintaind the decent pride of character, almost to starving, rather than resort to methods of relief which sullied the feeling which bore me thro such clustering difficulties.
>
> Adieu, Madam, I have only to beg you will acquit me of a despicable, time-serving principle. I inscribed a poem to you, because I admired your abilities and had *felt* your delicate liberality in a more affecting period of my life. I tenderd offers of application to a medical friend for the complaint in your eyes because I grieved at your indisposition and thought I could be instrumental in your recovery. I previously said I was not rich, but can never be so lamentably poor as to forfeit, justly, by an ill advised appeal, either my own respectability or merit the ill opinion of others.—I am, Madam, your very obed^t^ serv^t^ S. J. Pratt.

Pratt's works occupy three columns of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and his letters to Mrs. Montagu are many and long. His career was extraordinarily diversified. He was at one time a partner in Godwin's library at Milsom Street, Bath; he played Hamlet at Covent Garden, he toured the country with Mrs. Melmoth telling fortunes ; he was Marc Antony in *All for Love* ; he took orders and became a popular preacher ; he was, at different times, reciter, manager, playwright, editor, author and poet ; his lines inscribed on Garrick's monument were selected in preference to Burke's, and described by Lamb as a farrago of nonsense. They end :

> And 'till Eternity with power sublime
> Shall mark the mortal hour of hoary Time,
> Shakespeare and Garrick, like twin stars shall shine,
> And earth irradiate with a beam divine.

If Burke did worse than that it was prodigious.

Always somewhat of a recluse, and interested chiefly—apart from his collieries and estates—in mathematical and astronomical problems, Mr. Montagu, now in his eighty-second year, had become latterly a complete invalid, leaving his bed only for three or four hours of the day, requiring the constant and close attendance of his wife, but incapable of sharing her interests or appreciating the damage to her always delicate health which this prolonged confinement caused. To her beloved sister, Mrs. Scott, alone, and to her, I think, in only one letter, Mrs. Montagu reveals something of what these last trying months of physical decline implied :

> His intellects seem clear and his memory better than last summer. His temper is less violent than in health, and perfect churlishness spreads over the whole character. I used all I could to oppose the spreading of this kind of tetter over the mind, and often endeavourd to set things and persons in a favourable light, thinking it necessary for the happiness and virtue of the person himself, while he was to act in any sort of concert with mankind : but as I consider him now as retired to his inactive chimney corner for the rest of his life I teach myself to endure to hear without replying to it whatever he pleases to utter, just considering it as the hail and hoar

frosts engendered by unkindly climates which fall equally on the bountifull field the beautifull garden, or the desert. I have endeavoured to awaken an apprehension of a future state and to touch by religion, but the access is barred to everything of that kind. I think there is now, as Morris observes, no spirit left but an acid spirit; I wonder how I can have the scurvy when I have been in a regimen of acids many a year . . . nature seems to me totally worn out and exhausted. You are very kind in what you hint at; there is no danger of that while his understanding keeps clear; if he should grow partly childish he might be wavering in this point, but his opinion and his good will are too much fixd for him ever to alter them, indeed his esteem for me and his humour seem to be well matched: they have been fighting these 20 years, the esteem never subdued the humour, nor the humour the esteem. I am glad illness does not so far soften his temper as to make him speak tenderly to me; peevishness hurts my ear, tenderness from a departing friend wounds the heart. I own I dread the scene that is opening. With all his faults of temper he has good qualities, and the generosity he has shewn to me is very engaging, and I shall be very unhappy if he suffers much in his decline. He has great fortitude, but patience is better in little evils and constant sufferings than fortitude. Fortitude makes a good Martyr, but Patience is the only Saint.

Patience and fortitude had still some way to travel together after this letter was written. Indeed Mr. Montagu had been still obstinately determined to attempt another journey to his northern estates, and had ordered "a fine suit of cloathes and laced hat" for his pilgrimage. His faithful valet was in despair, being certain that the eight days' travelling would be more than he could survive; but some early frosts in September reinforced his wife's adroit persuasions, and the journey was at last reluctantly abandoned. He lingered on through the winter and spring of this year, but in May a fresh feverish attack supervened, and he had not sufficient strength to throw it off. His weakness and incapacity had kept his wife in unrelieved attendance at Sandleford, and latterly at Hill Street. She nursed him most devotedly, though her own health was far from robust, and the strain was steadily exhausting her. The end came, after a brief rally, on May 20—just a month after Lexington and the American War which he had foreseen inevitable—he being "quite sensible and very patient and tractable" at the last. He was buried in the nave of Winchester Cathedral, where, twenty-five years later, his widow was also to be laid to rest, as well as their little son "Punch," who had died of teething convulsions in 1744 when not much more than a year old.

Many letters of condolence naturally follow, which need not be quoted here, with the exception of an extract from one by his cousin at Newcastle, William Archdeacon, which is refreshingly matter-of-fact, amidst the usual effusive commonplace of such an occasion:

From William Archdeacon

NEWCASTLE, *May 27th.*

By the Account I received of Mr. Montagu's health, in your last favour, I did not Suppose him so near his End, neither could I imagine that at his frigid time of life, he could have been attacked with a fever; Considering how he has been held with his Asthmatick Complaint for so many years Past, it is Surprising that he could arrive at so good an Old Age.

I hope you'l receive this in perfect health, and Considering the inequality and great disparity of your Ages, and the many difficulties that you must undoubtedly have had, to Calm and humour the Temper of so Old a Gentleman (which must be a hard Task) that he has in return made you an ample Amends in his Will, wch was most Certainly highly Incumbent upon him to do, and was all he Could do in gratitude for the long and Tedious Number of years you have been Obliged to Support his Ill State of health, Age and Infirmities, with the very extensive trouble you've had in managing his Affairs;—whatever return he has made you be it more or less,—I do most Sincerely and unfeignedly wish you a long and happy series of happiness and health to enjoy the same. Mr. Montagu had

Certainly a great Share of good Sense, and penetration, was I realy believe a Gentleman of the Strictest honour and Integrity, but he had his humours to a degree more or less (as who is without them) and you had the Address and good sense to put up with them, and bring a Serenity over them, by leaving him to himself and his own reflections, with^{t} thwarting him and entering into disagreable Arguments which to a person of any share or degree of Sense or reason, must be the most Infallible means to bring One to act as himself, for there are times and seasons to suit all things properly. . . .

Leaving the "house of gloom" in Hill Street after the funeral, Mrs. Montagu, worn out with the prolonged spell of constant nursing, went for change to her sister's house at Chelsea; but though "you have the best maid Christy that ever was in a house, and the best green pease that ever grew in a garden," sleep would not come; so she returned to Hill Street, settled her will with her lawyer brother Morris, and then drove with her little nephew Matthew and Miss Gregory to Hadley, "to settle my system for the year," and thence on to Sandleford early in June.

To her sister, who was to join her there, she writes:

My health is much better than it was, my spirits are not the dancing spirits they used to be. The sad the solemn scene, the loss of a very affectionate and generous friend, all things together have made me dead spirited. I trust to my natural temper that I shall again be what I used to be; it is strange when I and la joie n'est plus la même chose, your company will do me much good, Sandleford is in great beauty since you saw it, by the offices and Barns which obstructed the prospect being removed . . . the perfect solitude and retirement here will always tempt me to pass part of my summers at Sandleford and indeed the situation is lovely. I am at present under the mortification of being deprived of my dressing room; it is a very pleasant room, is above 30 feet long but very [low] and I have lately been raising the roof.

It will be evident from the above account of her husband's illness that for Mrs. Montagu the stroke of bereavement, though keenly felt, must have had elements of relief. "I trust to my natural temper that I shall again be what I used to be; it is strange when I and la joie n'est plus la même chose." After completing her will she spent a month at Sandleford with Miss Gregory, where the retirement and beauty of her surroundings soon began to revive her. "Before I came hither," she writes to Mrs. Vesey, "I was so ill and spiritless that I considered myself . . . as a mere invalid and just exactly according to Dr. Garth's opinion that nothing was good for an old woman and an old woman was good for nothing."

Mrs. Montagu was fifty-four; and by no means really considered herself an old woman. After superintending the alterations at Sandleford, and arranging small annuities for Elizabeth Carter and for Dr. Johnson's blind friend, Anna Williams, she set off at the end of June for her Yorkshire estates and Northumberland collieries, determining, after she had renewed acquaintance with her newly acquired properties, to spend the winter abroad.

After the long and trying period of uninterrupted nursing and close confinement, she was now free, wealthy, and unfettered; and she believed she had enough of life and energy left to make good use of her means and her liberty.

By the death of Mr. Montagu, his widow became a rich woman and a considerable landed proprietor, and being an eminently practical person, after a brief rest amid the summer beauties of Sandleford, she proceeded to tackle her new responsibilities and "settle her system" in good earnest. Mr. Montagu had left a legacy of £3000 to her nephew, young Matthew Robinson, the second son of her brother Morris, whose education she now undertook, and whom she adopted as her son and heir, later to succeed to the Barony of Rokeby. He also left a substantial bequest to his old friend and thirty years' correspondent, the mathematician William Emerson, author of *Fluxions* and *The Arithmetic of Infinities*, from whom Mrs. Montagu received, from Hurworth, a long letter of gratitude and appreciation.

> "Among his papers," he writes, "you will find heaps between him and me upon mathematical, philosophical and even theological subjects ; and some of them not very orthodox, but we did not trouble our heads about that, as we sought nothing but the truth. . . . A little time before, I had sent him my opinion of a book (Beattie on Truth) which pleased him extremely, and he told me in the very last letter I had from him that he intended to communicate to me some thoughts of his own upon that subject. But he did not live to do that."

We may safely surmise that Edward Montagu's opinion of Beattie's Essay was by no means on all fours with that of his wife. Beattie himself, indeed, had been prompted, during his visit to the Montagus, to an earnest conversation with the old gentleman on the subject of his lack of theological conviction, but without any substantial or positive result.

Having also made some further monetary provision for her sister, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Montagu now hastened her visit to the Yorkshire and Northumberland properties, so that she might be free, later in the year, to make the long contemplated tour abroad.

The northern pilgrimage was started with Miss Gregory in the last week in June, the journey being broken at Burmeston, "opposite the Oak Tree in Leeming Lane," her estate in the North Riding of Yorkshire.

> As soon as I had swallowed a hasty dinner my fair companion and I got into the chaise, went round some part of Burmeston Allerthorpe and Swainley, called on as many of the tenants as I could, and sent to the rest, to dine with me the next day. I called at my Uncle's alms houses, gave a guinea a piece to each poor person and to the school master's wife, and made a low curtsey to my uncle's picture. . . . The next day we had the tenants and their wives, and a most elegant entertainment ; a brood of fine chickens, at the top a great sirloin of beef, at the bottom a loin of veal on one side and leg of mutton

on the other, a ham and pigeon pye in the middle, with ducks and geese, tarts cheescakes, pudding, pease &c. to fill up chinks.

No room being large enough for the whole company, her agent, Mr. Brown, entertained the men, Mrs. Montagu being hostess to the women and bairns. In the evening they drove on to Eryholme on the turnpike road, where a similar feast was given next day. Here:

My tenant has five pretty daughters who are notable girls not young ladies, tho' the Father is rich and his Farm is between three and four hundred pounds a year, when I called first the girls were weeding in the field, but of all my tenants I was most pleased with an old man of 75, who is gay and alert as a youth; he would not get on horseback but ran by my chaise for some miles about the grounds. The gaiety of his spirits quite delighted me. . . . Some of these people had been 60 years tenants of Mr. Montagu's, their Sons now manage for them and their Grandchildren are playing happily in the fields their Grandsires ploughed. I passed one entire day at Eryholme and could have stayed another with pleasure; the place is beautiful, and the people industrious and happy.

To Mrs. Vesey she writes from Denton, Wednesday, July 26, an amusing comment on Lord Dartrey's philanthropic energies:

If by Ld D, in Stanhope street, and Mrs. C, in Clarges street, you mean Ld Dartrey and Mrs. Carter, I think their anecdotes may be very amusing; that they run into strange holes and corners is very certain. Is there an Alley where they have not made an Assignation to relieve their mutual passion? their passion to relieve distress. I am not sure that it has not been warm enough to carry them to the hundreds of Drury. We are all sure they once had a correspondence with wicked Sr Giles! It is almost true of Ld Dartrey what was said of Augustus, that he was the Husband of every Wife, and the Wife of every Husband. If a Bricklayer breaks his neck from the top of a House his Lordship takes to the Wife, if a Man loses his Wife while she is suckling her child, my Lord finds it a breast. As to Mrs. Carter, she has children in every poor Court and Alley, all spinster as she is, and truely I believe her the Mother of above an hundred illegitimate infants.

To her Sister

the 23d.

I was sorry to hear that Lady S——h Bun——y had made an elopement with Ld W: Go——n since I had left Town. I remember her a pretty innocent looking girl and it is pity crime and infamy shd be written in the fair volume of that sweet face, but our married Ladies go by ad——y to marriage as the Misses do to Edinburgh. These divines must be stoppd or the World will run wild.

After their arrival at Denton, further celebrations marked the advent of the new proprietress:

I had the gratification of seeing 150 of my black friends eat rice pudding and boiled beef as long as they could cram; two nights before I had another party of 96, another 60. My friends are so numerous that I cannot find knives and spoons for all at a time, but take them in parties; I shall invite all the mothers and their babes that belong to me by turns. At one table last night I had 70 boys who work in the pits. We made 30 quarts of milk into rice puddings and at last were rather short in that article.

The collieries were working prosperously, and their head fitter, Atkinson, had just built a ship costing some thousand pounds and given it as a portion to his youngest son. The collier was christened *The Montagu*; she carried the family arms, and was now despatched on her maiden voyage with Montagu Main coal to the Thames. Another excursion was made from Newcastle to a coast farm belonging to her at Jarrow, where, at the Monastery, they were shown the veritable chair in which the Venerable Bede had written his history. Dr. and Mrs. Beattie joined the party at Denton for a short visit at the end of July; and apart from the business of the coal-mines and the farms, Mrs. Montagu was occupied in making preparations for her projected autumn visits to Tunbridge Wells, and later to France, where she intended taking a hotel at Montauban. These included the engagement of a Swiss travelling tutor for her nephew Matt, to be found in all expenses and a salary of two hundred a year ; and Mrs. Montagu's views about school discipline and supervision are not without interest to-day :

> I thought the Swiss, who speaks french well, wd better carry on the great scheme of our Travells, making him a perfect Master of the French language. If I like the Swiss I shall continue him with my young Man, even if he shd go to a school, for I think it is of infinite consequence that a young Person shd not be let to run wild. I had rather my Son shd break Priscians head than his footmans, the best part of education is the discipline and government of the Passions, and nothing contributes more to their regulation than being under proper inspection. Great schools are much less dangerous to young Gentlemen who have private Tutors. Boys are naturally inconsistent, and fix'd principles arise from discipline, and from a habit of following some rules less variable than inclination and the caprice of the minute. The Greeks and Romans, who were so nice in the education of Youth, wd be astonishd if they cd know the English (now the first people in the World) send their Children from home, from all domestick care and inspection, merely to read what so different an education inspired. They wd not wonder at our Bucks, and Bloods, and Maccaronies, and all the species of fine youths that bless and adorn our times. In these Countries Men were form'd by institutions ; here, they are left to run wild, and to be Monkeys or Tygers as disposition inclines, and hence arises the number of humourists for which England is remarkable.

But the French tour was destined to postponement. The Montauban Hotel could not be secured, and when other arrangements had been made, her large suite of servants sent on to Dover with the coach and baggage, and she herself was actually *en route* for Canterbury to join them for the crossing, she developed an attack of fever which resulted in influenza of so severe a character that Dr. Douglas and her relations were forced to forbid her going further ; and she had reluctantly to give up the expedition for another year and return to Hill Street. Influenza seems to have been epidemic this autumn, and besides several of her servants, Mrs. Vesey, Mrs. Hancock, and Mrs. Carter were all attacked at the same time. Writing to the latter lady from London in December, Mrs. Montagu says :

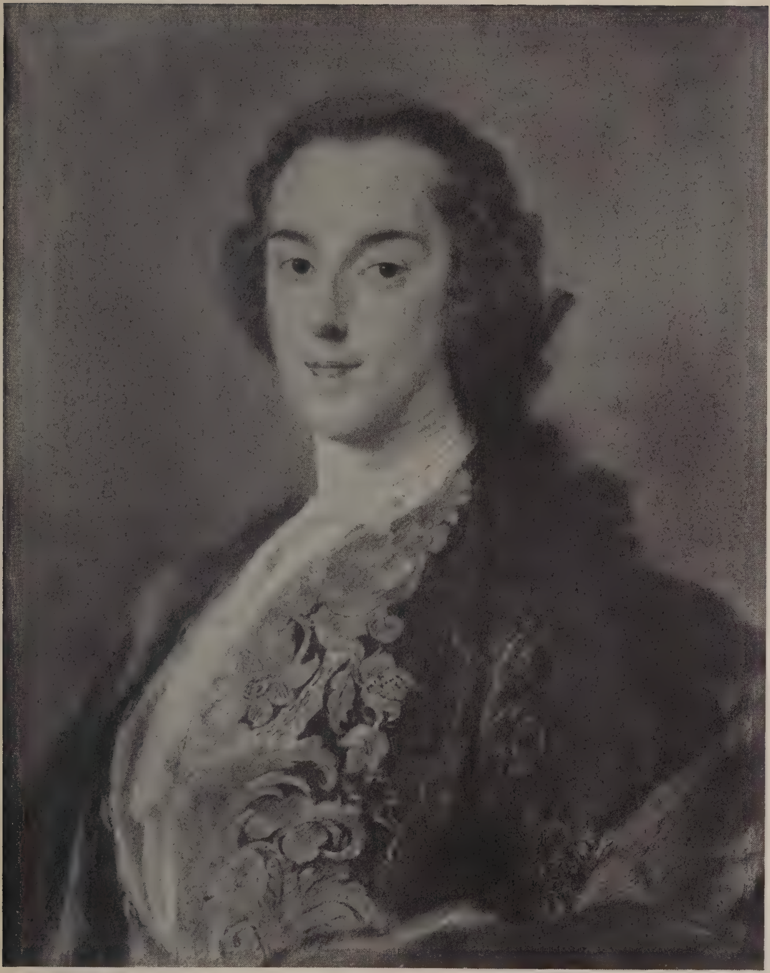
> The Duchess of K[ingston] alias the Countess of B[ristol] is a great comedian, it was supposed she only acted a fit the other day at Church, however it is certain she is at last struck with some sense of her situation. . . . Lord Mansfield surprised every one by treating her affair with great levity, was against trying her, he saying that the penalty forfeiting her personal estate could not happen because as Lord B—— asserted he was not her husband he could not claim her personal estate.

Horace Walpole mentions her fainting at church, in a letter to Lady Ailesbury. And on December 22 Mrs. Montagu adds :

> I am just returnd from a most agreable dinner and evening at the Garricks ; Mr. and Mrs. Burke were of the party, and a french Gentleman who is famous for a peculiar talent of representing all dramatick characters, but as he is first to have the honour to entertain the King and Queen he cd not give us any specimen of his art, he is a Gentleman and polite and agreable. The Dss of King——n is in better health, but some little spice of perjury in her case will make her counterfeit illness. Lady M. Sommerset is to be married on Tuesday.

The French gentleman was the famous Le Texier, "Directeur des Fermes," whom Madame du Deffand refers to in a letter to Horace Walpole as reading eight characters and acting them all in the same play. Further reference to his performances will be found later.

> The Dss of Kingstone, alias Hervey, alias Chudleigh, will now stand forth to the world in all her Horrors, Impostor, Adultress, Perjured, a forgerer, all the *peccadillos* of these characters will be proved upon her. Perhaps despair and anger will make her add self murder to her catalogue of crimes. One cannot think of her without shuddering. A certain



HORACE WALPOLE
By Rosalba Carriera

Gentleman whose connivance was necessary for the completion of her great scheme, will be proved to have received 14000L for the part he acted. I think they shd be sewn up in a sack, with the little articles that accompanied the Parricides execution, and be thrown together into the sea. The last act the alias Dame performd in England was cheating a set of Tenants to whom for certain sums she gave beneficial leases, but they are void, as she had not power, being the wife of Mr. [Hervey] to give leases as Dss of K[ingston]. The Hervey family make no very good figure on this occasion, there was an acquiescence on the part of Ld B[ristol] which does not suit ordinary morals and vulgar moralists. . . .

But everybody liked Lady Hervey, and she justly claimed never to have lost a friend save by death.

The Hervey family of the day were, indeed, sufficiently peculiar in their ways to justify Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's classification of humanity as " men, women, and Herveys." When the Duchess of Kingston was presented at Court after her marriage, Augustus John " chose to be there, and said aloud that he came to take one look at his widow."

Tom Hervey, uncle of the Chudleigh's Earl, was the " eccentric " gentleman who eloped with Lady Hanmer and wrote to her husband about " our wife."

1776

THE VISIT TO PARIS—AMERICA AND THE HOWES

Tassie's cameo. Fourth edition of the *Essay*. Leonard Smelt. Hermes Harris. At Denton. Matthew's change of name. Preparations for journey to Paris. The crossing. French posting. Calais. Amiens. Chantilly. Arrival in Paris. Chaillot. Furnishing. Meudon. French Society. Madame du Deffand. Buffon. Geoffrin. Le Page du Boccage. Notre Dame. Les Enfans Trouvés. Luxury and dirt. Servants. Theatres. Voltaire's Letter. Footmen. Conversation. The Meeting of the Academy. Translations of Homer. Voltaire's invective. Destouches. Applause. Diderot. Versailles. Parisian life. Mahomet and Le Kain. St. Germains. Return to England. The *Essay* in French. French and English ladies. Satan and Voltaire. Brantôme. Madame du Boccage's Verses. The Howes. Letters from James Hutton and Lord Shelburne. Lord Hardwicke on Chesterfield's Characters. American news.

The cameo portrait of Mrs. Montagu done by James Tassie, and sent by her to some of her friends, reached Hermes Harris this winter, and is thus acknowledged :

> The Cameo has been greatly admired, not only on its own account but much more on acct of the person, whom it represents. Beggars when gratified, ought not still to be importunate. If ever it were lawful for them to be so, Mr. Harris would venture to insinuate how acceptable, he might add how honourable, such a memorial would be esteemed by his son at Berlin.
>
> Piccadilly, near Air Street, 5 *Feb.* 1776.

James Harris's son, now our Minister at Berlin, was afterwards created first Earl of Malmesbury.

Some years later a portrait print was published from the cameo, but is scarce now.

Tassie modelled his portraits in wax, from which the cameos were moulded and cast in paste ; and many of his models—perhaps including Mrs. Montagu's—were sent to Etruria and reproduced by Wedgwood.

Joachim Smith, who was also a very popular modeller of portraits in wax residing in Berners Street, appears to have modelled the medallion of Mrs. Montagu which Wedgwood and Bentley produced in the new jasper composition in 1775.[1] Mr. John Cook of the Etruria Museum has kindly sent me two quaint extracts from letters of Josiah Wedgwood to his partner in London, Thomas Bentley, relating to this portrait :

July 3, 1775.—" Mrs. Montague and Mrs. Barbault are not modelled for a pair neither in size nor character."

July 11, 1775.—" You may do what you please with Mrs. Montague's neck or shoulders but we dare not touch them."

Of the Tassie portraits she herself wrote : " I am glad you like the two medallions. When you call at Mr. Tassy's in Leicester Fields you will see the heads of many of your acquaintance finely executed and durable too."

Wedgwood had recently been busily experimenting with the Derbyshire *cawk* (sulphate of baryta), which with the more variable carbonate was to form the basis of the famous jasper ; and it was in the first experiments of this wonderful new white material that Joachim Smith's much-admired heads of Lady Finch and her lovely daughters were produced.

The importunacy of Hermes Harris evidently led to an invitation to Hill Street.

From Mr. Harris

Mr. Harris has the honour to present his Complemts to Mrs. Montagu, and to express his great concern, that the Gout has deprived him the use of his Feet.

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[1] See Frontispiece to Vol. II.

It is the only Instance of his Life, when, by waiting on Mrs. Montagu, he thought there was a possibility of making a false Step.

PICCADILLY, 31 *March* 1776.

Mrs. Montagu's Shakespeare Essay reached a fourth edition this spring, the Dialogues she had contributed to Lord Lyttelton's book being now reprinted with it. In May Madame Necker, wife of the Genoese minister at Paris, and at one time the fiancée of Gibbon, came to see Mrs. Montagu at Hill Street; and Le Texier got into hot water at Lady Spencer's by reciting Voltaire's "Dimanche," Lord Spencer vowing he should never enter the house again; but the Frenchman adroitly contrived to re-establish his position. Leonard Smelt, who was dubbed cousin and a special favourite of Mrs. Montagu's, and who was preceptor to the Prince of Wales and Prince Frederick, now relinquished his appointment, and declined a pension, a piece of unwonted self-abnegation which his "cousin" by no means approved:

While he is so watchfull of his own dignity Pray what is to become of his Majestys. Does an undischarged obligation sit better on a King than a reward on a Subject? Mr. Smelt is the most worthy of Men, but I never can admire anything that transcends the bounds of common sense. If I were a King, such a Subject wd give more pain than a Legion of bawling, bellowing, Patriots, questing places.

Mrs. Montagu, having determined to carry out the postponed visit to Paris this summer, went to Denton in May to attend to business:

To Mrs. Carter

DENTON, *ye 31st of May.*

I am well situated for airing being on the edge of a turnpike road, and the said road commands as good a prospect as any in this part of the country, but the amenity of our Southern

Countries is not to be found here. The people here are little better than savages, and their Countenances bear the marks of hard labour and total ignorance. Our Pittmen are literally as black as a coal ; they earn much more than labourers, their children get a shilling a day at 9 or 10 years old, but they are so barbarous and uncultivated they know no use of money but to buy much meat and liquor with it. They eat as well as the substantial tradesmen in great Towns, but they are ragged and dirty, and their wives are idle and drunken, so that while they live in plenty they present to your view an air of misery poverty, and oppression. These Pitmen marry and multiply in order to be rich, for their children add to their prosperity. They are useful persons to the general common wealth, but considered separately a strange set of barbarians. As the Children are so early sent into the mines I am afraid it will be impossible ever to civilize them, but if I lived here I should attempt it, by establishing some little school amongst them. . . .

To her Sister

Friday, 31st May.

I wanted to inform you that I have apply'd for the King's sign manual for leave for my nephew Matt to change his name to Montagu. He will change a good name for a better, and as there is but one precedent in the Montagu family of such marriages as ours has produced, and my poor Cousin Wortley was only 14 years of age, and press'd by hunger as well as another ignoble passion, I hope my nephew Montagu will not make such an alliance.

Having returned to Hill Street early in June, signed a new will, obtained the King's sign-manual for her nephew's change of name, and kissed hands at a drawing-room, though " I dare say their Majesties without this proof of loyalty wd not have been afraid that I was going *over ye water to Charley*, nor cd I have carried him any assistance but some Pittmen," Mrs. Montagu's preparations for the deferred visit to Paris were complete ; and she set forth on her journey to Rochester on June 21. The party included her nephew Matthew, her godson Montagu Pennington who was Mrs. Carter's nephew, Mr.

Blondel, the Swiss tutor for the two boys, Miss Gregory, her pretty and charming companion, her butler and maid and a retinue of servants and footmen, with the great coach, horses, and much baggage.

Though she had never yet stayed in Paris, Mrs. Montagu was by no means unknown there in 1776. The Duke of Richmond, our Ambassador at Paris, Lord and Lady Hillsborough, and Lord Lucan were all old friends, then resident in the French capital, whilst the Duc de Nivernais, M. Valmont de Bomare, and M. Necker and his ambitious wife had all been her guests during their stay in England, and were ready to welcome her and introduce to her the best French society of the day. Her book, though not yet available in French, was well known in literary circles, and even her coiffeuse was to flatter her on her authorship while she curled her hair. And by a strange coincidence it was to happen that during the very time of her visit, Voltaire's anti-Shakespearian animus exploded with full violence over Letourneur's two volumes of translations of *Othello*, *The Tempest*, and *Julius Cæsar*, which appeared—and under Royal patronage—in the spring of 1776, and evoked the fierce denunciations of the old autocrat at Fernet in the letter to d'Argental which had been passed round Paris in July, a few days after her arrival.

Copie d'une lettre attribuée à M. de Voltaire

J'apprends que Madame de St-Julien arrive dans mon désert, avec le Kain, si la chose est vraie je suis tout étonné et tout joyeux mais il faut que je vous dise combien je suis fâché pour l'honneur du trypot contre un nommé Le Tourneur qu'on dit Secrétaire de la Librairie et qui ne me savait pas secrétaire du bon goût. Auriez-vous lu deux volumes de ce misérable dans lesquels il veut nous faire regarder Shakespear comme le seul modèle de la véritable Trajédie. Il l'appelle le Dieu du Théâtre, il sacrifie tous les Français à son Idole comme on sacrifiait autrefois des cochons à Cérès. Il ne daigne pas même nommer Corneille et Racine ; ces deux grands hommes sont seulement enveloppés dans la proscription générale sans que leurs noms soient prononcés : Il y a déjà deux tomes imprimés de Shakespear qu'on prendrait pour des pièces de la foire faites il y a deux cens ans. Le maraud a trouvé le secret de faire engager le Roi, la Reine, et toute la famille royale à souscrire à son ouvrage. Avez-vous lu son abominable grimoire dont il fera encore cinq volumes ? Avez-vous une haine assez vigoureuse contre cet imprudent imbécille ? Souffrirez-vous l'affront qu'il fait à la France ? Vous et Mr. de Thibouville vous êtes trop doux ; il n'y a pas en France assez de Camoufflets, assez de bonets d'âne, assez de piloris pour un pareil faquin, le sang pétille dans mes vieilles veines en parlant de lui ; s'il ne vous a pas mis en colère je vous tiens pour un homme impassible. Ce qu'il y a d'affreux c'est que le Monstre a un parti en France, et pour comble de calamité et d'horreur, c'est moi qui montra aux Français quelques perles que j'avais trouvées dans son énorme fumier. Je ne m'attendais pas que je servirais un jour à fouler aux pieds les couronnes de Corneille et de Racine, pour en orner le front d'un Histrion barbare. Tâchez, je vous prie, d'être aussi en colère que moi sans quoi je me sens capable de faire un mauvais coup.

Je reviens à le Kain, on dit qu'il jouera six pièces pour les Genevois, ou pour moi, j'aimerais mieux qu'il eût joué Olimpie à Paris ; mais il n'aime point à figurer dans un Acte lorsqu'il n'érase pas tous les autres. . . .

The stage was thus admirably set for a *petit jeu d'esprit* which should reach its appropriate dénouement in the public session of the Academy on August 25, the feast of St. Louis.

English to the backbone and punctilious to the finger-tips, Mrs. Montagu had nothing of the Bohemian, nothing of the cosmopolitan unconventionality of her greater literary namesake, Lady Mary Wortley. France, to all her upbringing and tradition, was an enemy country, of which and all its ways it was but natural patriotism to think critically and judge severely. Its late revered monarch had never been *Bien Aimé* for her ; and it was the sanctuary of her *bête noire*, Voltaire. Prejudice apart, however, she had long looked forward to this visit, which Mr. Montagu's age and infirmity had hitherto made impracticable, and it was with real pleasure and high anticipation that she now embarked on what was still a considerable adventure. The letters to friends at home can now, with a few annotations, be left to tell their own story.

To Mrs. Carter

CALAIS, *ye 23rd June.*

MY DEAR FRIEND—I know you are just one of those who care not whether a Friend is hanged or drowned ; however I will just tell you I am neither one nor the other, but that E: Montagu and Co are safe and well at Calais. This morn: between one and two we embarkd, and in 2 hours and ten minutes, Wind very rapid, and waves pretty boisterous, we were wafted hither, and what delights me, as it will greatly facilitate my future voyage to Lucan, I was not in ye least sick. I sat on ye deck tho' the Waves sometimes washd over my head. Little Greg was once a little faintish, little Nephew a little sickish, all ye rest of my folks very sick indeed except my Butler. We were all wet to ye skin almost who were upon deck, my bonnet was wet through and la Douane an't please you was to be in possession of mes malles for some time. I seem'd to have ye odour of a British Herring, so I got off my cloaths, went into a warm bed and took hartshorn, ye like regimen I prescribed to my young folks ; in two hours and ten minutes we rose to dinner, all very well and gay, and I am just returnd from ye other side of ye Hotel from visiting Mad^me^ Castiglione, who with Mr. Castiglione and ye Prince of Salm made me a visit from their Inn last night. Our Ambassador set out with his family from Calais last night or rather at one in ye morning and is gone forward, which as we both want many horses is lucky, and also by his preceeding me I get ye best apartment bespoke for me at Desseins [? Hesdin] where I am well lodged. If any English pass to Calais of yr acquaintance recommend Mr. Fectors packets and Capt. Osborne, the civilest best conductor of Ladies in a high wind for he is all attentions and honestly told me before I embarkd that there was rather too fresh a gale, but as ye passage is perfectly safe I wd not loiter at Dover.

This was a remarkably rapid passage with a fresh following wind ; Mrs. Carter took eighteen hours on her return crossing a few years later, and another correspondent spent twenty-six hours between Dover and Calais.

The first letter from Paris begins somewhat in the Smollett vein :

To her Sister

Paris, *July ye 2d.*

. . . The journey very unpleasant, the horses are so bad, ye postillions so awkward, the rope harness so rotten, the Inns so nasty, that I think no one wd ever travel 10 miles in this country if they cd help it. I hope our Government will never take ye posts into its hands, it is too small an object for kings. Would you believe his most Christian Majesty made a poor widow woman pay for 14 horses tho he often furnished her with only 12 instead of 6 horses in ye Coach and 4 in ye chaise and 4 for my horse men. I could sometimes only get 4 for ye Coach and 2 for my Men but as I shd have had them if they had been there, I paid ye same ; ye same weight still, say they is to be drawn by ye Grand Monarques horses, but alas not with ye same speed. By getting out early and getting in late we performd our journey, and for my part I never slept from ye time I left Hillstreet, yet I did not suffer much. I lost half a day at Calais by there not being horses for me and my Suite, which occasiond our lying in wretched Inns.

To Mrs. Vesey

Paris, *July 2d.*

I know you did not mean to quit me at Calais, so I will carry you with me to Paris, shew you all I saw, tell you all I heard, and communicate all I thought. The last Article will be the shortest, for one thinks but little when one is clattering on a stone causeway. In the first place, however, I insist on your sympathizing in every event, for without the accompaniment of Sympathy a long narrative of frivolous matters is the most tiresome thing in the world ; so if it be only for your own amusement, you must be angry that I was obliged to wait so long for my complement of horses at Calais, and to pass the night in a wretched Inn at Boulogne ; turn up your nose, pinch it very hard, go into a bad bed. dont shut your eyes all night, but rejoyce when the dawning blush of Aurora salutes them. Get early into your Chaise, look often behind you, to see, that your Coach with six horses does not proceed less than 3 miles an hour. You are to stop every six Miles (for the sake of expedition) to change horses; to Add to the Advantage of this continual change, the most awkward Animals of Postillions are to tye a thousand broken cords together, to tye their Horses to the Carriages, and these connexions, not being formed on more sound and firm principles than our party connexions, are very apt to break; the unconnected beast has no power over the great Machine, and things do not tend to their end and Object, but the Postillions keep cracking their Whips, and make as if you were going on at a prodigious rate. By the delay at Calais our journeys were derangé, and we were obliged to lye the second night at Abbeville. The next day you go with me to Amiens; we go upstairs, but by giddily opening a door on the right hand you get into a Hogstye: all our own fault, for the poor things gave strong indication they were there, before Miss Gregory open'd the door. We seldom grow wise by the Misfortunes of others; by as unlucky a deviation to the left, I got into the Poultry Room, alarm'd the tender caution of a Hen, incurred the resentment of a Turkeycock, and suffer'd the indignity of being hissed at by a goose. At last we arrived where we should have gone first, and there a Collation was served which disappointed our appetites, but as human nature has great resources, I made it an excuse to gratify a passion, and, in revenge of what I had suffer'd from the Hogs and Poultry, order'd a dish of Bacon and Eggs. Remembering that the Cathedral at Amiens was built by the English, I went to see it, and indeed it is one of the largest richest and noblest Cathedrals I ever saw. Our Ambassador who left Calais the day before me, had informed the people at the Inn at Breteuil, that a Dame Angloise and her suite would lodge with them, and all things were prepared very comfortably, but in order to have time next day to see Chantilly I travell'd by the light of the moon to Montreuil. If you do but nod while I stay there I protest you have no sympathy. No, No. instead of sleeping you are scratching your left arm, and driving away the Vermin as often as they have the insolence to encamp on your forehead. I thank you, dear friend for your Sensibility, and to reward it will now excite quite another Assortment of Sympathies. Get ready a little sublime Melancholly while we pass by a noble Castle [Creil] mouldering to decay; it was the residence of Charles the 6th during his insanity. Here for his Amusement Cards were invented; who would have thought they would have endured longer than the Castle? and continually irritated the idle rage they were meant to divert? I imagine this Castle was made of the same materials as Pandora's box! It was so far out of the road I could not visit the noble Edifice; its situation is very fine, it stands on a Hill, is finely shaded by Wood, and a river lyes winding at its foot. We shall soon arrive at Chantilly, which you will behold with reverence as it was built by the Connetable de Montmorency, and once inhabited by the great Condé! As you have certainly seen the place I will chiefly dwell on my Adventures there. After having wonder'd at the greatness, admired the Magnificence, and approved the elegance of the Apartments of State, I was carried into the Cabinet of natural curiosities. There I beheld a Philosopher at his studies, and therefore stepp'd back. He begged me to come in, I did not recollect his face, he could not see mine, for it was shaded by a great bonnet and a pair of Spectacles. He enquired my name, and then ran to me, accusing me of having design'd to deprive him of an Opportunity to express his grateful remembrance of the civilities I had shewn him in London; this Philosopher was no less than the celebrated Mr. de Bomar. He threw down his book, and insisted on shewing me what was still unseen, the garden called in the English taste, etc. Through Alleys, and round trellis work Bowers, he led me to see a sort of hameau Masqué, and it is really a good Mask, a water mill, the Miller's House; a Cottage and la Maison du Greffier, which, as it wears a rustick appearance does not lead to expect that within it contains the most splendid room for a Ball. Then you are carried to see L'isle d'amour, le Pavillon de Venus, and many pretty fancies. I mention these things as I believe they are new. . . . I found these little things were what the present owners valued themselves upon, and delighted in; so heartily wish'd them, *a merry merry vauxhall.* The Prince of Condé [author of the Life of Le Grand Condé] was hunting when we were there, when he return'd he chid Mr. de Bomar for not getting me refreshments, but letting me go to dine at a bad Inn. I was so tired with twisting and winding round the english Garden, that I desired to put off seeing the Stables till after dinner; they are truly Princely and I suppose the finest in the World. At the stables the Marquis de Valence came to me, and begg'd if I return'd to see the rest of Chantilly (for you may suppose of so vast a place I could in one morning see only a small part) he might have the pleasure of showing it. . . .

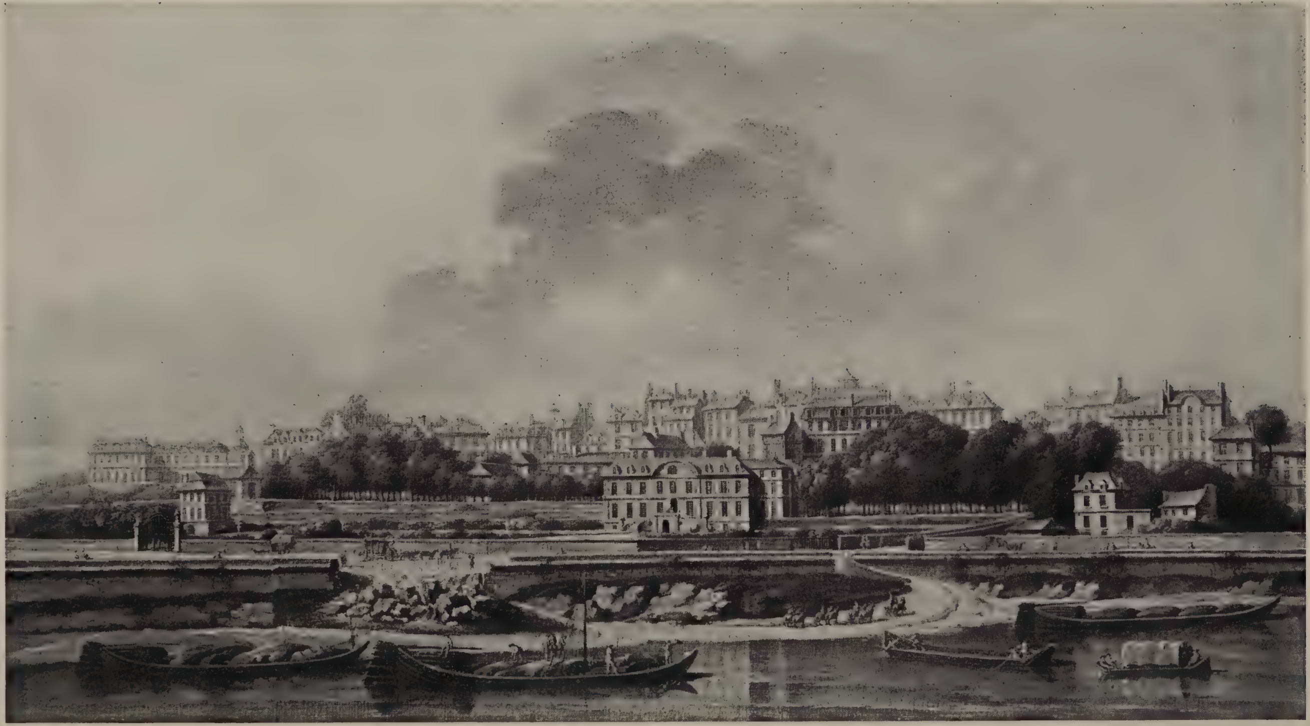
Jacques Christophe Valmont de Bomare (1731-1807) was a distinguished naturalist, and author of a *Minéralogie* and a *Dictionary of Natural History*.

To Mrs. Vesey

PARIS, *the 15th July*.

. . . I am quite ashamed of all the civilities and goodness I meet here. The Societies are very agreable. There is a Comtesse de Rochefort who is all the 3 Graces. I was told in England I resembled her ; alas ! no ! I am much more like Peg Wharton ; I think indeed the best can be said for me is that I am in a medium between them, not a golden but a leaden mean. I am glad you do not know her, you wd never like me again. She is not to be described, so I wont attempt it. Mr. and Madme Neckar have been very good, they are with justice highly esteemd here. Mr. Walpoles passion Mdme de DuFans [Deffand] has a great deal of Witt and is very agreable.

I am now quite a Parisian dame. I go to the Comedie, then to suppers, and do all things in the right parisian mode. I have seen a very pretty Comedie and the Zaire of Voltaire by celebrated actors. The Comedie pleased me extreamly, and if as my Friend Dr. Young says, *Wonder is involuntary praise*, why I praised the Tragedy. How shall I make you conceive it ? For a Heroine take a Vixen in Hystericks, for the Hero, the most angry Bull that has roared at a Bull baiting. Let them bellow and scream till they amaze you. . . . However all these tones are modulated by art, all the gestures regulated. When the despairing Heroine walks off the stage her hands are held as high above her head as she can stretch her arms. All this custom has renderd agreable, so what cannot custom do ? Mad^{me} Neckar and Mr. Neckar to whom I was engaged to supper came to my box and proposed to me to go in their Coach to their Country House that we might talk over the play as we went. I was discreet and did not express above a thousandth part of my sensations. There was a great deal of good company at supper, great elegance and order in everything; the Neckars are amiable and respectable as well as learned and



VIEW OF THE QUAY AND VILLAGE OF CHAILLOT

By Raguenet

ingenious. There was of the party a Mad^{me} de dufens [Deffand] much celebrated for her witt, she had desired to be introduced to me, was exceedingly obliging, and I was charmed with her, and the more as she is 4 score years of age, totally blind, and is as gay and lively as 18. She eat a very hearty supper, and I left her behind me at one in the morning. I am to sup with her on wensday.

Chaillot, where Mrs. Montagu took up her residence in July, was on the north bank of the Seine, just north of L'Île Macquerelle or des Cygnes, and a little west of the Champs Élysées and Tuileries. It consisted of a street of villas running north-east and parallel with the river, with gardens on either side. Across the Seine to the south was the Plain de Grenelle and its château, with Vaugirard beyond, whilst the Bois de Boulogne stretched westward and the Plain of St. Denis to the north. Paris has now absorbed and surrounded what was then a suburban village, where Therezia Cabarrus or Madame Tallien, Her Most Serene Highness of the Directory, had her "cottage," whence Barras was to instal her as Queen of the Luxembourg.

When in Paris recently I spent an hour in wandering about the older part of Passy near the Seine, which was once Chaillot, and which in its river-side position at the south-west corner of the capital must have corresponded more or less to Chelsea. The Rue de Chaillot is now part of the Avenue Quantin Bauchart, but I imagine Mrs. Montagu's house was somewhere adjoining the Rue Raynouard, which winds down the hillside parallel with the river, from the Trocadero Place towards Auteuil, and where there are still some eighteenth-century residences, though there is nothing in her letters which would enable one to identify the one she occupied.

To her Sister

CHAILLOT, *ye 24th July* 1776.

Did you ever expect to receive a letter from me from Chaillot. Did you ever expect that a letter of mine to you wd be carried to ye Post by mon concierge. I do not think, tho all this has ye air of a Novel, that I shall have any adventures more amusing than if I was at Kensington Gravel Pitts, or Cheney Row at Chelsea. Miss Gregory indeed who looks divinely in her pouffe and Baviere may have some adventure, but as to me, tho really I think my Carracolle and Coqueluchon become me, yet I do not flatter myself with the hope of any, not even when my Bouffante is finish'd, for which ye Woman who was to make it makes me wait a long time. Every hour is so employd that I can only write very short letters, but I can assure you I am prodigiously well: I believe few people wd have taken a Country House all unfurnish'd, sent to a Tapessier and have got it furnishd and be established in it in ye space of a week. The air has done me wonderful service, I have been rather more infested with bugs than at Paris, but as most of the English Ladies here tell me they are apt to bring lice home from publick places, I am happy I have not sufferd such an indignity. I have just sent back my bed which lookd like a state bed for a Prince, being canopied, and of silk crimson damask, but swarming with bugs. I spend my time very agreably, for really ye Society here is delightfull. There is such ease, politeness, and grace in ye manners of ye people of fashion as we see rarely with us. I have not time to send you a particular account of the Persons with whom, and ye places where I have been, for I have been in a continual hurley burley for many days.

I hope the articles of feminine adornment are correctly deciphered. Pouffe = headdress; baviere = beaver hat; caracal = lynx fur; coqueluchon = possibly a sort of boa tied with ribbon; bouffante = a bustle skirt.

On August 6, to Mrs. Carter she says:

We all went on Friday to Meudon, the palace is in a manner ruinous. La Marechalle de Mirepoix has lodgings in the new palace and she was walking in the garden. She found out I was there and very politely desired me to come and pass a day with her, as she walked some time I had an opportunity of observing a lady with her who was an object of my attention, being the Sister of the celebrated Madame du Barry. I dined on Saturday at Mad^{me} de Guerchy's, and on Sunday dined and spent the evening at Mad^{me} Neckars. Mon^{r} Buffon, Mon^{r} Thomas and le Chevalier de Chatelux were of the party. They were all very polite to me and to our Shakespeare. Voltaire has lately written a most outrageous letter of abuse upon le Comte de Catuelan and Mon^{r} le Tourneur on account of their translation of Shakespear. Voltaire says he first made the French accquainted with Shakespear by having extracted some pearls *de son immense fumier*. He sent a paper to the French Academy to the same effect but in more measured terms. I am to have a copy of each.

To her Sister

CHAILLOT, *Aug. ye 11th.*

I desire you to follow me on Sunday to Mad^{me} Neckers, dine there with Mons^{r} de Bouffons and many learned Academicians, and take a gentle walk with them in ye evening along ye banks of ye Seine, which is the most discreet of all rivers; somewhat of a sloven indeed but it glides very temperately along. On Tuesday you shall dine with us at Col Drumgolds, and hear him read some composition of his, made for ye Royal family in France when they were young. The delicacy with which he conveyd virtue and truth into things so tender as young minds, and royal minds, wd please you. That night you shall sup at la Marquise de Defants with Russian Princes, french Princesses, beaux esprits etc. On Wensday you shall dine at Mad^{me} de Guerchys, on thursday at le Duc de Nivernois, on friday at le Chateau de Meudon with Mad^{me} la Marechalle de Mirepoix. There a Comtesse de Cambysse shall sing some charming songs made by le Duc de Nivernois. After dinner la Marechalle shall carry you to see Belle Vue, a place made at immense expence by Mad^{me} Pompadour, and really very fine, but the Castle de Meudon has a still finer prospect. The D: and Duchesse de Nivernois and Mad^{me} Rochefort were of ye party at Mad^{me} de Guerchys; ye Duke and Mad^{me} de Rochefort at Mad^{me} de Mirepoix. As Belle Vue cannot be seen but by an order from les Mesdames to whom it now belongs I had attempted it in vain. Mad^{me} Mirepoix having heard me say so, politely carried me thither herself. Yesterday being Saturday we dined at le Marquis Caracioli's where we found the representatives of all the Kings and states in Europe, and Messieurs Buffon and Dalembert, and ye most pleasing of all ye beaux esprits, le Chevalier de Chatlieu, whose manners like his birth are truly noble. In the evening we went to Mad^{me} Geoffrin and so lost ye pleasure of seeing le Duc and Duchesse de Nivernois who came to Chaillot to make us a visit, as did also Mad^{me} du Boccage and a very agreable Man of l'Academie des Sciences. Tonight we were at Mad^{me} du Rochefort and Mad^{me} du Boccages. By your preference of suppers to dinners I find plainly you are my younger sister. I have not for many years loved to sup or be supped with. It is intolerable in London on account of ye lateness of ye hour; I do not find ye french less gay at dinner than at supper, the instant they have done eating they rise from table at each meal, and after supper there is a card table for those who chuse to play. On account of the conversation I like visiting here as much as I abhor it in London, but now the weather is not hot I wd go often to the Comedies if I cd find time. We have lately had many showers every day, but there is a vivacity in a french shower that it is less disagreable than ye dripping days in our climate.

The Marquise du Deffand—already in her eightieth year—was, of course, Madame de L'Espinasse's rival salonière and Horace Walpole's blind devoted friend and correspondent.

Jean Dromgold (1720-81) came to England in the suite of the Duc de Nivernais; formerly commandant of the École Militaire, he became erudite and eloquent, a student of belles-lettres. There are many letters from him to Mrs. Montagu in this collection.

Madame de Guerchy was the widow of the brave General Claude François, Comte de Guerchy, whom Mrs. Montagu had known when he was Ambassador in London and the Chevalier D'Éon's rival and would-be destroyer.

The Château of Meudon, long a Royal residence, was rebuilt by the Dauphin, and destroyed by a shell during the Prussian bombardment of 1871. The Pompadour Belle Vue commanded wonderful views across the Seine, now rather obstructed by intervening villas.

Comte de Buffon, the great naturalist, was then publishing his monumental volumes on birds and minerals, whilst D'Alembert was busy with the *Opuscules mathématiques* and his endless *Éloges*.

Mrs. Montagu's spelling of French names is anything but precise ; but de Chatlieu must be meant for the famous François Marquis de Chastellux who fought in the American War, and wrote the treatise, *De la félicité publique*.

Madame Geoffrin, then also nearly eighty years of age, and who died a year after this visit, ought to have been a particularly interesting acquaintance, as she might perhaps—not too good-naturedly—be described as Mrs. Montagu's "opposite number" in Paris. Both were social and literary celebrities, both were beneficent women, both were the friends of the encyclopedists, philosophers, and literati of their day. And if Mrs. Montagu was to be the victim of Cumberland's sneers, Marie Therese Geoffrin had survived the *Lettres persanes* and the ridicule of Montesquieu.

Marie Anne Le Page du Boccage, poetess and beauty—"forma Venus, arte Minerva"—survives only in her letters to Madame Duperron. She also corresponded with Mrs. Montagu after the Paris visit, and published *Lettres sur l'Angleterre*. She paid a visit to Voltaire at Ferney, where her homage was rewarded by ridicule.

To her Sister

The 11th.

I am to dine with Mad^{me} Duboccage and dinner is here at 2 o'clock. I have had a dozen people here this morning and a Coiffeur is now absolutely dressing me. You imagine the rouge mend me, and indeed, in a small degree, it does ;

but, as I am obliged to wear it, to comply with the fashion, I look as if I had a scarlet fever. I had a very pleasant party at dinner here on Monday. I am to have another tomorrow, and on friday la Marech^{lle} de Mirepoix and several french Ladies and Gentlemen are to sup with me. On Saturday Monsieur de Buffons and several of the Academy are to dine with me. I have got an excellent Cook. The Duke of Richmond sends me noble presents of game and here is all kinds of good fowl in the markets with fruit, and every good thing, and indeed plenty of gibier.

I propose to go and gape at Versailles on Sunday, and see the french King whom I have not yet seen. That you may not suppose we are overlooked by the Poets, I sent you a copy of verses made to our honour and glory by le Chev^{r} de la Coliniere. A young man here had made a very middling translation of my Essay ; happily it was not gone to the press, so I bought it of him rather than let him print it. [She had to pay him 25 louis d'or.] While Voltaire lives the writers of reputation dare not translate it, and I dont like to have it ill done. The fear of Voltaire here is comical, the Witts all tell you the most odious stories of him, but make Court to him.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, writing to Lady Rich from Paris in 1718, says :

A propos of countenances I must tell you something of the French ladies ; I have seen all the beauties, and such— (I can't help making use of the coarse word) nauseous creatures ! so fantastically absurd in their dress ! so monstrously unnatural in their paints ! their hair cut short and curled round their faces, and so loaded with powder that it makes it look like white wool ! and on their cheeks to their chins, unmercifully laid on, a shining red japan, that glistens in a most flaming manner so that they seem to have no resemblance to human faces. I am apt to believe that they took the first hint of their dress, from a fair sheep, newly ruddled ! Tis with pleasure I recollect my dear pretty country women.

And Smollett, writing in 1763, says :

As for the *fard* or *white* with which their necks and shoulders are plaistered, it may be in some measure excusable as their skins are naturally brown or sallow; but the *rouge*, which is daubed on their faces, from the chin up to the eyes, without the least art or dexterity, not only destroys all distinction of features, but renders the aspect really ſrightful or at best conveys nothing but ideas of disgust and aversion. You know that without this horrible masque no married lady is admitted at Court or in any polite assembly, and that it is a mark of distinction which no bourgeoise dare assume.

Mrs. Montagu was evidently imbued with the notion that she must not only be painted to the full rigour of the French fashion, but must support the tradition of her country (and possibly also the reputation of her personality) by living in considerable style in Paris.

" I have more books," she writes to her brother, " than I can read, and more clothes than I can wear, and more lace than I can want. It is surprizing what money I have spent out of a principle of economy ; because they are cheap I have bought more shoes than a millipede could wear in 7 years. By my caps you would think I had more heads than the Hydra. I have 3 footmen and a coachman in new liveries with gold shoulder knots on each shoulder, fine scarlet and gold dress for my postillion and six horses in my coach when I go any distance. I went yesterday to the great cathedral of Notre Dame to hear and see the Grande Messe on her assumption as it is called. The service was very sumptuous and the church finely adorned with pictures and tapestry, and as a festival suits much the genius of the people, it was celebrated in every form of joy and jolity through the town. In the evening I varied the amusement by going to see the Processions pass through the streets ; as Notre Dame is the tutelar Saint of Paris several magistrates and civil as well as religious orders walk in the Processions, and the bells, the music and chanting make it altogether well worth ones attention. But the place from whence we were to see it was also extraordinary, it was from a window of the Hospital of Les Enfans trouvé. An Abbé was to conduct thither Lord and Lady Hillsborough and their family and mine. They possess now the very apartment à L'Hotel du Parlement d'Angleterre which I had. I called on them there. Lady Hillsborough and our conductor got into my coach and we were surprised to find ourselves carried into a very long room perfectly sweet and clean (no common thing at Paris) in the middle of which were arranged two rows of a sort of white baskets covered with linen. Women in a religious habit on a sudden snatched off the whole linen which covered the baskets, and behold in each lay a little infant, none above 7 or 8 days old ; if some had not cried I should have taken them for dolls. After keeping them at most 8 days they are sent to be nursed in the country. I suppose there were near 200 infants in their little beds. The parents may reclaim them when they please. I believe this custom prevents some murders and other evils, but the number of children sent thither increases so much every year that I fear in time few of the poor will educate their infants, which will be a great evil. The domestic ties and charities will be dissolved and lost, and I believe few would make good citizens or good men. The house where the children are received is admirably conducted, but God knows how the poor babes are treated at the Peasants habitations and places to which they are sent. The numbers received last year were 6505. . . . We are going tonight to sup at la Marquise du Deffand's, tomorrow we go to Marli[1] to see the waters play. The Queen gave an order that they should play one day for Lady Lucan."

Mrs. Montagu, bristling with British freedom, found the goddess Tyranny a bad farmer in France and a bad architect in Paris. Unkempt fields on her journey from Calais were succeeded by " streets narrow dark and dirty, and Luxury even as she is, a tawdry slut and a great sloven. My apartment was large and lofty, well-gilt, abounding in fine looking glasses, velvet chairs and damask beds ; but the smells, but the vermin. . . ." However,

their tables are very well served, but what is of much more importance in the entertainment, their manners are easy and polite ; knowledge with parts render their conversation very delightful. The women in grace of person and of manner excell us ; they possess in the highest degree whatever can attract admiration ; the men have the most agreeable way of signifying that admiration, the style and manner of conversation is extremely agreeable. I am often in society with the most celebrated beaux esprits, and they really are very captivating. I have not spent a dull or insipid hour in company since I came to Paris. I have met with great civilities, and must say their attention to strangers is very amiable, and has a generosity and nobleness in it which I love and reverence.

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[1] Le Château de Marly, built by Mansard for Louis XIV., was destroyed at the Revolution.

Paris was demoralising our Mrs. Montagu rather rapidly; but we shall see later on that in the cool seclusion of Sandleford these eulogies were qualified considerably.

Mrs. Montagu had doubtless read Smollett's *Travels through France and Italy* published ten years previously, and it is interesting to compare her good-humoured appreciation of French social converse with the disgruntled tirade of poor Tobias upon the natural capacity of the Frenchman, written from Paris to Mrs. M—— :

October 1763.

He becomes a compleat connoisseur in dressing hair and in adorning his own person under the hands and instructions of his barber and valet de chambre. If he learns to play upon the flute or fiddle, he is altogether irresistible. But he piques himself upon being polished above the natives of any other country by his conversation with the fair sex. . . . He learns like a parrot, by rote the whole circle of French compliments, which you know are a set of phrases, ridiculous even to a proverb; and these he throws out indiscriminately, to all women, without distinction, in the exercise of that kind of address which is here distinguished by the name of gallantry: it is no more than his making love to every woman who will give him the hearing. It is an exercise, by the repetition of which he becomes very pert, very familiar and very impertinent. Modesty, or diffidence, I have already said, is utterly unknown among them.

Writing to Mrs. Vesey on August 28, Mrs. Montagu says:

I would not miss this opportunity to send you a letter Voltaire wrote in his wrath against M. le Tourneur for having translated some of Shakespeares plays. As the French are always polite, when the letter was produced to me they made many excuses for Voltaire having called our Bards works "un enorme fumier." I said "ce malheureux fumier avoit engraissé une terre ingrate," with which reply they were much pleased, as they know Voltaire has got many of his fine things from Shakespear.

To her sister she writes, under date September 7 :

My vagrant scheme has more than answered my expectation as to pleasure ; and for health, except a few days last week that I was a little feverish, it has been very well. Tho health is always a matter of great importance, it is still more so to an English person in France. Miss Gregory in her room, and your humble servant in hers, have no way to escape the bugs but by lying on the ground without bedstead or curtains ; the bed of sickness must be more delicately made ; then the total want of female servants would be grievous on such occasions, and no female can be got who is of the decent and cleanly sort of our under-servants. I have a family composed of English, french, German, Italian and flemish persons ; all this does very well in the holyday of health but it is unlike my orderly domestick system in England, which like a good clock seldom wants to be new regulated. My house is most delightfully situated, having a view of the finest publick buildings in Paris, just at the distance one would place them to form a picture ; the Seine, which is of the colour and consistence of green pease soup at Paris, is of a better colour here, and takes up no more no less of the Landscape than the eye is willing to afford it. . . . Miss Gregory and I are not yet cured at our astonishment at the nastiness, the stinks, and the narrowness of the street, the wretched appearance of the common people, the miserable air of the shops, and the mesquinerie of the Theatres. At the Playhouses some dirty Women [lead] you through dark horrid passages to your box. The stage is small but well enough lighted, the actors and actresses do well enough in comedy except in parts of passion, and then they are terrible. What pleasure people can find at Paris who are not received into french company I cannot imagine. . . . The gentleman who has the charge of all the King's pictures made me a visit the other day to say he would at any time be ready to attend me to shew them ; he is an Academician, he made many apologies for the piece which had been read against Shakespear from M. de Voltaire, and said he thought it unworthy of the Academy as well as unjust to Shakespeare. Indeed it was I believe much against the will of most of the Academicians, who many of them shrugged up their shoulders and gave strong signs of disapprobation ; but they are all afraid of Voltaire, and he is enraged that the french will now know whence he has taken many of his brilliant thoughts. His fear of being discovered in his larcenies went so far that when one La Place had translated Shakespeare he prevailed with the Minister not to let him have an imprimatur, so the poor mans trouble was thrown away. . . . Here is no conjugal faith, paternal care, filial affection, brotherly love, except among a few, nor is there any domestick order. Servants in general have little regard for the family they live in, they are at board wages, eat at public houses and are gaming all day. Every anti-chamber is a gaming hole, for indeed the anti-chambers, except in great houses, are the dirtiest and most miserable looking places imaginable. Our footmen are allowed to carry our trains as we go upstairs ; footmen make the stairs in a horrid pickle and with the general sluttishness here a staircase is very disgusting often in smell, often in appearance. I used to dread going up and downstairs at the Hotel, in the Luxembourg Palace it is as bad. The agreeableness of conversation in the Society here makes part of the day pass very [well] but in sickness and bad weather an English person would suffer much.

To Mr. Burrows she concludes an eight-page letter describing all sorts of Paris doings :

I am much pleased with the conversation one finds here ; it is equally free from pedantry and ignorance. All the hours I have passed in mixed company I have spent agreably. The men of letters are well bred and easy, and by their vivacity and politeness shew they have been used to converse much with women. The Ladies by being well informed and full of those graces we neglect when with each other shew they have been used to converse with men. As to the common people they seem infinitely inferior to ours.

To Mrs. Vesey

Sep^{r}. 7th.

I believe that I told you, in my last letter I had been at l'Academy francoise on St. Louis day. Descourses are read by the Academicians relative to the subject on which the Poets are to deliver their verses to be judged by the Academy, who bestows the prize on him whose work is most approved. . . .

The Academicians were seated round a table, behind them rows upon rows, sat, or stood, the Audience, or more properly speaking the Spectators, for in what Country are there not more who go to see publick Orations than to hear them ? Le Chevalier de Chastellux (whose name I have before mentioned to you, but, guided by my ear, mispelt) open'd the Session in a very ingenious and elegant manner. Two Rival Bards presented their translations of the parting of Hector and Andromache at the Scæan Gate, when little Astyanax was affrighted at the plumes on his Fathers Helmet. . . . What Modern Miss would not have seiz'd the plumed Helmet and boldly put it on. Of what are our boys afraid or Girls Ashamed? Oh ! it is wise in Parents to give little Misses and little Masters Audacity. But to proceed to the translations that were read ; One of them was by the Audience thought greatly superior to the other, but in both Hector was much polish'd by his Travels in France ; He did not send his Dame home to mind her Household business, and mend little Stys bibs ; As to Mad^{me} Andromache, she was most loquaciously dolente, like the Widow in our Grief a la mode. Then for Monsieur son fils, he was nothing like the ignorant, raw, blubbering boy in Homer. It was vastly pretty to have him so unnaturally natural, so very simple without simplicity, and reason about the Helmet because he could not reason. If a man was to study to be naive for an hundred years he could not hit it better, and so the Audience clapped exceedingly, and divided the prize between the two Poets. Had Homer himself been there he would not certainly have got one Sprig of Lawrel. Old Shakespear and he must be content with the immortal Garlands with which great Nature crowns them. . . . After the Poets had received the prize, l'Abbé Arnauld [François Abbé de Grandchamp, litterateur and musician] made a discourse on the Utility of Studying and imitating the Classiks, and said much in praise of original genius, but gave an oblique hint, that genius never bloom'd north of the most northern part of France, and that men of genius must not study certain barbarians ; but this was done so gently, and obliquely that one was not obliged to understand it ; and I would not seem to do so.

Then rose Mon^{r} D'Alembert to read a most blackguard abusive invective of Mon^{r} de Voltaires against Shakespear, the translation of whose works he apprehended would spoil the taste of the french Nation. He attributed to Shakespear many things he never said, he gather'd together many things the rudeness of the Age allow'd him to say, and with a few mauvaises plaisanteries season'd the discourse; with as much mauvaise Joy he gave an Account of the Tragedy of Gorbuc, and represented it as the taste of the Nation in Drama, tho' not ten people have for these hundred years read Gorboduc. This trash of Monsieur Voltaires answer'd the great purpose of his life, to raise a momentary laugh at things that are good, and a transient scorn of men much superior to himself; but I must do that justice to the Academy and Audience, they seem'd in general displeased at the paper read. I was ask'd by an Academician if I would answer this piece of Voltaires, and [he] did not doubt but I could do it very well. I said Mr. L'abbe Arnauld had done much better than I could, in the praises he had given to original genius, and the benefits arising from the study of them; that I remembered 60 years ago in the same Academy Old Homer had met with the same treatment with Shakespear; that they now did justice to Homer, I did not doubt but they would do so to Shakespear; for that great Genius's Survived those who set up to be their Criticks or more absurdly to be their Rivals. Many of the Academicians have declared their dislike of what was done; that it was not only unjust to Shakespear but unworthy of the Academy. Mr. D'Alembert then pronounced an éloge of Destouches whose Comedies are reckon'd next to Molieres. There was a great deal of spirit and ingenuity in the éloge, and some Anecdotes of Destouches that were interesting. Indeed everything but the paper of Voltaire was very ingenious, and such as did honour to the Speaker and the Assembly. The custom of Clapping every bon mot that falls from the Speaker, the Pleader, or the Preacher, will entirely ruin their eloquence. I was surprized to hear the Pleaders clapp'd in a Civil Cause, I was sorry to hear the Speakers clapp'd in a learned Assembly, but I was shock'd to hear the Preacher clapp'd in the Chapel of St. Louis. The good man divided his discourse into parts, as soon as he had finished the first part the Congregation clapp'd more than we do at the Play House. At the conclusion they dismissed the Preacher with what is thought here the greatest of all blessings, a thunder of Applause. I must tell you at the same time, for I should hate to misrepresent any people, especially a people from whom I have received great civilities, and for whom I have due admiration, I was assured that the Sermon on St. Louis was clapp'd as being a Political affair. However the place was consecrated, le Bon Dieu was on the Altar, and Mass was afterwards performd.

In one of the Churches the other day the Te Deum being well perform'd was exceedingly clapp'd as I was assured. . . .

I expect Lord and Lady Hillsborough and Lord Eglintoune to dinner and also the celebrated Diderot. I dined last week at Mons^{r} de Buffons and he has promised to dine with me next week with some other of the Academy, and also Comtesse de Marchais, etc., all very agreable people. I supp'd with her last night, to night shall sup at Mad^{me} Neckars. Monsieur de Buffons is very communicative and agreable and I have taken a great liking to Mons^{r} Thomas who has wrote very well on a delicate subject, Woman, but you may know him better by his éloges on many celebrated men.

It is tantalising to read the bare record of meetings with so many interesting people—Buffon, du Deffand, D'Alembert, and Diderot—whom Saintsbury has placed amongst the most fertile thinkers and felicitous writers of France—and to hear no more than their names. That Mrs. Montagu's knowledge of French was by no means superficial is proved by her criticisms of Voltaire's translations of Julius Cæsar ; but she found difficulty in fluent converse, and Madame du Deffand wrote to Horace Walpole (who, by the way, suffered in the same way in Paris) that her not always successful efforts to express herself made conversation "pénible." Nevertheless the letters record more than one bright sally which must have pleased her hosts. When one of the Academicians, after the reading of Voltaire's violent invective, expressed his concern that what she had just heard might have distressed her, "Moi, Monsieur !" she replied, "point du tout. Je ne suis pas amie de Monsieur Voltaire."

To her Brother, Morris Robinson

Sept. 16th.

Mr. Buffon, a very celebrated author here, dined with me with many persons of fashion yesterday, and I had Montagu at our dinner, and they assured me his pronounciation was very good, which is a point I wishd to gain, as to fluent expression and elegant phrase, they will be gaind at any time, but in early youth the true pronounciation must be acquired. I was at Versailles to day to see the King and Queen dine, because all strangers go to Versailles to see the King and [Queen] dine. Unluckily the Queen having been ill their Majesties dined in private. However I saw the K: and was at the Queens Mass, and got a sight of all the royal family. I breakfasted with the Abbé Pedrini at Versailles. . . . From Versailles we went to Trianon : at six o'clock I got back to Chaillot, and brought home our Cicisbeo's Ld Eglinton and a french Gentleman to dinner. On friday the Dss of Mirepoix, some french Ladies and the Duke of Richmond etc suppd with me. I am to dine tomorrow at our Ambassadors, and the next day a large party is to dine with me. On Wensday I am to sup at the Marquise de Deffants, a Lady much celebrated for her witt and vivacity, and who has always a polite and agreable Society about her. I have not yet had time to see half the Pictures and other things that are to be seen here, but shall endeavour to visit them before I leave Paris. My great object has been to get well acquainted with the french character, and my great amusement the french Society. I shall be glad I have been at Paris even when I have left it. I find a greater difference from us in their sentiments, their tastes, their modes of life, than I had imagined. The only object (except of a very few of the very great) is pleasure, they have not found out that perpetual diversion without a certain mixture of business, and duties, and intervals of retirement, tires. The Ladies pass from the toilette to the spectacles, and from thence to parties at supper. They cultivate with great care all the little graces, and as it is every Womans ambition to be amiable, there is a good [deal] of jealousy of each others charms. The Men endeavour to be agreable, and each Sex succeeds very well. But the first object should be to gain esteem. An English character is indeed often a beauty disgraced to a certain degree by being a sloven in manners, a french one is frequently ugliness well drest and adornd. I am far from thinking the french Women lead happier lives than we do. Domestick tendernesses, and even domestick cares, are suitable to our Natures. The change we make in our amusements and mode of life by spending the summer in the Country is I think much in our favour. You are a very indulgent Confessor in finding such good arguments in favour of my dissipation of my money, but indeed the notice that has been taken of me here made it proper for me to live in a different style from those English who only go to see the plays and operas ; I have passd my time very agreably, and my health is improved, tho I undergo a great deal of fatigue, having scarcely half an hour free from visits or notes.

To Mrs. Carter Mrs. Montagu writes from Chaillot:

Ye *26th* S^{bre}.

I will leave to my Godsons pen the account of all the magnificient and Courtly objects, and will only tell you, what I saw with most surprize, even a translation of ye first part of Shakespears Henry ye 4th written by the royal hand of Mad^{me} Adelaide. She certainly understands English perfectly well. The mirth of Falstaffe, ye wrath of Hotspur, and ye grave admonitions of Henry, were all happily translated. I wish ye translation was printed because it wd vex Voltaire. I was ye other night at ye Theatre to see his Mahomet acted by ye famous actor le Kain. I am so fatigued with the business of ye day that I have not vivacity enough to describe ye monstrosity of ye entertainment. Voltaire has written a prodigious panegyrick, on himself, which he calls his life and anecdotes, and pretends it is written by some of his Friends, but all people perceive it is done by his own hand, and laugh at him prodigiously.

Henri Louis Lekain, whose rôle in *Le Mauvais Riche* was the beginning of his long friendship with Voltaire, has often, though not very intelligently, been spoken of as the French Garrick. His *Memoirs*, including many letters from Garrick and Voltaire, were published by his son.

From J. Burrows at Hadley, September 25, to whom she had sent a lengthy account of the Academic meeting, she received a long letter of congratulation:

In the meantime, as I am an Englishman, I am glad you are an Englishwoman, not only for the great advantage of your *living* among us, but because you do not travel to us, and give an Account of us to your Friend at Paris.—But how astonishing the good fortune, for you, in your own proper person to be present at such a Dotage, from such a Man, on such a Subject! there wanted nothing to compleat the scene, but that with our own glorious Elizabeth, on a similar occasion, you had on the Spot, in his own French, before his own

Academy, repelled the futile stroke: Legatum expectavi, Heraldum accepi; you know the story; I am sure at the end of it you might have taken up her Majesty's words, Ods Fish, my Lords, the Ambassador has made me rub up my old Latin, but I think my Polish Brother will send me no more such messages.

On the last day of September Mrs. Montagu and Miss Gregory went with Lady Margaret Macdonald to St. Germains, but in such wet weather that they could not walk about.

The castle is old without being venerable, and large without being great. I could not help thinking of our silly James and his air fed courtiers who lived on hopes never realised. . . . Lord and Lady Lucan and Lord Eglinton dined with me today; they tell me there was yesterday a report in Paris that we had had a terrible defeat in America. The Emperor [Joseph of Germany] is expected here next summer; it is supposed he comes to look at Madame Elizabeth [sister of Louis XVI.; guillotined 1794]. She is very pretty and genteel, and I hear very sensible and amiable. . . . The Marquis de Noailles and his lady did me the honour to make me a visit yesterday. I think they will be much liked in England.

The charming little Madame Elizabeth was then only twelve; but it was not an Imperial crown that was in store for her, in the terrible years that loomed ahead. Hers is but one among the brave pathetic figures that flit through the dark pages of the Revolution, where we see her now and again, holding the little Dauphin's hand, evoking protection for her royal brother, offering her breast to the assassins in search of the queen; then, at last, hurried out to Samson's knife, condemned under the hideous libel of depraver of public morals.

The defeat in America must have been the Parisian version of Lord Howe's victory at Long Island on August 27.

Mrs. Montagu and her retinue returned to England on October 15, thus concluding an exhausting but greatly enjoyed visit; and after a night or two at Hill

Street she went down to rest and recuperate at Sandleford.

To Mrs. Vesey

HILLSTREET, *Sunday, October 18th.*

Arriving last night, I propose to quit Hillstreet on Tuesday morning and go and meditate in the quiet of Sandleford on the bustle I have lived in for some months. I shall take a sober walk in my Groves while the leaves are dropping round me, and when November blasts whistle through the bare branches I will return to town, brush up my social virtues, and be earliest or latest in your circle. Mrs. Carter was to tell you how well we pass'd the sea in our packet boat, I staid a night at Canterbury and yesterday just after the Sun set up his horses and the Highwaymen mounted theirs, I arrived with all my young folks and my train in perfect health without any disaster, which I think a great blessing. I cannot tell you any news but that the Porpusses had a fine regatta the day I crossd the sea. Never did the ocean appear more charming, *on the level brine sleek Panope with all her sisters playd.* The sunbeams trembled on the waves, and in less than 6 hours we arrived as near Dover as the ship could approach at low water, we were then obliged to get into a little boat ; it was dusk, and the Boatmen brought us where the sluice poured in upon us. I believe we were in danger, but certainly we were in fear of our lives. Gentle Greg, no match for wind and waves, fell into a fit ; indeed our condition was unpleasant. The Sailors said had a whole hogshead of the water roll'd in upon us we should not have sunk. We had more than a Kilderkin, and I think that was coming too near the mark ; dire was the tossing, deep the roaring of the sea, so my dear friend, never approach the running of a sluice if you can help it. We left Ld and Lady Lucan etc at Paris, but they were soon to go to Fontainebleau. The Queen of France has taken much notice of Lady Lucan on account of her painting miniatures, and Miss Molesworth is much admired for her beauty, and what is perhaps more rare in France, her great modesty.

So end our selections from the chronicle of Mrs. Montagu's visit to France. Though " she did not design after being a fortnight in Paris to send an account of the manners and Government of the

Country," she certainly contrived, in the thick of the hurly-burly of her days and nights there, to post home to friends in England a good many hastily formed judgements of men and things ; and we are able to see pretty clearly what she thought of Paris and its life. But amongst the many celebrated and interesting people with whom she came in contact, some must surely have put on record what they thought of Mrs. Montagu. We have not, confessedly, found time to search for any such references, and should much like to be put in touch with some, if any have survived. Monsieur de Bomare, for instance, who did not at first recognise the intruder whose face was " shaded by a great bonnet and a pair of spectacles," but who proved so charming a cicerone at Chantilly ? Or the Duc de Nivernais, who so courteously entertained the great English lady who wore her bouffante with an air, and was rouged to a scarlet fever ? Or the clever Madame Necker, who was once engaged to the great Gibbon, and whom Mrs. Montagu spared her real feelings about Voltaire's *Zaïre* ? Or even, perchance, the wicked old Squire of Ferney himself, who added jibes for the Academy to his larcenies on Shakespeare. Our little story must therefore be one-sided and incomplete. It is clear that Mrs. Montagu had a great time in Paris, and it is conceivable that Paris had a great time with Mrs. Montagu.

A year after her return to England her *Essay on Shakespeare* was published in French and in Paris, and very politely criticised, except by Frederick Grimm. Voltaire himself, when in Paris for the last time in 1778, just before his death, addressed to the Academy a second Letter, in which he referred to the enthusiasm of " Mrs. Montagu, an estimable citizen of London," who " has been inspired with a pardonable zeal for the fame of her country," but begged " her and the English to mind their own dissensions and cease finding fault with the great men of France." But the Essay had done its work. The estimable citizen had, as Monsieur Huchon himself concludes, given a courageous and effective answer to Voltaire's impertinent remarks, and materially impaired his authority as a critic of English literature.

It was not long before a complete French translation of Shakespeare's plays enabled Europe to form its own judgement. Italy, too, sent its tribute when in 1779 the historian poet Lorenzo Pignotti addressed to Mrs. Montagu from Florence some graceful and grateful verses, a copy of the Essay having been given him by Lady Elizabeth Compton.

It would of course be outside the domain of these pages to embark on any discussion of the merits of the Shakespeare Essay or the Voltaire attack, which have been most interestingly and ably analysed at length in the second chapter of M. Huchon's admirable little volume. Though its value has been depreciated by modern critics such as Mr. Saintsbury and Mr. Lounsbury, the impartial student who cares to read it to-day will probably agree with M. Huchon in declaring it, of its time, a courageous—even audacious—piece of pioneer work marked by much sound good sense, clear in conception and plan, logical in its reply to Voltaire, and a well-reasoned apology of our English dramatist.

Monsieur Letourneur, the translator of Shakespeare so violently attacked in Voltaire's letter, writes to Mrs. Montagu, after her return, that he had hoped to accompany Le Comte de Catuelan in paying her a visit during her stay in Paris, and adds :

> Vous avez dû retrouver dans les questions encyclopediques que je vous ai fait les lambeaux donc M. de Voltaire à fabriqué sa dissertation ; j'ai vû Lord Kilmer qui moi a rendu compte, et qui n'y a rien trouvé de neuf ; toutes ses petits attaques rendront service a Shakespeare et ne feront que contribuer a le faire lire et connoitre.

To Leonard Smelt

SANDLEFORD, *Oct. ye 28th.*

From a gay Parisian Dame visiting the Beau Monde, and conversing with the Beau Esprits of the Academies, I am at once metamorphosed into a plain Country Farmeress. I have the same love for my pigs, pride in my pottatoes, solicitude for my Poultry, care of my wheat, attention to my barley, and application to the regulation of the dairy as formerly. My fable is that of Dame Baucis inverted. I believe my friends at Paris would be amazed and scandalized at the joy I feel in this way of life, for they have not any taste of rural pleasures. A French Lady told me, she thought the english Women not so happy as the french ; I smiled, and said I was not sure of that. She gave it as one reason, that they were obliged to spend part of the year in the Country. I combated her opinion, but found it was impossible to make her comprehend the pleasures of a morning or evening walk, the delight of animating the industry, or relieving the little wants of a district ; or the dignity of that independance which we all feel in retirement. The business of the toilette, the amusement of les spectacles, and the pleasures of conversation engross their whole attention ; in the first, and the latter of these they shew skill and taste ; as to their Spectacles I cannot commend them. Their Theatres, except the Opera, are mean, dirty, and dark. Their bombast Tragedies are so extravagantly acted, it is hardly possible not to laugh, but Punch is as like to a grave Magistrate as their Actors to a real Hero. Moliere is out of fashion, they have pretty comick pieces which are tolerably acted. The Dancers and scenery at the Opera are fine, but the musick bad, and the singers scream most insufferably. As the french Ladies dine at ½ after two they have a long afternoon, and the spectacles are necessary to amuse the hours between dinner and supper. To me the most interesting object was the french themselves, and their conversation much the most agreable thing I found at Paris, so that I went seldom to the Plays.

I am glad that your sentiments so perfectly confirm mine upon Voltaires letter. Your observation on his translating for the use of the Queen and Mesdames of France what should not have been translated at all is very just. Voltaire views Shakespear at the summit of Parnassus with the same malice with which Satan beheld Adam in the midst of Paradise ; I dare say Mons^{r} Satan was very witty on our general Parents unsophisticated state and unadorned condition, but oh Messieurs Satan and Voltaire ! know that in a state of innocence and simplicity, nakedness is not a sign of impudence, nor either the Child or the Parent of wantoness. It is the evil of our disposition that renders the guard of caution necessary.

To the Duchess of Portland

Mr. Wraxall has collected many curious anecdotes from Brantome, but the life of Francois by Gaillard, and the Memoirs of Montmorenci, and other french Historians which your Grace has read, have certainly given you almost all of them. I have always been deterred from reading Brantome by his indecency ; one is ashamed to send to ones bookseller for such a work. The present age is very fond of private anecdotes, and indeed they are interesting, and amusing, and very useful, as notes, to explain the great text of History. They shew the manners and sentiments of the times, and sometimes the causes, sometimes the consequences and effects of great Events. It requires much knowledge, great talents, infinite research to be a good Historian ; all these things, on a much smaller scale, will serve to form a writer of Memoirs. The Muse of History is a mighty Dame, and I wd have the Writer of Anecdotes attend on her as a Page, and carry her hat and her gloves ; if the hat is worn helmet fashion, and the gloves are Iron gauntlets, it lets us into the disposition of the Prince and the Times ; if the hat is soft beaver, ornamented with a white feather and the gloves are fringed with silk or silver, we guess the fiddle summoned to the Ball oftener than the Trumpet calld to Battle, so I would ever encourage the dapper Author of Memoirs ; had he no merit but his brevity it would recommend him to me, idle as I am.

Her editor charitably refrains from comment on this last line.

To Mrs. Vesey

Sandleford, *Oct* : 27*th.*

I have enclosed a copy of verses which Madame du Boccage sent me with a kind letter since I came to England. I had given my cameo to be set for her, and it was not finished till the day I came away, when I ordered it to be delivered to her. Do you know that you may buy Mrs. Barboult's head and mine for sixpence if you send for the Westminster Magazine of last June. Surely our heads cannot be dear at that price? I ask Mrs. Barboult's head's pardon for valuing them in the lump. You will also find our characters with our heads; the writer has done her justice and shewn favour to your humble servant.

Lines by Madame du Boccage

Montagu dont j'eus l'avantage,
De connoître ici L'esprit Sage,
Et dans toi, le plus rare objet
que vante le Breton rivage,
je te perds et dans mon regret,
Il me reste la seule image,
ce bien, rend mon cœur indiscret;
Ah, dis-je dans mon vain projet
que nai-je l'adresse en partage
de voler dans ton cabinet
ou de te rejoindre à la nage!
ce n'est point assez d'un portrait.

Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitiâ.

à Paris ce 17th 8bre 1776.

To Mrs. Carter

Our great and good Mrs. Howe dined with me yesterday; she was very happy in the rumours of her Brother having driven the Provincials from King's bridge; it is said they are ordered to Connecticut but particulars are not known, L^d Howe's dispatches not being yet arrived. All people seem to agree that the Howes have acted with great wisdom and the Provincials shine with great cowardice. There is also a report not confirmed but much credited that the Provincials abandoned their Cannon; in short it is supposed that unless France makes a great effort in their favour, which Dr. Franklyn is now at Paris soliciting, these independant States must return to their duty. I wish the people here who halload the Days of War were at Connecticut enjoying the honour, profit, and benefit of their Councils.

The least L^d Chatham can do is to make their funeral Oration. L^d Camden must bring an action of trespass against the King's Troops, Lord Shelburne should give some of them some of his bogs in Ireland to compensate for the loss of their Morasses and Terres encore en poche. My brother sh^{d} publish a new prophecy in their favour, and Dr. Price revise his pamphlets, and most particularly, in his Errata, mark, instead of the army deserting to the Provincials, read Provincials deserting to the army. I hear Howe has sent for 8,000 suits of cloathes to cloathe those who had deserted war.

Admiral Lord Howe assisted his brother and the army under his command in the capture of New York in September 1776. Mahan characterised the admiral as "steady as a rock; like a rock also he only gave off sparks under blows that would have broken weaker men." But Mrs. Montagu's funeral oration was a little premature. Instead of "returning to their duty," these wicked provincials had passed in Congress a certain Declaration framed by a Virginian, Thomas Jefferson by name, and "*Resolved:* that these united colonies are and ought to be free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown; and that all political connexion between them and the state of Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved. *Adopted*, July 4th."

To Mrs. Carter

Oct. 10.

My news papers are filled with the victories and the triumphs of the Howes, yours with their losses and defeats, but I believe both are equally false, for they are gone to Virginia where no action is likely to happen immediately. I am assured that the Americans in battle take aim at our officers which makes the service very dangerous. I cannot imagine why the wounded American was not allowd to speak to his Friend; every unnecessary severity disgraces the noble english character. I shd be glad if Mr. Silas Deane were taken, but the odiousness of his guilt will make him cautious not to approach our shore.

Silas Deane was the Congressional Agent sent over to Paris to secure young Frenchmen of distinguished family as officers for the American army.

From James Hutton, the geologist and author of the *Theory of the Earth*:

Nov. 16.

It is impossible for me to resist your Arguments concerning Symbols. You have retain'd me on their side, so that except I was a mere Double-fee I can not plead. . . .

Their Majesties I dare say are pleased to hear that ABp of York is better, the K. told me a fortnight ago—one of your old School fellows is dead—pray who, Sir? the ABp of York, I just now heard it. Sir, He was a very clever man—Yes, He was. the K. imputes most of the Illnesses among mankind, to too much eating, to want of Diet, because he finds Diet in his own case so excellent a Preservative, and with an uncommon Resolution, he has reduced his own weight 31£ and finds himself lightsome or *leste*. He has a force able to resist fat. they both went last night to the christening of Lord Derby's Daughter. the Q. being full dress'd with her large Hoop, did not come upstairs into her Room but staid below with the K. or I probably should have seen them, but I sent them your charming account of the ABp's almost recovery: She read it aloud to the K. (your Lr to me) and she sent me back those pieces of Voltaire—his Lr to the Academy about Shakespeare and his Memoires, desiring my leave however if I pleas'd to let Mr. Harris see Volt^s^ Lr to the Academy. I took it out of the Bundle therefore, and told Mrs. Hagedorne by all means, and the Memoires too if she pleas'd, I suppose I did according to your mind, if not you will excuse me.

Mrs. Haggerdorn was the keeper of the Robes whom Miss Frances Burney succeeded, and whom Prince William (afterwards William IV.) used to call Mrs. Hogentot.

Lord Shelburne, being at the moment in opposition and retirement and not content, it seems, to plough his lonely furrow, had been dabbling in philanthropic ventures, and had apparently recommended a French lady to Mrs. Montagu's generosity, whom the latter discovered to be something of a charlatan. He writes penitently from Bowood Park, December 21:

From Lord Shelburne

You say you are accustomed to the *Species*. The Truth is I am not. . . . It occurrs to me, that there's a French Bookseller next door to St. James's Coffee House, who knows her, and if you would condescend to send him your commands He might talk to her in both our Names and that he should at the same time advance her Five or Ten Guineas from me, with some phrases equally decided and civil, It might put an end to the whole affair ; How she will return your goodness I can't foresee ; The only means left me is to promise never to lead you into such another Scrape.

I have been examining myself how I got lately into this Vein of active Charity, and can find no other cause, except the having kept a good deal of Company with Lord and Lady Dartrey lately—I recommended indeed to them another Subject, and I expect to hear every post I have been equaly deceiv'd in regard to Him.

Since I had the Honour to see you, I have been passing my Time here in the utmost Retirement, Reading, ploughing the Ground, and Educating my Children—Habit not only reconciles me to these Resources, but makes them delightfull. I beg however to assure you among the few things, which I have left, and to which I have any wish to return is the Honour of your Friendship. I know its value, and you may be assur'd no one is with truer Respect and Attachment, Madam, Yr Oblig'd and Faithfull Sert. SHELBURNE.

From the Second Lord Hardwicke

ST. JAMES'S SQRE., *Decr. the 20th.*

We were talking last night of Ld Chesterfield's Characters ; Allow Me to send You a List of Them ; I have set a Mark to Those I saw, and will take the Liberty to add a few Strictures. I once touched him on the Subject, but He avoided entring upon It.

*George the 1st
— Second
*Q. Caroline
*Sir R. Walpole
Lord Townshend
*Ld Granville

D: of Newcastle
Mr. Pelham
*Ld Hardwicke
D: of Bedford
*Ld Bath
*Ld Holland
*Mr. Pitt
Ld Bolingbroke
Pope
Ld Scarborough.

Of Those I read, Sir R. Walpoles and Mr. Pitts' were incomparably the *best*, Ld Bath's is an unfair and severe One,—Q: Caroline's much under-writ, my Father's very imperfect, and tho' on the whole an Eloge, dashed with some unjust Strokes of Satire in wch I cd shew He was quite mistaken. I hope they will not be published, because They will not tell Us much more Truth than We Know already, and will give Offence.

I did intend to have taken the Liberty to have asked *You*, whether yr bon *Mot* abt Voltaire was a real one. I read it in the *Papers*, but without Enquiry there is no believing a Fact on their Credit.

The first Lord Hardwicke was a great admirer of Mrs. Montagu, and her portrait occupied a place of honour at Wimpole.

"It is easy," she wrote, "to be foolishly witty but it belongs only to genius to be wittily foolish, and give to jest and sport the excellence that are usually the effect of study and labour.

The character Ld Chesterfield has drawn of the late Ld Hardwicke renders Mrs. Montagu more than ever averse to this species of writing. To his Lordships great qualities he does very niggardly justice and has gratuitously bestowd the vice of covetousness upon him. I have been credibly informed that his Lordship though in possession of all the secrets of the Cabinet never made one shilling by stock jobbing, though his ready money might have procured him infinite sums so employd. Lord Hardwicke's table, his whole domestic arrangement was much [more] noble and liberal than Lord Chesterfields, who had no children, and Lord Hardwicke's charity was unbounded."

To Lord Hardwicke

Dec. the 21.

I return your Lordship many thanks for the honour of your note, and the information you had the goodness to communicate concerning the characters, a subject in which I am interested, both as it respects a particular Friend, and the general interests of humanity.

It has long been usual with Historians, after relating the actions of a Mans life, to draw up his character ; even in that case, there is room for partiality, the Writer may present us with a flattering resemblance, or a Caracatura, but still the Portrait must be formed on the features of the original, and something of the result of the whole in the general air must be renderd ; but in these unconnected, independent Pieces there may be the most unfair, and unjust, and unlike representation, and if the next generation should be as much more idle and lazy than the present, as the present is than that which preceded it, posterity will take its opinions of their Predecessors chiefly from these little works. Folio's follow'd bottom wigs, the quarto kept its ground till the Tye was banish'd, the bag and the queue seem to be a kind of allegorical dress, to intimate how confined and narrow the capacity of the head of the Wearer. But to be serious, upon what seems to me the most serious things in human life, the character a Man enjoys and the example he transmitts. I look upon the toleration, and indeed encouragement given to Calumny to be one of the worst symptoms of the declining virtue of the age. When I was young (it is a great while ago) character was considerd as a serious thing ; to attack it was thought the greatest outrage of an enemy ; to receive any damage in it, the greatest of injuries, and the worst of misfortunes. Now no one seems interested for his own character or for that of his Friend, and indeed the daily libel has levelled all distinctions. But for want of attick salt the Libel of monday, is become too stale for tuesdays use, and these Calumniators, like the flesh fly, live but a day, and they have only tainted what they have prey'd upon. Indeed if it shall become a fashion for Men of Witt and of distinguish'd situations, to leave behind them malicious libels on their Contemporaries, this new species of mischief will be more serious and important.

I will own to your Lordship that it gives me pain to think my good Friend Lord Bath will be represented to the World with every disgrace witty malice can invent ; a malice sharpen'd, not by injuries he had done to but received from Lord Chesterfield. I was not acquainted with Lord Bath till his very old age. In the brightness of his meridian day he would have dazzled my mind, in his lucid evening he illuminated and cheered it. His Lordship and Mr. Montagu had lived many years in great friendship and political union, which Lord Baths conduct on Ld Oxfords dismission cooled for a time, but Mr. Montagu always retained an affection for him, and love of his conversation, and when the resentment subsided, was glad to converse again with one whose company he always thought delightfull ; so that Lord Bath made a most agreable addition at all times to our fireside, and Mr. Montagu, who had every friendly attention to me, was flatterd to see me distinguishd by a Person of whose judgment he had so high an opinion. It is quite above me to judge of Lord Bath in his political situation, but in common life he was extreamly amiable, and a zealous, and a sincere friend.

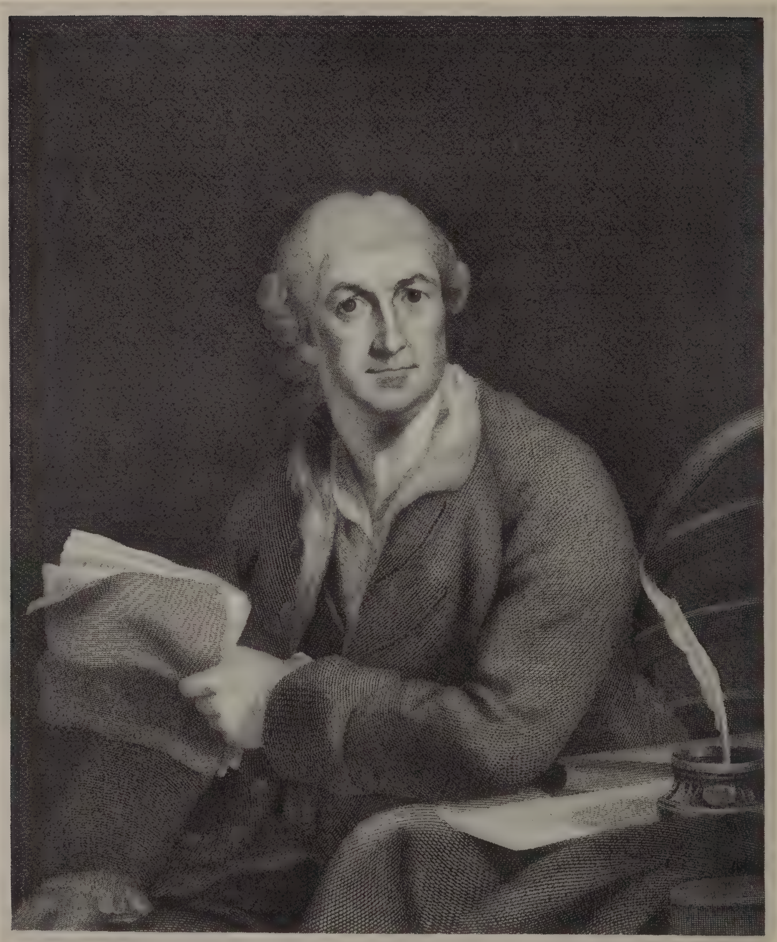
I am convinced, that your Father Lord Hardwickes character, was intirely beyond the comprehension of Lord Chesterfield. The man who would write the smartest notes on the epigrams of Martial would not be the most fit to comment on the maxims of Solomon, therefore had Lord Chesterfield the best intentions he was not capable to do justice to that truly great and wise man.

As I never in my life said any [thing] worth repeating I was not a little surprized, to find in a news paper here, what I said some months ago at Paris. I have enclosed a copy of the very letter, on which, as it was read in my company, I said what your Lordship met in the papers. This letter of Voltaires to Mr. D'Argentalle I believe has not been printed. I wish Lord Chesterfields Executors could be prevail'd on to burn the characters. The applause that will be given to a few lively strokes of witt may be severely paid home by some of the posterity of those he injures : for truth makes deeper impressions than phrase however pointed. . . .

To Leonard Smelt

HILLSTREET, *Dec. 27th.*

I have waited some days in hopes to send you some early intelligence of our proceedings in America, but the news papers have given as early and as good accounts as I could have done. Many private letters, you may suppose have been received from different Persons, and different places; from all these it appears, that the Provincials want not only the livery of Valour, the scarlet Regimentals, but likewise the Valour itself; unhappily the Captain of one of our ships will supply them with the first, for the cloathing of many of our Regiments is fallen into their hands: the other want cannot be supplied in the like manner, so that the Provincials will be Sheep in Wolves Cloathing. I know you who love punning will say they would have been more sheepish if they had not had any cloaths at all, and indeed I fear it will prevent the Winters Campaign cooling their courage as it would otherwise have done, so that the event is unfortunate. D^{r} Franklin is actually at Paris electrifying the french Ministry; they are not electric per se, what effect the Doctors political phylosophy may have on them I know not



DAVID GARRICK
After Robert Edge Pine

DAVID GARRICK AND HIS WIFE

Garrick on the stage and off. Mrs. Garrick's letters. Letter from David Garrick. The Shakespeare Jubilee and Mrs. Montagu's Essay. Garrick's Ode. "Author unknown." Letter from Garrick about *Bon Ton*. The Garricks at Hagley. Garrick and "Minerva." Invitation to Hampton. Garrick on fret and hurry. Announces a visit to Hill Street. Acknowledges Mrs. Montagu's bounty. Letter on separation from the House of Cumberland. Letter on her visit to Paris. Voltaire's "malevolent nonsense." Garrick's retirement. The final performance. "Aurora" Ode. His death. Mrs. Garrick's pronunciation. Her letters. Lactilla. Her widowhood and Mrs. Vesey's. Garrick's grave.

It will be imagined from her *Essay on Shakespeare* that Mrs. Montagu was a keenly critical student of the Drama. Her delicate health—though she took many liberties with it—prevented her from being a regular attendant at the theatre, where the atmosphere was often intolerably hot and unpleasant. But for the greater lights of the stage—Mrs. Siddons or Mrs. Jordan, for example—she would risk a sleepless night, or her particular chill of the stomach ; and for David Garrick she was content to be suffocated, if need be. Her personal friendship with the "little rascal," whom Johnson would allow nobody to abuse but himself (and it must be admitted he did a good deal of it), dates back at least to 1752, when she mentions his dining with her at Tunbridge ; and Dr. Monsey, who was a mutual friend, refers frequently to their acquaintance in his letters. She had, indeed, seen Garrick as Richard III. at Goodman's Fields as far back as 1742, his second year on the stage.

Here is early testimony of Mrs. Montagu's partiality:

> This evening I met with a news paper of to-day, by which I learn, that Mr. Garrick is at this minute acting Kitely. I regret that I did not know he would appear upon the stage to night, for I would not have lost so fine an entertainment, tho I agree with Mr. Anstey, that he is still best in his own character. Added to all his talents, and to his wonderful agremens, he has un fonds of honesty and integrity that makes one esteem as much as one admires him.

The esteem was evidently returned, for Monsey writes in 1758 to Mrs. Montagu, who had gone north with her husband:

> Mr. Garrick was very near in an apoplectic fit when he found you were gone. . . . Mrs. Garrick also abused herself for not having pressed you to return to the Temple [at the Garrick's house at Hampton, on the river lawn beyond the road tunnel] and enjoy another half hour.

Mrs. Garrick, the charming "Violette," who was everybody's favourite and her husband's devoted ally, became Mrs. Montagu's greatly attached friend—a friendship which remained unbroken to her death. She was a frequent guest at Sandleford, while both she and David joined the Montagus in more than one very delightful visit to Lord Lyttelton at Hagley.

It was Sterne who declared: "I love Garrick on the stage better than anything in the world, *except Mrs. Garrick off it.*"

There are a good many letters from her, but space cannot be found here for all. Like her husband's dashing scrawls, they are seldom dated, and must take their chance of place and order.

From Mrs. Garrick

The Gentleman came last night to receive your Bounty; for which he expressed so much gratitude that I was charmed with him.

I feel happy beyond measure when I meet with a being who is sensible that when he is relieved from want, it was not for his sweet self sake, but that his distresses are mitigated by a Benevolent heart such as my dearest Mrs. Montagu possesses in the highest degree.

Oh why did I come to that sweet spot Sandleford, and why were you so kind to me! I who possess thank God not a very ungrateful heart was the misserablest being in the world when I found myself going from you, I could do nothing but cry for what I left behind; and was not able to send my thanks in writing from Reading by the return of your servants for your goodness towards me.

I delivered your book to day to Mr. Hoare in Fleet Street; for our Poor friend Mr. H. Hoare has been upon the point of Death. He had an exceedingly bad cough which occasioned the breaking of a blood vessel near his lungs; and two days passed before the bleeding could be stopped; he is now out of all Danger; but cannot yet see any body. I shall therefore postpone my journey to Beckenham, and take the opportunity to go to Mrs. Wilmot where I shall meet Mrs. Kennicott and intend to stay a few days. But let me be wherever it is, my Dear Mrs. and Mr. Montagu will be always in my heart. . . .

Believe me for ever to remain with the greatest Respect your most devoted MARIA GARRICK.

Adelphi Monday Aug^{t} the 16, going this moment out of this Hot place.

Here is a note from David, of which I cannot fix the exact date. *Zara* (from Voltaire's *Zaïre*) was revived in 1753, and often thereafter, but this representation, where old Lusignan, Zara's father, was to make pretty Miss Gregory cry, must have been about 1767, as Mrs. Montagu's charming companion did not come to stay with her till late in the sixties.

From David Garrick

ADELPHI, *Fryday.*

MY BEST AND MOST AMIABLE FRIEND—When you called last Night my foot was flanell'd up wth y^{e} Gout, and a Sight of you, and ten words from You, would have been a Charm for y^e foul Fiend—but I was order'd to see Nobody, & did not know it was my cure till it was gone—I am much better, & so well, that I shall be able to appear in Old Lusignan to-night, & in a better Character tomorrow in Hill Street—in that of the faithful Friend, & admirer of Mrs. Montagu—I was reading, or rather dozing over the cold, Northern Critick when you were at the door—notwithstanding his flattery to me, I can't bear the unfeelingness of his Soul. Shakespear no Tragic Poet !—Shakespear not the *first* Tragick Poet !—What insensibility !—but more of this when I have y^e honour of seeing you tomorrow, which I most certainly will do, tho I am carried in a Litter & so lay'd at y^r feet. Dear Madam, most unalterably & faithfully yrs, D. GARRICK.

I am always kissing Miss Gregory's hand & will make her cry if possible to-night.

On September 7, 1769, Garrick's Jubilee to the memory of Shakespeare was celebrated at Stratford-on-Avon, the performance concluding with his recitation of his *Ode on dedicating a Building and erecting a Statue to Shakespeare* ; and it is this Ode (which was afterwards repeated at Drury Lane on September 30) to which Mrs. Montagu refers in the following letter to Mrs. Carter. The Essay is, of course, hers on the genius of Shakespeare, which was published also in this year. What the coolness which had arisen between her and Garrick may have been I do not know, but it was neither serious nor lasting.

To Mrs. Carter

Sept. 29th, 1769 ?

Since I came hither I met with Mr. Garricks Ode printed with his apology for undertaking the arduous task of writing an ode ; the modesty of his apology should soften the asperity of the criticks, if criticks asperity could be softened, but of all venemous creeping things they are the most deaf to the voice of the charmer. In this preface Mr. Garrick recommends to those not yet established in their dramatical faith to read the essay, of which he speaks very honourably. I suppose this gave occasion to what Mrs. Vesey said concerning Mr. Garricks approbation of it. I take this kindly of him because I suppose he now pretty near guesses at the author, and as we have not been upon very good terms it is the more obliging. At the end of this little pamphlet he has given the testimonials of the great writers of former times, and the lively writers of former times, and the lively writers of these times to the merit of his Shakespear, and the names of each author, except when he quoted the Essay, and there I had the satisfaction to read, author unknown. I know with the arch malice of a round face, not the peevish air of a long visage, you will say, Mr. and Mrs. Hood could have told the author. I sent the dear folks some partridges by the baggage waggon to stop their mouths.

From David Garrick

July 30th, 1770.

Dear Madam—You cannot imagine how much I think myself honour'd by your most flattering, friendly letter—the moment I received it, at my return from Hampshire this day, I sit down to answer it—

You may be assured, that no Care shall be wanting on my part to do Justice to y^e^ Author of the Bon Ton: I shall not read it in y^e^ Common way, but think twice, before I speak my mind—if I can see a Merit in it proper for y^e^ Stage, You may depend upon it, that I will shew my regard to you, by my zeal in promoting Its success: Should I think otherwise, I should pay a very ill compliment to your friendship & my own sense of it, if I did not speak to you, as your Shakespeare phrases it, *as to my thoughts*, *as I do ruminate*. Sorry, very sorry am I to hear, both for y^e^ sake of y^e^ Author, Stage & Manager, that a certain Lady has not had, ev'n y^e^ tip of her Finger in the Dramatic pye—if she had I would have underwritten it unseen and unheard—

You have had such wondrous success in Smuggling, I could wish that you would try another Venture, & take me into partnership—but what a parcel of stuff I am writing, & in the mid'st of much Company, without fear or wit!—I must tell you, that Mrs. Garrick (who begs her best respects may be presented to you) & I set out immediately for Lincolnshire, thence to Cambridgeshire, & shall not return home these three weeks or a month—I will not pretend to read y^e Play, till my return, & then it shall be y^e first thing I will do—the Author should know that we are at this moment engaged to more plays & petites pieces than we can do for the two winters to come, unless any of the Authors of them should chuse to withdraw their performances.

Pray, dear Madam, accept of this galloping &, I am afraid you'll say, stumbling epistle as y^e mere overflowings of a Warm heart, highly sensible of your friendship, & favour—you see, how I can trust your feelings, while I am afraid of your understanding.—I am Mrs. Montagu's most faithfull & obliged humble Servant D. GARRICK.

Upon reading over my hasty letter, I find I have impertinantly offer'd myself as a partner in Smuggling—that is—wishing you would as secretly write a play, as you did a certain essay, & that I, as Manager, might partake of y^e plot & y^e Profits.

This reference to the play of *Bon Ton*, which had apparently been sent for Garrick's consideration through Mrs. Montagu by an anonymous author, is somewhat puzzling. The unfortunate Burgoyne had produced a play of that name in 1760, which was afterwards brought out in 1775 by Garrick for Thomas King's benefit as *Bon Ton, or High Life above Stairs*, and was published by Garrick in the following year as "a little drama which had been thrown aside for many years and was brought out last season with some alterations, for the benefit of Mr. King."

The allusion may be to a later play of Burgoyne's submitted through Mrs. Montagu for Garrick's consideration.

Before going to visit Lord Lyttelton at Hagley in 1771, Mrs. Montagu wrote to him of Garrick, who was also to be there:

It is not too much to say Mr. Garrick has made one of the principal ornaments of this age. On the stage a prodigy, talents never before given to mortal man; and still I say with Mr. Anstey "For mimic characters alone, let others shine but Garrick in his own," and I expect to find as much delight from him at Hagley as ever I did woe from him and Shakespear combined ; and yet together they have sometimes nearly broken my heart.

Of this visit she wrote to Mrs. Vesey from Hagley :

Mr. Garrick is in the highest spirits, and he has the greatest share of vivacity I ever met with in any one, and having a good deal of wit, that vivacity makes the most pleasing companion imaginable. As we breakfast in the library we have opportunities of putting books into Mr. Garrick's hands, and without too much appearance of design, get him to read aloud some distinguished pieces of poetry. I fear he will never again appear on the stage [this was happily falsified] so it is with the greater attention and pleasure one listens to him while he reads ; he excels other people in reading as much as in acting ; the soul and the spirit he infuses into what he reads is prodigious.

A little while after the Hagley party, Lord Lyttelton wrote to Mrs. Montagu :

I have this moment received a letter from Garrick in answer to an enquiry about his health, which tells me that for many days he has produced no less than two or three small stones with very little pain, and that the faculty have given him Spirits by assuring him that he has no larger and shall get rid of all the small ones. There is another paragraph which I must transcribe for you and your Sylph. "Mrs. Vesey is a most agreable Woman. Mrs. Montagu is *herself alone*. Were they eighteen and I an Adonis of twenty one I should love one and adore the other. I would kiss the hands of the Sylph, but fall at the feet of Minerva. Such are my feelings about them, and if your Lordship can work up a little jealousy out of this declaration I beg you will make the best of it." Quere, Are you satisfied with his feelings ?

To Lord Lyttelton

SANDLEFORD, *Oct. the 23rd,* 1771.

I rejoyce to hear, that Mr. Garricks Physicians think he will not suffer again, from a distemper, which is grievous always to the individual afflicted with it, but is injurious to the World, when it attacks Mr. Garrick. Your Lordship tells me, Mr. Garrick says, if he was an Adonis of twenty one, he should love Mrs. Vesey, and adore me; that he would kiss the hands of the Sylph, but would fall at the feet of your humble servant; that such are his feelings, and then ask, if I am satisfied with his feelings? A shrewd question, and slily put. I will not, however, imitate the Lacedemonians quaint reply to an Ambassador who began his ambiguous embassy in that manner, and only answer, *if*. I will be explicit and sincere, as if Mr. Garrick was charming twenty one, and I divine eighteen. Even at that age, I prefer'd adoration to love, not, perhaps, that I thought it the sweeter homage, but I was told, it was more perseveringly loyal; that the hand kissing, tho the most holy of all kissing devotion, was trash.

> Twas thine, tis hers, and has been slave to thousands.

But esteem was lasting, and respect was faithfull. So at these I aim'd. Had I follow'd other maxims in my Youth, I should now be an old Witch, (Beauty grows old, virtue only antique) with other such Witches, more triste and discontented than yellow Admirals, or half pay officers, celebrating the infernal orgies of Pam at the Loo table, instead of being associated with Bards and Philosophers, and all that is distinguish'd and respectable and having to crown all, the honour to be Lord Lytteltons most affectionate and sincere friend, Obedt and Obliged Hble Servt and no witch, but

A Sybil.

Here is an invitation for a "week-end" at Hampton:

From David Garrick

Hampton, *May 2nd.*

My dear Madam—You had much better stupify yourself with Adam and Eve here, & breathe the fresh air of May 14 miles from London than racket about in the smoky atmosphere of London—I could wish that your Supream Spirit in y^e full gallop would but just recollect, that It has a body (alas for us not y^e stoutest) to drag after it—You can never die, but you will hurry off your flesh by degrees, upon Earth, & then your Spirit having shaken off encumbrances will mount to Its proper Element & habitation, & repose itself to all Eternity. I shall miss you some fine morning, & upon

Enquiring after you, some of my Astronomical friends will tell me, that you pass'd over Saint Paul's about a quarter after Eleven.—to be serious, for I am amaz'd at myself that I can dare to write y^e^ above nonsense to you, as true Christians rest *one* day in Seven, you who are better than they, ought to rest *two*—& as I know those days would be the most terrible to you of the whole week, I could wish you to have a few failings, that you might by way of Pennance be oblig'd to pass your black letter days at Hampton—if I run on tormenting you with this ribaldry, I shall not have room for business—Saturday Sen'night & Sunday I am engaged—Don Felix[1] demands me on y^{e} first & on y^{e} Second I am engag'd to Lord Shelburne & my french friend—I am at this moment a most miserable being, Lady Penny . . . (whom I don't know nor ever will) will not give up her side box, & unless you will take possession of your suspended Handbasket over y^{e} Pit for y^{e} first time, what shall I do for you?—I will stir Heaven and Earth, Drink up Eisel . . ., eat a Crocodile, rather than you shall not have your will—but perhaps you'll think better of it, & avoid the Theatre this warm weather—vain as I am of your presence when I enact, I had much rather you should avoid a crowded hot steamy theatre which defies All the powers of Ventilators —*rest rest perturbed Spirit!* that my fidgetty Soul should be preaching and giving Advice to Wisdom herself is surely very ridiculous—it puts me in mind of a sensible neighbour of mine—who wth y^{e} gravest countenance, beg'd & beseech'd me, not to hurry or fret myself about anything—I heard him, and was much touch'd with his manner, & affectionate expressions of friendp & concern for me—& pray Mr. Rayner (said I) Do you never fret, & hurry yourself?—O damn it (swore he) that I do from morning to night, & for that reason I am the best able to give you my advice—mutato nomine de Me.

I know what is best for y^{e} same reason, & therefore can advise it, but I want wisdom for practice—I need say no more, but that I am most devotedly Mrs. Montagu's

D. GARRICK.

P.S.—I shall stay here till Monday
My Wife presents her respects—

I have scribbled so fast I can't read it myself—I was born to torment you.

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[1] Character in *The Wonder, A Woman keeps a Secret,* comedy by Mrs. Centlivre.

From David Garrick

Nov. 18 [1772 ?].

My dearest Madam—I have indeed of late been ballancing the account of good and evil, and as I have been a great debtor for the real pleasures of last Summer I have been called to a severe payment by a fit of the stone—I am at present in Heaven, and resolute enough to fulfil a promise I made the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt to play the part of Lusignan for him to night as he must leave London tomorrow.

Mrs. Garrick (whose admiration of you exceeds that of women and not in the least lessend by her knowing that you are the Goddess of my Idolatry) would have paid her respects, had not her very affectionate attendance and care of me for some weeks past employed her liberty. We shall go to Hampton tomorrow as ordered by the Faculty, and at our return we shall certainly, dead or alive, as an Irish Captain once said to me, pay our respects in Hill Street.—Most unalterably Your faithful and devoted David Garrick.

I write or rather scrawl from my couch.

As will be found from an interesting letter of Garrick's which has been passed to Mrs. Hugh Wyndham for use in her family Memoirs, Tom Lyttelton had, about this time, begun abusing Garrick's meanness at a dinner at Foote's, and when stopped by a friend of Garrick's had defended himself by declaring that his father, who knew David better than he did, was of the same opinion. Garrick, greatly hurt, wrote to Mrs. Montagu, begging her to let him know if there were the slightest truth in this assertion. Her letters to Garrick are not in this collection (many of them are printed in the volumes of his correspondence), but the reply was evidently satisfactory and consoling, and elicited the following acknowledgement:

From David Garrick

Adelphi, *Dec.* 6 [1772].

A Thousand thanks, my dear Madam for your very balsamic letter, I am this moment arriv'd and can not ev'n take my Lixivium till I have shewn my gratitude. I am much better in my health since I went out of town and quite recoverd in Mind since I rec'd y^{r} wise, feeling, charming friendly ten-thousand-epithet epistle. I must shew it madam, that is pos: Mrs. Vezey in town and my heart have no additional flutter ?

I believe if my blood sh^{d} freeze in my heart this very cold weather, that it would liquify like St. Jannarius's at y^{e} sight of y^{r} handwriting—indeed my good Lady you have made me quite easy—I love Lord Lyttelton and would not lose him for Millions—When I can know that our attendance will not be impertinent we shall be as punctual in Hill Street as the first Lady there (or in any street) is punctual in making her friends and admirers happy.—Most devotedly Yours,

D. GARRICK.

I write with y^{e} Gout in my fingers.

Mrs. Montagu was considered fair game, and was always being dunned by her friends for something or somebody. I have not identified the particular occasion to which this letter refers :

From David Garrick

April y^{e} 18 [1773 ?].

MY GOOD MADAM—I only requested the gentle Stream of your Bounty, & you have flow'd upon us with a torrent —I am really asham'd of being y^{e} means of your abundant kindness to us—I have a set of friends, whom I intended to call upon Every year for one pound one—as I cannot return the overplus, I have set it down in my Book over against your never to be forgotten Name—par avance 5 years—5 : 5 : 0 give me leave to let you into a little Secret history of this Charity —a Nobleman in your Street whom I visit & who looks like benevolence itself—had a Ticket from me at y^{e} same time, that I was impertinent enough to send one to you—Your two names like a fat and lean rabbit in a poulterer's Shop—stand thus together—

Mrs. Montagu . . .	5 : 5 : 0—no ticket.
Rt Honble Lord W. de B .	0 : 5 : 0—one ticket.

Mrs. Garrick presents her Respects, w^{t} mine, & I at the feet of Miss Gregory am My dear Madam most devotedly yours D. Garrick.

before I went out of Town I sent to Hely but could not find him then, since my return I have been confin'd w^t a sore throat & hoarseness, & cannot yet stir out—If you, have any orders of any kind for your faithful Servant, you may depend upon my Executing them wth care & fidelity.

From David Garrick

Adelphi, *March* 27 [1775 ?].

Dear Madam—A new Footman, who being deaf, is not mov'd with the concord of sweet Sounds,—& being unmercurial in his heels could not overtake the Coach, prevented us from having the pleasure we devoutly (being Sunday) wish'd for last night—I could have brain'd the fellow—a Son of Dr. Robertson was wth us, & we talked of Nothing but Mrs. Montagu, & Miss Gregory—Mrs. Garrick was indeed just return'd from Hampton & my Elder Brother was screwing up his Features to a parting ditty, which he sighed forth, & left us before 5 this morn^g. The fool was so deaf he could not tell us where you order'd y^r Coachman to drive, so that we could do nothing but fret and scold. I had two great favours to ask: the one was to beseech you not to be impress'd by any Acc^t of a late Separation from the house of Cumberland, till you have heard the calm truth from y^r humble Servant—Such ingratitude! but I won't say any more at present, but be assur'd I will never do anything to any one Creature, that shall make *You* (& that is my only concern) think less favourably of me.

Suspend your Justice till the Cause is heard: Your understanding naturally does this, & I flatter myself that your heart will not easily be misled to condemn me—

Something too much of this,—the next favour I had to solicit was Your name, *which I more Glory in than if Possess^d* & to be added to y^e most noble list I have got for a very ingenious man who has undertaken 6 etchings from the principal Characters of Shakespeare. I have sent you a Sample of the work, which I must beg you to return to day or tomorrow —without your permission I have plac'd you at the head of my List, & Everybody agrees to the propriety of having such a Leader—Should you meet with any choice Spirits, whose names may be easily got, they will not discredit themselves, & do great Service to a most ingenious Man.—I am Madam with every Sense of Esteem & affection most devotedly Yours,

D. GARRICK.

Mrs. Garrick presents her respects—I would send more than these to Miss Gregory were I not afraid of Mrs. Garrick's Curiosity wishing to read over this letter. I have had a little pain & worse symptoms this morning.

If the conjectural date of this letter be correct, the reference in the first favour asked may be to a phase of the quarrel with Colman, and in the second to the "Shakespeare's Characters" by John Mortimer, of which twelve were issued in folio in 1775–6. A long subsequent letter from Mrs. Montagu to her nephew asks him to pay her subscription and get the portraits, which she had never received.

The next letter for quotation here refers to Mrs. Montagu's visit to Paris in the summer of 1776, from which she had just returned, and of which some account from her correspondence has been given under that date. It will be remembered that in August, during this visit, Mrs. Montagu was taken to a meeting of the Academy at which, amongst other performances, "a most blackguard abusive invective of Mons^r^. de Voltaire's against Shakespeare" was read. Mrs. Montagu was asked if she would care to make any reply, but very courteously and discreetly answered that a previous orator (l'Abbé Arnauld) had done it better than she could in his eulogy of original genius and the benefits arising from the study of it; that she remembered that sixty years ago in the same Academy old Homer had met with the same treatment; that they now did justice to Homer, and she did not doubt they would do the same to Shakespeare, since great genius survived those who set up to be their critics and most absurdly to be their rivals. The Academy showed signs of displeasure during the reading of Voltaire's attack, which was applauded by few and deprecated by many.

From David Garrick

Oct^{r} 26, 1776.

Dear Madam—I congratulate all your friends & myself among that honorable happy number for your safe return to us.

Mrs. Garrick did herself the honour of calling upon you to return her thanks in Person for the great care you have taken, & the trouble you have had, with the friendly favour of Mrs. Necker to her. I heard w^{h} pleasure of your being at the french Academy when Voltaire exhibited his malevolent Nonsense (for which too among other Obligations I thank you) upon our belovd and immortal Shakespeare: could anything possibly add to my Admiration of Mrs. Montagu it was the expression of contempt & astonishm^{t} which I hear you put on, at hearing the weak and impotent ravings of Age, Envy, hatred and malice—it rejoices me much to hear, that this unchristian attack upon Genius had not a favourable reception even for his own friends.

I doubt not but you have converted Numbers to the faith, not wth sword as Mahomet did, but by those emanations of Genius, which you have caught from the divinity you have so powerfully & justly protected & admir'd—this attack of Voltaire, I hope, is not to pass unnotic'd. If the Champions will not mount with the regulars, the Light horse & hussars must begin a Skirmish—I most devoutly wish for the honour of a little conversation, which I should immediately have endeavour'd to enjoy in Hill Street, had not a small attack of y^{e} Gout obliged me to stay at home for a day or two [torn out] . . . may I not hope for that [torn out] . . . favour as soon as the more important matters have had their first dues, & with our little demands may present ourselves with all Love, & humility?—I am D^{r} Madam Y^{r} most devoted Ser^{t}

D. Garrick.

Mrs. Garrick presents her respects—I would send my best wishes, with my Wife's, to Miss Gregory, but alas, I fear the enchantments of french Everything has destroy'd all my hopes.

I w^{d} not have sent this scrawl could I have written better, but ye illbred Gout has prevented me.

Just before she went to Paris, Mrs. Montagu had been at Garrick's farewell performance on June 10, 1776. The piece chosen was Mrs. Centlivre's *The Wonder*, and it was announced simply as for the benefit of the Theatrical Fund. But every one knew what the occasion meant, and Drury Lane Theatre was packed from floor to ceiling. The evening began with "An Occasional Prologue," which Garrick had written as an appeal on behalf of the Fund. These were its opening lines, of which the last was to become almost proverbial:

> A veteran see! whose last act on the stage
> Intreats your smiles for sickness and for age;
> Their cause I plead; plead it with heart and mind,
> A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind.

He played Don Felix magnificently; but when it came to the final farewell his emotion well-nigh overcame him.

"With a countenance that plainly spoke what was working at his heart," says Murphy, "he stepped forward, and after some pause addressed the audience:

"'It has been customary with persons under my circumstances to address you in a farewell epilogue. I had the same intention and turned my thoughts that way; but I found myself then as incapable of writing such an epilogue as I would be now of speaking it.

"'The jingle of rhyme and the language of fiction would but ill suit my present feelings.

"'This is to me a very awful moment: it is no less than parting for ever with those from whom I have received the greatest kindness; and upon the spot where that kindness and your favours were enjoyed.' Here his voice failed him; he paused till a gush of tears relieved him, and then concluded with a few words of thanks for 'kindness the deepest impression of which will always remain here, here in my heart, fixed and unalterable.'"

"Then," says Sir Theodore Martin, "he stopped as though reluctant to look his parting farewell. The enthusiasm of the audience, no less reluctant, was broken by sobs and tears. 'Farewell! farewell!' burst from a thousand voices." "Again and again his eyes," writes one of his biographers, "turned wistfully to that sea of sympathetic faces, and at last, with an effort, he tore himself from their view." In a letter from Mrs. Montagu to the Rev. John Burrows, which I quote from Mr. Montagu Burrows' *History of the Family*, containing several good letters from her, she says:

> I was last night at the play to hear Mr. Garrick speak his last dying speech in the theatre. There was not a dry eye in the whole house. He was deeply affected, and the sympathy was universal. Lady Spencer, Mrs. Vesey and your humble servant were in Mrs. Garrick's box: we went afterwards to sup with Mr. & Mrs. Garrick. I believe if all the Kings in Europe (excepting the King of England) were to abdicate, there would not be so much or so universal grief; such respect and renown waits only on those who act their parts to the highest perfection.

In a letter of Mrs. Vesey's to Mrs. Montagu in 1777 are the following lines upon the Duchess of Devonshire:

GARRICKS AURORA

A noontide Serenade at the Porters Lodge, not being let in—Garrick thrumming his Guitar—past 2 and Cloudy morrow

What makes thy looks so fair and bright
devine Aurora say!
because from Slumbers short and light
I rise to give the Day.

O hide for shame thy blushing face
'tis all poetick fiction
to tales like these see Devon's Grace
a blooming contradiction.

Wouldst thou fair Dame more bright appear
old fashion'd customs scorning
rise not till noon throughout the year
nor go to Bed till morning.

This was picked out of Garricks basket last night by Mr. Burke, Lady Clermont, Lucan and Duchs of Marlborough—the rest of my Company went off to Vaux Hall in this North Wind, not all the Burke and Garrick fire could detain them the Dutches is in hopes to bring the Duke into such Company next Winter in hopes to make him speak ; that will fall to your lot, at least you will make him listen, which is the best preparation to furnishing a part of conversation.—we had not any Politicks which I think a great deliverance as there is nothing new to be said. . . .

After Garrick's retirement from the stage of Drury Lane in 1776, a few scattered references in the letters serve merely to show that the old friendship was kept up by visits between Hill Street and the Hampton villa, to which he had become greatly attached, and where the two adepts may be fitly pictured discoursing on the drama and presided over by the famous Roubiliac bust of Shakespeare in the sacred little temple beyond the road. With "love, honour, and a host of friends," it was an enviable retirement, and, save for the recurrent attacks of his old enemy the gout, a very happy one ; but it was short-lived. At Christmas 1778 he ventured to go down for his customary visit to Lord Spencer's at Althorp, where a violent attack seized him ; he just managed to get back to the house (No. 5) in the Adelphi, which he still retained, and died there after severe suffering on January 20.

Arthur Murphy says "a more magnificent funeral was never seen in London" than when Garrick's remains were conveyed from the Adelphi to Westminster Abbey.

Mrs. Garrick survived her husband more than forty years, and was found dead in her chair at the extreme age of ninety-eight. Their marriage was a wonderfully happy one, extraordinarily so in the annals of their profession. "He never was a husband to me," she said in old age to a friend; "during the thirty years of our marriage he was always my lover." Her foreign accent (she had spent her childhood in Vienna) was the subject of gentle chaff amongst her intimates. Lord Lyttelton used to call her Pid-Pad, a joke on her pronunciation of Pit-a-pat; Monsey vexed her seriously once by his chaff of her English, and Garrick made up the quarrel by himself telling the story of her having gone to a sale and given the auctioneer the name of Potty Brice, meaning thereby her maid Betty Price.

Two or three extracts from her letters to Mrs. Montagu may be added. The touch of a foreign idiom may be noticed here and there:

From Mrs. Garrick

1784.

As I am in my heart a very good protestant, and likewise a great enthusiast to keep strict to the laws of the country wherever I live, I shall not set out till Monday to keep the Sunday Holy. But as it is too far for my horses to come to Sandleford in one day, I intend to lie at Reading. It is 28 miles from me and on Tuesday morning I shall be ready to wait upon you. I should come on from Reading (as I intend to be there by six) with post horses; but I fear my old tumbril of a chariot will not bear so much shaking by going too fast; for as my new one is not yet ready, I must in the meanwhile make shift with the old, and use it as gentle as possible.

My staying longer at Sandleford than the 13: will not be in my power, as I expect company coming to me that very day. As there will not be time between this and Monday to receive a note in case the Primate should not have left you, I shall at all events set out from Hampton; as the people of the Inn will inform me if he post by Reading; and according I shall act, that is, to stay till he is gone at the inn. If good luck will have it, perhaps may I be happy enough to see you

Monday evening with the help of post horses and my old tumbril befriending me and not Breaking to pieces as soon as I set out.

The last paragraph of the following letter has a quaintly pathetic interest, indicating as it does the clouding of Mrs. Vesey's reason after her husband's death.

From Mrs. Garrick

HAMPTON, *Sunday June the* 19, 1785.

And for no other reason but out of mear kindness did we not write to dear Mrs. Montagu, thinking she would have so much business upon her hands at Sandleford, that the sight of a letter from Idle people would have made her sick.

Mr. Montagu did me the honour three weeks ago to Breakfast with me at the Adelphi, when Miss More gave him a thousand commissions to be transmitted to you; but I suppose he forgot every word by the time he returned to love and happiness. Miss More is now at Mrs. Boscawen where I left her a few days ago; and where she is to remain till next Wednesday. I will shew her your letter and she will be better able to answer you concerning Mrs. Yearsley than I could: and I shall now come to a point in your letter concerning myself more nearly; it is of having the honor of Your Company at Hampton at your return to Town.

But when you wrote, it was on the 12: of June, and I did not return to H: where the letter lay, till yesterday June the 18: so that by this time you may be perhaps in London; and very much in the Dumps with your Humble Servant for having received no answer.

And what is worse, I must return to Town on Wednesday to stay till friday. On Saturday I shall have Ld and Ly: Edgcumbe Mrs. Walsingham, and Mr. Walpole to dine with me at three o'clock. I mention my company, that if you should like the party, and your return to Town should be on that day, I am sure we should all jump for joy to see you; but if that day will not suit you, I will make no engagement from Saturday next, till I know your will and pleasure.

I have seen poor Mrs. Vesey; but I am persuaded she perfectly forgot for what reason she wears black gloves; as the rest of her Mourning can put her in mind of no loss whatsoever. Mrs. Hancock is determined I believe to wear out her green silk lutestring gown upon this joyful occasion ; for she looks more chearful than I ever saw her. I cannot reconcile those Things with my feelings ; but I see that such may be done : so even let everybody do things their own way, as mine shall be, to remain my Dear Mrs. Montagus Devoted Servant M : GARRICK.

Mrs. Yearsley was "Lactilla," the poetical milkwoman of Bristol whose effusions Hannah More was instrumental in publishing. Mrs. Montagu and Miss More were co-trustees of the trust-money which resulted from the book, and were rewarded by a most abusive attack from the poetess.

From Mrs. Garrick

My Dear and best friend is my dear Mrs. Montagu always to me ! She can bring nothing but comfort whenever she Honours anybody with her friendship.

I should have come to you had it been in my Power just now, to thank you for your kind concern for my very great loss indeed of one of the sweetest children that ever came to anybody's share.

But God knows best for what reason he took her to himself, and we must submit to his will. If I should be in spirits once more before I die, between this time and Autumn ; I will knock at your door at Sandleford that moment ; but at present I have many visits to make, and to receive ; and till that is over I cannot leave Hampton. God bless you for ever and believe me to remain Your Faithful M. GARRICK.

I have seen Mr. Boyle, he came to me at Hampton from Lord North where he is upon a visit. He looks well, but very thin, he cannot bear the name of his Mother, has therefore not seen her ; but I hope things may come about.

ADELPHI, *July the* 4 : 1788.

I find Matthew Montagu writing to his aunt in 1793:

From Matthew Montagu

The pleasure we yesterday received from your very kind letter was shared with Mrs. Garrick and Miss Hervey, who dined here, and with whom we passed a very agreeable day: the weather was uncommonly propitious and the Garrick was in her holy day spirits: She has been pilding; (beware you do not transpose the letters) her house was to be rebaired, and it tumpled down and she has peen opliged to eat her dinner first in one corner and then in another, and at last the pricklayer and his bosse are likely to eat her out of house and home. What is more material, her health seems to be repaired and she looks better than usual, and her spirits have their accustom'd play.

Five years after David Garrick's death, Samuel Johnson, who had said many ungenerous and some stupid things about him, but for all that had loved him with ungracious tenderness, was laid by his side at the foot of Shakespeare's monument in the Abbey, where Cumberland tells us he had once seen him standing, bathed in tears, by David's grave. But it was not till forty-three years more had passed that "the best of women and wives," the woman who for the nearly thirty years of their married life had never been a day apart from him, and whom he had loved faithfully and devotedly, was laid to rest again "in her wedding sheets" at his side.

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